December 19, 1962

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34 COLOR PICTURES OF SEA-SHELLS YOU CAN PICK UP ON THE BEACH

HOW NOT TO KILL YOUR WIFE — page 5

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Well-known naturalist Keith Gillett, who supplied the pictures and text for the "Sea-Shells" feature (pages 21 to 25), will be having Christmas in the region that brought him fame—the Great Barrier Reef.

AN expert on reef fauna (and co-author of a book on the subject), Mr. Gillett says that Australians, accustomed to going abroad to see the sights, are now beginning to wake up to the wonders of their own country.

He says that along Australian beaches are the finest shell-gathering waters in the world, and the most abundant supply of marine animals — some extremely beautiful and many of unique zoological interest.

The Barrier Reef is also the world's greatest collection of coral.

In recognition of his work on the Reef, Mr. Gillett was made a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society of London—the world's highest honor for photography.

Mr. Gillett lives in Sydney, but his work usually takes him twice a year to the Reef—that's why he'll be there at Christmas.

★ ★ ★

● Dorothy Drain is on a week's holiday. Her column will resume in our next issue.

★ ★ ★

IT'S moving time for our Fashion Pattern Service, which opens at our new premises, 344-346 Sussex St., Sydney, on December 17.

The new centre (between Liverpool and Bathurst Streets) will give improved service to readers.

Our cover

● Appealing kitten in a basket of snapdragons and daisies makes a picture pretty enough to frame. The photographer had to be quick to capture it. A few seconds later, kitten and flowers went separate ways.

"Because it's much closer to the city," said Mrs. Dorothy Darke, director of the Service, "more people will be able to call for dresses or patterns.

"We will have a display window, where we will show the fashion frock published in each issue.

"And when we've found our feet we're going to spend more time on children's clothes."

The new centre will be open Monday to Friday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.

★ ★ ★

TRAVELLING with journalists from nine countries had its contrasts, said our assistant editor, Adele Shelton Smith, whose report, "Tourist in the U.S.A.," begins on page 42.

She said: "After a while I became used to having my hand kissed by the Frenchmen and Brazilians in the party, in contrast to my Australian colleague's greeting, 'How are you, chook?'"

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A "clown" is unmasked at the

THE UNMASKING. As she doffs her fez the clowns discover they have a girl in their midst, and they vie for her affections. The dancers are Karl Welander, Robert Olup, Marilyn Jones, Warren de Maria, Peter Condon.

"ONE IN FIVE" PREMIERE

● The colorful comic ballet "One in Five" had its Australian premiere at Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, recently when it was presented by the Australian Ballet Company. Principal dancer is Marilyn Jones, who, at 22, is the Company's youngest soloist. The theme of "One in Five" is an impromptu performance by five clowns who discover that one of their number is a girl. Balletmaster Ray Powell, on loan from the Royal Ballet, London, arranged the choreography to the music of Johann and Josef Strauss. The stark "backstage" decor is by Derek Rencher. The ballet was first performed in London two years ago.

MARILYN JONES (right), of Newcastle, N.S.W., won The Australian Women's Weekly scholarship to study at the Royal Ballet School in London when she was just 16. She has danced with the Royal Ballet, the Borovansky Ballet, and with the Marquis de Cuevas Company.

Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt

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TWO ROYAL COUSINS

(and one commoner half-uncle)

PRINCE ANDREW (above), the Queen's youngest child, with his sister, Princess Anne. Born on February 19, 1960, Andrew is more like his father, the Duke of Edinburgh, than his brother and sister were at this age.

VISCOUNT LINLEY with his mother, Princess Margaret. Now aged 13 months, little Lord Linley is said to have "his mother's eyes in his father's face." Like his cousin, Prince Andrew, he is a sturdy little boy.

PEREGRINE Llewellyn Owen Armstrong - Jones, aged 2 (right) with his Nannie. Peregrine resembles his half-brother Lord Snowdon. Through Lord Snowdon, the former Tony Armstrong-Jones, he is uncle to little Lord Linley (above).

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• An open letter to the distinguished family doctor who wrote our recent series 'How Not to Kill Your Husband'

By SHEILA SIBLEY

GREETINGS, O HONORABLE SAGE

I know you're Chinese. You *have* to come from a long, long line of ancestors who would celebrate the new-born boy with fireworks but cheerily toss the girl-child into the Yangtse River. Well, a group of us girl-children have got together after reading "How Not to Kill Your Husband" and our prompt reaction was: "Why not?"

Don't mistake us—we like husbands. Dear, lovable, crafty, obstinate treasures—every girl should have one for her very own. But the particular husband you are beseeching us not to kill—we think of him as Fred—has got to go.

How NOT to kill your WIFE

THE composite Fred you revealed to us is an overweight, middle-aged businessman, prone to digestive trouble, high blood pressure, and coronary disease. All of this has been brought on by gluttony, arrogance (Fred can always do twice the work in half the time), and sheer nasty bad temper.

You claim that Fred's condition is not really his fault, however. You blame Mrs. Fred. "How many homes are peaceful havens for the middle-aged man?" you asked. "How many women have a completely clear conscience on the question of provoking their husbands to wrath, or keeping them constantly on the boil in a state of irritated resentment?"

Well, our little group concluded that irritated resentment was Fred's natural state.

Mrs. Fred, we felt, should cut loose and make for the hills in the shortest possible time . . . and come out only when Fred had dropped dead. Come out crowned with May, we thought, and dancing. We did not share your feeling, Doctor, that Fred should be cosseted, indulged, adored. Face it, Doctor. Would you consider Fred adorable?

He overate, remember.

After a hearty breakfast, he had an expense-account lunch. (Par for the course for an expense-account lunch: Two whiskies. A dozen oysters. Bottle of claret. Steak. Cheese. Apple pie and cream. Coffee. Brandy.)

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Mrs. Fred was probably snatching five minutes for a biscuit and a cup of tea. She knows she should eat, but she's just fed the baby and there's something about strained prunes that kills an adult appetite stone dead.

She had no breakfast, either, because by the time she'd cooked and served Fred's hearty breakfast and got the kids off to school she just didn't feel like eating.

But she's ready to eat up big at dinner-time.

"It should be fairly easy to make dinner into a gracious meal without a lot of trouble," you said. "Never think frills do not matter." So Mrs. Fred has whipped up a gracious meal, with frills.

Six-thirty passes. No Fred. By this time Mrs. Fred is hungry enough to eat the baby.

Seven o'clock. The dinner, frills included, is beginning to look a little shopworn.

By 7.30 the Master drops in, expecting, if we read you right, his slippers by the fire, a relaxing drink in his favorite chair before dinner, the whole Let-Me-Kiss-Thy-Foot-Beloved routine.

You implore us: "Never greet your husband with that 'You're late—dinner's spoiled' expression." But can't we make a little moue behind our yashmaks?

Now comes the evening meal where (we quote) "the spirit of leisure should pervade, and palatable food should be served with the essence of ease laced with pleasant conversation between husband and wife."

We asked each other then, we girl-children, what the meal should really be laced with, and one girl favored arsenic, another strychnine, and a third wanted to know what was wrong with good old rat poison, anyway?

This man you are pleading with us to save from a heart attack uses his wife, you inform us, as a sponge-rubber buffer. Translation: whipping-boy.

"Always remember that your husband's bad temper or his violent complaint," you say, "is not directed at you personally, but at the person or situation worrying him." (That makes the difference, of course.) "Business and professional men often cannot direct their spleen at the cause of the annoyance—a man may have to play his cards very carefully, not only with his customers and superiors but also with his subordinates, to avoid trouble."

Well, we decided that if we were Mrs. Fred, Fred would have to play his cards very carefully, not only to avoid trouble but possibly a hatchet murder.

Doctor, we have news for you and Fred. It's simply: Women are scarcer than you think. Girl-babies are not thrown in the river any more. Why do you think the Minister for Immigration, Mr. Downer, goes off on those desperate quests for mademoiselles, frauleins, and senoritas?

Women are not only scarce but getting scarcer. Seen any good school photographs lately? You will find, in every group, one row of delectable little girls to three rows of melancholy boys, two-thirds of whom are doomed to be bachelors.

Digest these unpalatable facts, Doctor, and I'm sure a man of your practical viewpoint will realise the pressing problem is not "How Not to Kill Your Husband" (there's going to be a surplus, anyway) but "How Not to Kill Your Wife."

To this end, we forward, for your perusal, a few useful hints on keeping a wife in mint condition.

1 Make her a cup of tea each morning. It's 7 a.m. So far she has managed to keep the new day at bay, but soon she'll have to open those big blue eyes to the breakfast dishes, the unmade beds, the rim round the bath, the pile of dirty clothes, and the dear little sticky faces who always seem to want something, somehow.

She'll be grateful for that cup of tea. She knows she can't have a stiff brandy at that hour of the morning, anyway.

2 Get the kids revved into action—don't leave it to her. The mother-bird's nervous energy is very low at dawning.

She will wander from room to room, cheeping frantically at 10-minute intervals: "Will you PLEASE get up? You're going to be late for school. If I've got to say 'Get dressed' just once more . . ." But when the father-bird roars "Jump to it!" it is usually jumped to. Children will rise, dress, even make their beds at one sharp word from the head of the house.

3 See that she gets enough to eat. This is not as crazy as it sounds.

To make a good hot family breakfast demands a great deal of footwork; the woman who can do it without her own egg and bacon congealing on the plate has real talent.

It's true she can eat when she has finally got you all in orbit, but most women hate to eat alone. And they don't cook unless they're cooking for somebody else as well, so she won't have much lunch. An undernourished waif can't run a happy home, so see she is properly fed.

4 Talk to her at breakfast-time. Talk kindly, soothingly, encouragingly. Remember, you're going to leave that poor thing to what amounts to ten hours' solitary.

True, she may have the tots for company, but there are few really talented raconteurs in the pre-kindergarten set. Betty Next-Door is no help either, dwelling as she does on what Charlie likes for dinner and the lovely lounge suite she's buying on T.P.

Talk when you come home, too—remember you are the one contact with the great big world outside.

5 Don't let her do any heavy work. We know Russian women drive tractors and similar hearty stuff, but if you have a fancy for a lady tractor-driver you should have married one.

It's a man's task to put out the rubbish-bin, split the wood, mow the lawn, dig the garden, pull that barge, lift that bale . . . Female insides are frailer than male, and, if the race is to continue, should be treated as such.

Besides, dulling, you're so strong, aren't you?

6 And while we're on female physiology you should realise that there is one, perhaps two, days of the month when your wife will be completely unreasonable.

During this brief manic-depressive phase, an angelic wife will spit with temper, a placid wife will burst into tears at one cross word, and Heaven alone can help you if your wife is highly strung.

Instead of stringing her even higher, remind yourself she can't help it, and any minute she'll be her old sunny self again. Stalk round these days with care.

Invite the boss home to dinner next week, instead.

7 Let her out of her cage from time to time. If you give her a dress-up occasion now and then, and something to dress up in, you'll save her from Claustrophobia Domesticus, a dread disease that has shattered many a suburban home.

And when you are handing her gallantly back into her cage again tell her how pretty she has made it, how nicely she keeps it, how happy it makes you to find her there each evening.

Then it won't seem a cage to the poor, misguided girl, but a kingdom—the happiest kingdom on earth.

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MAKE CHRISTMAS-CARD DECORATIONS

● Many of our readers sent in suggestions for attractive ways to display Christmas cards in answer to an appeal from "House Proud," of Brisbane, in our November 21 issue. Here we publish 22 readers' ideas for Christmas decorations — all made with cards.

ATTACH a few yards of colored string flat along a wall in the entrance hall, between two doorways. Slip the opened cards sideways over the string in a row, like sheets on the line.

As more cards arrive, I add further loops of string underneath the first, and have bright rows of color to welcome Christmas visitors.

Mrs. A. W. Bourne, Armidale, N.S.W.

If you have venetian blinds, arrange the cards in rows along the slats. Poke the backs of the cards through the spaces, leaving the picture sides showing.

Mrs. R. Morrison, Carss Park, N.S.W.

We painted the wire frame of a big old-fashioned lampshade and suspended it from the ceiling. Six lengths of white knitting cotton (string or ribbon could be used) were tied to the lampshade and carried to different points around the walls. Folded cards can be hung over the string, single cards attached with paper-clips or pins.

"Timoa" (name supplied), Bridport, Tas.

Why not make a large cardboard Santa with cards arranged coming out of his sack, a camel or donkey with bags of cards on his back, or Santa's sleigh filled with cards?

"Two little dogs" (name supplied), Wynyard, Tas.

Make a "Christmas Express" from a child's wooden train (or make one with cardboard). Paint it gold, sprinkle with glitter, and add a piece of holly or a Christmas decoration. Cards can be arranged in the carriages.

"Glenda" (name supplied), Canberra.

If you have a shabby old umbrella around the house, pin cards all over the material covering it and "plant" it in a pot by the fireplace. Or paint the handle white and sprinkle with glitter, add a gay bow, and hang it upside down from the ceiling or wall.

Mrs. Dorothy Jones, Fern Bay, N.S.W.

Make a merry-go-round of cards from a length of hardboard 6in. wide by 5ft. long, and "plant" them in a suitable vase or pot. Then we tie on all our Christmas cards with Christmas ribbon.

With a few decorations and tinsel draped across, it looks really effective.

Mrs. E.S. (name supplied), Camperdown, Vic.

Cut out a piece of blue material 36in. by 24in., hem the top and insert a wooden dowel through so that it protrudes about 2in. at each end. Bind the other three sides with red bias. Sew a green felt Christmas tree (22in. long, with a base of 16in.) in the centre of the material and glue tinsel stars and balls on to the tree. Make red felt Christmas stockings and pin to the bottom of the material (candy sticks, sweets, or small presents can be put in them).

Pin Christmas cards all over the cloth and hang it on the wall by a colored cord attached to the protruding lengths of dowelling.

Mrs. L. Mirck, Maroubra, N.S.W.

Put a pine or other evergreen branch into a colored pot filled with sand. Brush the leaves over with glue and sprinkle with glitter.

This looks lovely with cards pinned on, or tied with fancy ribbon.

Mrs. A. McElroy, Benalla, Vic.

Take a wooden coathanger and a length of wood (not too heavy) the same length as the hanger and cover both with gay paper or ribbon. Measure two 1½yd. lengths of ribbon and tie them to the ends of the coathanger, tie a slightly longer ribbon to the centre. Tie the other ends of the ribbons to the length of wood and hang up the frame by the coathanger hook. Pin your cards to the ribbons.

D. H. Knaver, Ipswich, Qld.

Long strips of colored crepe paper about 4in. wide can be attached to the top of a door with cellulose tape and cards pinned to them. If you have enough cards this makes a very attractive addition to the usual decorations.

"House Happy" (name supplied), Waitara, N.S.W.

Hang your cards over a clothes-horse, or atttach them with cellulose tape — it makes a decorative display in the corner of a room.

Mrs. S. Haddon, Russell Vale, via Wollongong, N.S.W.

Wrap a large piece of material (a folded sheet or tablecloth would do) around the firescreen and fasten at the back with safety-pins. Then pin cards all over it, pinning through back section of the card so that the messages inside can still be read.

Mrs. E. Gascoigne, Kensington Gardens, S.A.

Here are four suggestions:

Pin the cards on to ribbons, which can be strung across a room like streamers, or suspended from the ceiling in different lengths, like a mobile.

Or make a large cardboard (or plywood) Christmas stocking, decorate with green and baubles, and tack the cards on.

Paint a letterbox bright red, spray with "snow," and pin the cards on to ribbons which can be suspended from the slit.

Or bend a length of wire netting into a cone shape, spray with white or gold paint, and put it on a large flowerpot to look like a Christmas tree. Tie the cards on to the wire with colored ribbon or cotton.

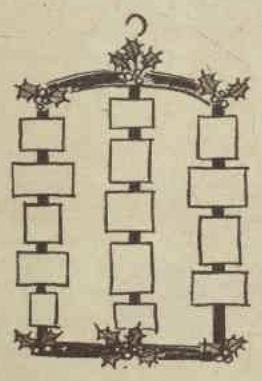
(No name and address supplied.)

Take two tall pot-plants, or make two for the occasion by planting branches of any nice foliage in damp soil in suitable containers. Place one each end of the mantel-shelf, or on the floor on either side of the fireplace. Tie several lines of string clothes-line fashion to the "tree" trunks, with several inches in between the lines and arrange the cards over the lines. Add a few Christmas decorations.

Mrs. F. Ritzau, Primbee, N.S.W.

Tape your cards to a hula hoop, put a big red bow and a bunch of baubles at the top, and hang it up.

J. McInerney, Ascot Vale, Vic.



COATHANGER

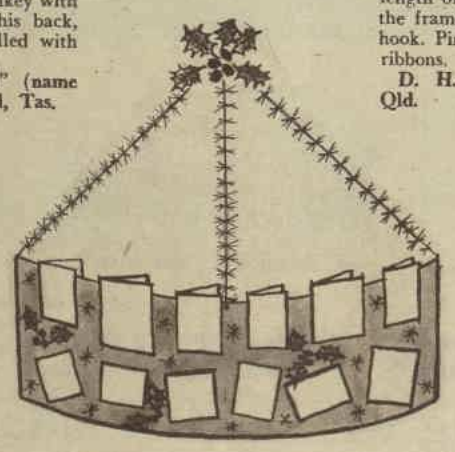
some string, tinsel, and colored paper. Cut slots in the hardboard 3in. deep and 3in. apart and cover one side with gay paper, slitting at each slot.

Hammer a tack at each end of the hardboard and draw a string across tightly to curve the hardboard like a bow (see below).

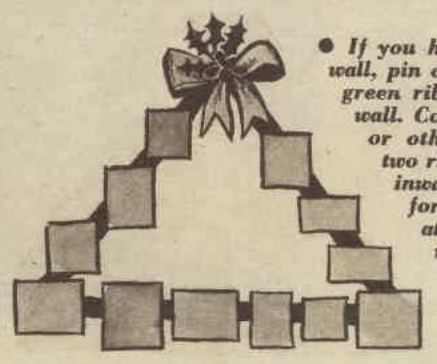
Hang it on the wall from three lengths of tinsel attached at each end and at the centre of the hardboard. Slip the cards into the slots.

Mrs. P. White, Gladesville, N.S.W.

Every year we choose a few thin, dead branches, paint them white or silver,



MERRY-GO-ROUND

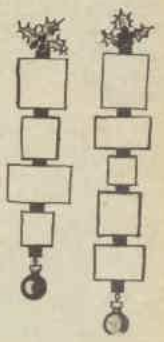


● If you have a mantel-shelf or a large blank wall, pin or tape a length each of ½in. red and green ribbon to a high central point on the wall. Cover with a red bow, a holly wreath, or other Christmas decoration. Take the two ribbons down each side out wide, then inwards in a straight line to meet and form a triangle. Pin cards to the ribbon, attaching them by the back so that when closed the pin does not show. The number of cards you have determines the size of the triangle.

● If you make the triangle over a fireplace, you can extend the ribbons down to the floor (as illustrated at top) to frame a decorated Christmas tree.

● For a smaller wall space, or perhaps a door which is kept closed, attach 1yd. of red ribbon and 1½yds. green ribbon in two vertical parallel straight lines, 8-10in. apart (right). At the top of each put a sprig of holly or other Christmas decoration, and at the bottom attach a bauble. Pin cards to the ribbon.

Miss K. A. Roach, Broadmeadow, N.S.W.



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Do you have trouble recognising friends?

● *Three Sydney girls try nylon wig-hats (or hat-wigs) in a department store — from left, Diane Arden, 16, Anna Bolman, 16, and Carol Sterrett, 15.*

● *Blonde goes brunette in a short, wispy wig (human hair). A London model shows how.*

WIGS are IN

● If you want to be ahead this summer, get a wig. Wear hair of nylon, yak, buffalo, another human — any sort that isn't your own — and you're in the fashion.

● *Same girl in silver-grey wig.*

FASTEST - SELLING type of wig in Sydney is the one made of a shimmering variety of nylon that can be worn either as a hat or as hair, depending on whether you comb it up or down.

Air-freighted from America by a leading Sydney store, 1500 of the first batch were sold in five days.

They retail at 49/11 and the teenagers adore them.

"Wonderful for skiing—so warm," said 16-year-old Anna Bolman, a junior stenographer, busily combing a white wig into a sleek swirl. "They seem to change your personality, too."

"I'm going to use mine after surfing," said her friend Diane Arden. "They look really good if you wear a scarf over them and just have a fringe showing. Especially a blond one and a brown scarf."

Along came a young girl wearing a black scarf over silver-grey hair. Or a wig?

"Yes," she admitted. "I bought a white one about a week ago and washed it, tinted it silver, and set it on rollers. No one seems to notice that it's a wig, and I wear it all day. But, then, I did tell them I was getting my hair bleached."

The more "real" the wig, the more expensive it is.

Wigs made of human hair (imported hair, too), hand-stitched to a lining shaped to the client's head measurements, sell in Sydney at anything from £50 to £100—and this is the sort of wig which defies detection.

When you get your bespoke wig from the wig-maker you probably wonder why you wanted it. You look like a clown, or a schoolgirl after a hockey match.

Your next step is to take it along (in a bag; don't wear it—yet) to one of the

By CAROL HENTY

large hairdressing salons to have it "dressed."

The hairdresser will study the shape of your face and decide in what style your wig should be set. He'll cut it and shape it, perhaps tint it to match your hair, then wash it in some sort of spirit. (Ordinary shampoo and water are death to wigs.)

He'll then set it, as he would your own hair, and put it, fitted on a headblock, under the hair-dryer.

The whole operation would take about as long as your own hairset would—but the beauty of the wig is that you can leave it at the reception desk.

Such an expensive wig—the dressing of it costs about £2 each time—deserves some consideration.

Never sleep in it.

Don't wear it swimming.

Avoid wearing it playing energetic sports.

When it's raining, run for cover. It will flop—as your own coiffure would.

If you observe these rules you'll find a wig-set lasts weeks longer than a hair-set. So you can tell yourself that it's a real economy.

One important thing for the wig-wearer to learn is to brush your own hair firmly back, except for 1½ inches round the hairline. This must be brushed forwards.

Then, when you put the wig on, the brushed-forward hair is sticking out from under it. Brush this back very gingerly into the hair of the wig, so that there's no knowing which of the hair is yours and which came from Europe. This mingling makes a natural hairline.

"You'd be amazed at the number of prominent Sydney society women who wear wigs for special occasions when they haven't been able to afford the time to have their own hair set," said the manager of one of the largest salons.

"Quite a few women took them to wear to the America's Cup at Newport. They could go out on the sea all day and have an immaculate, stunning coiffure for the evening engagements."

The number of women wearing these expensive wigs is growing fast. Five months ago the salon used to "dress" about four wigs for clients a week. Now it handles more than a dozen.

Because of the demand for high-class wigs hair is getting scarce. It mostly comes from Italy, but lately Japanese hair is being used, which is slightly coarser and sells for less than European hair.

Hair from yaks, buffaloes, and angora rabbits is woven with human hair in many of the wigs sold in Sydney, because there just isn't enough human hair.

The wig craze started in the world fashion centres of London and Paris about five years ago and was fanned by Elizabeth Taylor and Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy.

American women have become so snobbish about wigs that they have formed clubs to buy the more costly ones.

Said the secretary of one club which raised £1500 to buy 10 wigs: "All our 50 members agree that it is better to have the use of a first-class wig occasionally than to own a second-rate wig all the time."

There's only one snag to the wig-club scheme. If all the members are going to the same function, which ones are to wear the wigs?

OVERLEAF . . . and now *WIGLETS*

NEXT WEEK:

"SELF HELP FOR YOUR NERVES"

Nervous breakdown! The expression has an ominous sound—veiled in mystery and confusion—to the average person.

Yet anyone, given enough strain, sorrow, or conflict, could experience one.

Dr. Claire Weekes, a Sydney doctor, has written a book, "Self Help For Your Nerves," in which she describes how to "float" yourself out of such a condition.

Next week we publish many of the main points from the book, including the 14 do's and don'ts in which Dr. Weekes summarises her treatment.

This is a book for everyone. It could be an assurance against future breakdown.

● Two Royal households

From the rich to the royal went Ernest King, English society's favorite butler for 50 years.

In the next instalment of his autobiography, Ernest King describes the thoughtfulness and kindness of King George II of Greece; the economy of the first household the Queen, as Princess Elizabeth, established after her marriage.

Don't miss another long instalment of "Private Lives of the Rich"—it's a fascinating story.

● Christmas in India and the Gulf

Christmas spent helping to arrange a party for small Anglo-Indian orphans in a Bombay hotel . . . Christmas in the Gulf country.

Australian dancer and artist Eileen Cramer describes the first; Australian author Elizabeth O'Conner the second, in a special Christmas feature.

● Colorful pot-plants

When it's too hot to work outdoors, gardeners turn to pot-plants for indoor or patio beauty.

Three pages show plants that thrive in pots. There is expert information on caring for them, especially new ones given to you as Christmas presents.

● "The Longest Day"

Color pictures of Robert Mitchum, John Wayne, Curt Jurgens, Peter Lawford, Paul Anka, and Fabian, who are among the 57 major stars in "The Longest Day," a grand-scale film of D-Day, 1944.

● Dress up like a Christmas tree

A few sprigs of holly, shiny red ribbon, shimmering Christmas baubles can make a teenager a Christmas party belle. Teenagers' Weekly tells how to "Dress Up Like a Christmas Tree."

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AND NOW—THE WIGLET

● A wiglet is fashion's newest trick to achieve these variations on the romantic Empress Eugenie hairstyle.

A "LITTLE SISTER" to the popular full-scale wig (even "Jackie" Kennedy wears one on incognito shopping trips), the wiglet was created by Adrian of the Maison Antoine salon in New York.

A number like actress Carroll Baker's "Crowning Glory" (below) cost 500 dollars (about £A250), but a ready-made hairpiece is a mere 75 dollars (about £A37).

A simple, practical hairstyle can be converted into extravagant elegance for evening with one of these.

Made of human hair matched to any hair color or tinted to a contrasting shade, it is mounted on sheer net and is attached to the natural hair with four bobby-pins.

Each hairpiece is fitted originally at the salon. The only care it needs thereafter is an occasional dusting.

ROMANTIC evening style (above). A small hairpiece, brushed out into feathery curls, is combined with the natural hair to form a cascade from the crown.

"CROWNING GLORY" (right). Color expert Leslie Blanchard matched this wiglet to actress Carroll Baker's own hair. She wears it in "Come On Strong," her Broadway play.

"LES PLUMES" (left). Wiglet of feathery plumes tops a sleek style. With the model is Adrian, who created the design.

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"FIREBIRD," two-tone hairpiece, has a flame of pink hair over blond curls.

"MIDNIGHT FANTASY." Twists of braided hair that stand high from the crown.

"MATADOR'S HAT," a three-sided hair design with a centre top curved flare.

"CELESTIAL ARC," a two-tone hairpiece of soft lavender-white and ash - blond hair arranged in a series of curves.

"SHELL TWIST" (left). A small softly coiled wiglet topping a smooth head of short hair. A slashed bang is brushed across the forehead and curls behind the ear.

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RECIPES ANCIENT AND MODERN IN A NEW BOOK

"Kissing don't last, cookery do"

By FREDA IRVING

● Bush recipes from aborigines and early settlers, old family favorites, and modern Melbourne hostesses' secret notes — these are the sources from which the fascinating "Como Cookery Book," to be published this week, has been compiled.

IT provides a wealth of tried and trusty "receipts," as they are called throughout.

The collection is dedicated to two sisters, Miss Leila Armytage and Mrs. Constance Fitzpatrick, whose gracious old home, "Como," now a Victorian National Trust property, gives its name to the book. Profits will go to the Trust.

As a foretaste of what's to come in its pages, the sisters lent a "Como" menu dating from the middle of last century, still in its cardboard frame decorated with pressed maidenhair fern, to serve as one of the illustrations.

Starting with oyster soup, the menu runs fatly through fried whiting, chicken cream, duck and olives, roast chicken, boiled leg of lamb, lemon sauce, teal, Victoria pudding, ginger cream, cheese cakes, jelly, and anchovy toast.

In Dame Nellie Melba's handwriting on notepaper from her Australian home, "Coombe Cottage," Coldstream, are four cocktail recipes. (Some people say that Dame Nellie introduced the cocktail to Australia.)

Authentic

The cookery book vouches for the authenticity of some aboriginal and early settlers' recipes used on "Curratum," Mt. Gambier, South Australia, after the property was taken up by John Livingston in 1848. These are supplied by his grandchildren, Frank and John Livingston and their sister Mrs. R. S. Toyntz.

The aboriginal lore touches on such fancies as cooked snake, roast blue-tongue sleepy lizard, nardoo-seed loaf, advice on cooking feathered birds, and how to heal cuts with clay.

Cooks are advised never to use a snake caught by another person, "thus making sure it has not bitten itself and poisoned the flesh."

The early settlers' pages come up with a liver pie which calls not only for a bullock's liver but an emu egg as well:

"Boil half a bullock's liver, when cool peel the skin off. Mince the liver with two large onions and add half a packet of mixed spice, salt and black pepper to taste. Mix with half an emu egg beaten well, then put in a well-greased dish and bake well. When cold spread on damper."

You don't know how to make a damper? Lady Casey supplies instructions from the recipe of Mr. L. S. Collins, master baker, of Hobart.

The early settlers' section also supplies a spartan cold remedy which calls for a handkerchief soaked in kerosene with soap powder and a teaspoon of soda.

There's "Kangaroo Steamer," which took a prize at the 1862 Exhibition. Contributed by Mrs. J. S. Reid, the recipe has a note saying that at a London banquet that year (Lord Stanley in the chair), "Sir John Maxwell, a first-rate judge, pronounced it excellent, as a stew, and said he would like to see it introduced in the Navy.

"It is understood that Prince Napoleon, one of the first gastronomers of the day, was desirous to acclimatise the kangaroo to France for the sake of the cuisine the animal affords."

The "Como Cookery Book" supplies about 350 ideas for the modern table, running the gamut from soups to cakes. Contributors include:

● Lady Casey, whose Clonmell Soup, an Irish recipe, combines, among other things, cheddar cheese, milk, and whites-of-eggs.

● *The old kitchen at "Como," with its great stove, where some of the Melbourne recipes originated. Sketch by Harold Freedman.*

● Dame Mary Herring, who describes her Chocolate Mousse as "very good and very easy."

● Dame Mabel Brookes, who discourses on wild-duck roast and tells how to remove its fishy taste if this is disliked.

● Mrs. Brian Lewis, whose torrid Fijian Curry makes use of caraway seeds, fenugreek, garlic, onions, and cummin seed as well as a liberal dose of curry powder and a dash of cayenne.

● Mrs. W. H. Lempriere, whose iced Cucumber Soup takes in ingredients ranging from the cucumber base through flour, cream, and onion to nutmeg, egg-yolks, and cinnamon.

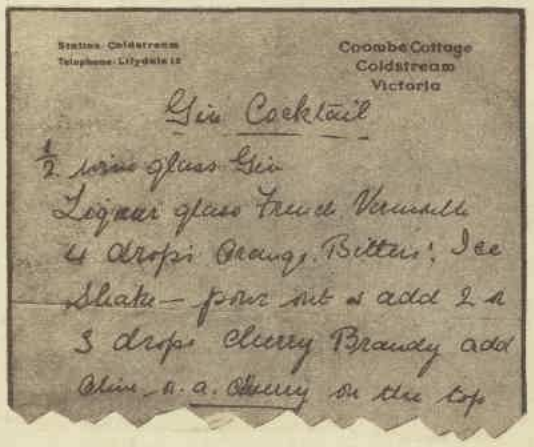
● Lady Lindsay, whose Daryl's Pears (named for her husband) conjure up a nightmare of at least three more inches on the waistline.

● Mrs. John Heath and Mrs. Ivor McInnes, who, in presenting Sheep's Tongues with Raisin Sauce, remark: "If using ordinary sheep's tongues buy 8 and cook in the usual way (in water with bayleaf, garlic, golden syrup, and a good dash of vinegar)."

● Mrs. D. F. R. Evans, whose barbecue hints include the suggestion that when grilling steak or chops you toss a cut clove of garlic or sprigs of any fresh herbs on the fire just before the meat is finished.

Several favorite recipes were also contributed by Mrs. G. L. Patterson, president of the women's committee of the National Trust of Australia (Vic.) and top chef for this fascinating book.

Not the least of its fascinations are the chapter-head drawings by Professor Brian Lewis, president of the National Trust and Professor of Architecture at Melbourne University, and the delightfully indiscriminate touches of wit, wisdom, advice, and odd information which spice its pages.



Station: Coldstream
Telephone: Lilydale 12

Coombe Cottage
Coldstream
Victoria

Gin Cocktail

½ wine glass Gin
Liqueur glass French Vermouth
4 drops Orange Bitters. Ice
Shake — pour out & add 2 or
3 drops Cherry Brandy add
Olive or a Cherry on the top

● *One of Nellie Melba's cocktail recipes.*

Wisdom

Many of these incidental notes came from a book, "Enquire Within," brought to Australia by Mrs. Patterson's great-grandfather Mr. Andrew Manson early in the last century.

Touches such as:

"A husband's wrath spoils the best broth."

"TO DISTINGUISH MUSHROOMS FROM POISONOUS FUNGI: Sprinkle a little salt on the spongy part or gills. If they turn yellow, they are poisonous, if black, they are wholesome."

"IN CHOOSING EGGS. It is usual to test the freshness by putting the large end to the tongue, when, if it feels warmer than the other end, the eggs are considered fresh."

"A blunt knife shows a dull wife."

"Kissing don't last, cookery do." (Meredith.)

"Children and chickens must always be picking."

"If you wish to grow thinner, diminish your dinner." (H. S. Leigh.)

—A nice piece of wisdom which all overweights should pin up in their kitchens before delving into the "Como Cookery Book" (price 15/-).

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson leave St. Edmund's Church, Gunning. The bride was formerly Miss Janet Emery, of Collingwood, Gunning, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Anderson, of Thirlstone, Tas.

AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hyles arriving at the Hotel Canberra after their wedding. The bride was formerly Miss Margaret Shannon, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Shannon, of "Talmo," Bookham.

THE Asthma Foundation should have a real winner in the Christmas carnival they're having at Luna Park on December 19. Already some six thousand children are expected, and there may be ten thousand through the gates between 10 a.m. and 4.30 p.m.

There'll be free balloons, a whopping Christmas tree (Judy White is sending down a goose from "Belltrees," Scone, for the tree, and the other prizes include a beauty-case, cigars, and teddy-bears), clowns, local television stars, and, of course, Father Christmas.

There'll be 40 members of the women's committee helping all day, including chairman Mrs. Max Halliday. Her ten-year-old daughter, Catherine, is having a delayed birthday party at the carnival with a group of schoolfriends.

★ ★ ★

PRETTY Nicholina Ralston is flashing a gorgeous diamond-cluster ring, the gift of her fiance, Peter Kuner, of Belmont. Nicholina is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ralston, of Woollahra.

★ ★ ★

QUENTIN RAFFERTY and famous husband, Chips, will be celebrating Christmas in their new home at Vaucluse. "We won't be having a big party," said Quentin, "but we'll have 'open house' on Christmas Day with friends dropping in." The new Rafferty "homestead," as Chips calls it, is looking a dream at present. "I've been spending all my time in the garden. I'm not worrying about the house till Christmas is over," said Quentin. A double-storey white house, it has roses climbing over the front porch and the rest of the garden is also in full bloom. "I expect someone to sing 'Rose Marie' under my window any night," said Quentin, laughing, "but I doubt if it will be Chips."

★ ★ ★

OLDE worlde touch, "carriages 9 p.m. and 2 a.m.," on the invitations to the Old Cranbrookians' Christmas Ball, which will be held at the school on December 14. Hope it's a fine moonlit night, as marquees will be set up on the lawns with that magnificent view of the Harbor.

★ ★ ★

IT will be a "joyeux Noel" in Noumea for newlyweds Judy-Lee and John Reynolds, who fly there this week for a three-week honeymoon. When they return they'll move into a completely redecorated little house in Bellevue Hill which was a dreamy wedding gift from John's parents.

★ ★ ★

SYDNEY'S newest drama group, "Group 8" (because there are eight), makes its first public appearance on December 16 in the Union Theatre. The young actors and actresses, led by Anne Croft, will do famous and dramatic scenes from seven plays, ranging all the way from "Medea" to "The Hostage." At the moment, rehearsals are on all over the Crofts' home in Balmain, lines being spoken upstairs, downstairs, everywhere. The performance is in aid of the Spastic Centre.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

AT RIGHT: At the end-of-school dance given by thirty hostesses who have finished their schooling at Loreto Convent, Normanhurst, Mr. Michael Rutledge served punch to dark-haired Miss Kerry Ashbolt, of Turramurra, who chose a sari stole to match her short-skirted dress.

AT LEFT: Chatting between dances at the Loreto Convent end-of-school dance were Mr. Paul Boland, of Gosford, and Miss Kim Bung, from Vietnam. Miss Bung wore her national dress for the dance, which was held at the Pickwick Club.

ABOVE: Signing the register after their marriage at St. Mark's, Darling Point, are Mr. and Mrs. T. Pelbart with Archdeacon Clive Goodwin. The bride was formerly Miss Shirley-Anne Rivers, of Concord West. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Temesvary, of North Sydney.

ABOVE: The first three members of the Asthma Foundation to present their cheques to Mr. Justice Hardie, president of the Foundation, at a ceremony at the Australia Hotel were (from left) Mrs. Dennis White, president of the Gladesville auxiliary, Mrs. Michael White, president of the Scone auxiliary, and Mrs. Paul Toose, who is president of the Kuring-gai auxiliary.

LEFT: At a luncheon at the Metropole Hotel the American Women's Club presented their annual cheque to charity, this year the Crown Street Women's Hospital. Pictured at the luncheon were (left) Mrs. P. Seifert, of Warrawee, and Mrs. E. L. Duclos, of Rose Bay. Guest speaker at the luncheon was Mr. Peter Summerton, Associate Director of the Independent Theatre.

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Now's the time to prepare your legs for Summer with Silkymit hair removing glove. Silkymit glides so gently, swiftly and softly, stroking away unwanted hair. Silkymit will not remove your precious suntan. No nicks or scratches. Silkymit is the safe, quick and simple way to beautiful legs.

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1/3 and 3/- at all chemists and cosmetic counters.

The Bulletin
INCORPORATING THE AUSTRALIAN FINANCIAL TIMES
The Magazine for Interesting People
ONE SHILLING EVERYWHERE

● *Fetchingly pretty in white silk is the waisted late-day dress (above). The softly collared neckline leaves one shoulder bare and has white silk fringed ends at back.*

● *Beach burnous (above) is possibly the best and most comfortable beach cover of the season. This one is made in white terry cloth and splits all the way up each side. The collar can convert into a hood.*

● *White goes to town (right), edged in black braid and accented at the waist with a black patent belt. The skirt unfurls into a flare. Hat and dress are in white sharkskin. Black gloves complete ensemble.*

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NEW VIEWS OF SUMMER WHITE

● There's a new crush on white in summer fashion—it's once again the color of news. Here, white appears in a number of materials, from rough terry cloth to featherweight silk.

White also comes in a good variety of shapes, and it is a special beautifier against a summer tan. A white shift is the coolest thing from a.m. to p.m. Lastly, turn on the chic and be the first to wear deep shadowy taupe stockings with all-white.

—*BETTY KEEP*

● *Elegant simplicity is seen in the shift dress (above) designed for 6 p.m. onwards. The bodice is marked by a seam, but not moulded. The material is white silk cloque.*

● *White warmed by the sun (left) in two casually cut sundresses for seashore life. Both designs are tailored, short-cut, and unadorned.*

● *The never-out-of-season shirt-blouse. This one in white crepe has full-length cuffed sleeves and pearl fastenings. A single white rose tucked into the neckline is the only trim.*

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Mortein never fails in the war against flies!

New Sizes!
Lower Prices!
Better Value!

5/11 SMALL SIZE

11/6 LARGE SIZE

13/11 JUMBO SIZE

7/11 REGULAR SIZE

Insist on Mortein . . . *when you're on a good thing, stick to it!*

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Worth Reporting

THE mystery of achieving those curling moustaches that you see in old photographs is revealed by Maie Casey (wife of Lord Casey) in her book "An Australian Story."

Her father, the dashing Melbourne surgeon Charles Ryan, in the privacy of his dressing-room, used to bind a net tightly over his upper lip "pressing his moustache into the fashionable German shape of the moment."

Covering the period 1837-1907, the book tells the story of four Australian generations of the author's family, and the houses they lived in.

Easily the most colorful character is her father.

His idea of a suitable outing for his small daughter was to take her through the wards with him during hospital visits.

Another Australian book comes from historical writer William Joy, who has contributed many articles to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Release of the book, titled "Birth of a Nation," corresponds with the 175th anniversary of the founding of Australia.

In the fast-moving narrative William Joy describes the struggles of the Governors to end the rum rackets of the N.S.W. Corps, the shifts and tricks of the officers to confound them, the flare-up which led to the overthrow of Governor Bligh, and the steady efforts of Governor Macquarie to consolidate the colony.

"Birth of a Nation" is published by Shakespeare Head Press. Price 18/9.

★ ★ ★

HEAD of our Color Studio, Robert Cleland, will hear his recently published Christmas carol, "Silent Bells," at the Carols by Candlelight Festival in Hyde Park, Sydney.

The Festival, which will aid the Rachel Forster Hospital for Women and Children, Redfern, begins at 6.15 p.m. on December 16.

Among the top artists will be Col Joye and Joy Boys.

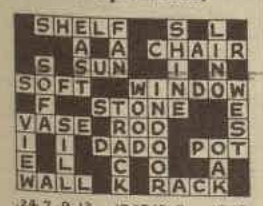
Robert Cleland has written about a dozen songs.

His "Silent Bells" (Christmas bells) was written specially to help schoolchildren appreciate Australian wildflowers.

CROZZLE

• Winner of £100 Crozzle No. 4 is M. J. Roskams, 54 Derby St., Hendra, Qld., with a score of 397 points.

Here is the winning entry, redrawn by one of our artists for better reproduction.



24,7,9,13, 17,25,19,7, 18,18,

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS	157
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED	240
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY	397

Mr. Smith and "Levelawn" (see below).

Cards from the Trust

A NEW note has been struck by the National Trust of Australia this year. They've had playing-cards made for sale instead of a Christmas-card set.

The Trust came up with the idea only a few months ago when someone complained that good-quality Australian cards were hard to get.

They had artist Yvonne Francart sketch the historic N.S.W. buildings Elizabeth Farm (above) and Experiment Cottage, and used her drawings on the cards.

The cards (the double pack sells for 30/-) are of good quality, washable, and lightweight for overseas postage. They are available from Mrs. David Pratten, of 100 Mona Vale Road, Pymble, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

"MY husband used to be annoyed because the neighbors' old car made a frightful noise," she said. "Now he's annoyed because they've got a new one that doesn't make a sound."

Just what we needed

WE were entranced by a gift catalogue issued by Nieman-Marcus, the department store in Dallas, Texas, where the millionaires grow.

Our favorite item is (right) this cocktail-party shooting-stick with a frothy bow of nylon net and a rhinestone clip. It costs 18 dollars (£A8).

Just the thing, we thought, for Christmas party-going—if no clumsy idiot knocks it from under us.

An easier way

TWO years ago we published a story about Mr. C. J. P. Smith, of Perth, who, suffering from a back injury, had invented a shuv-holer that cut hole-digging and energy by half.

Mr. Smith's latest invention is a top-soil leveller.

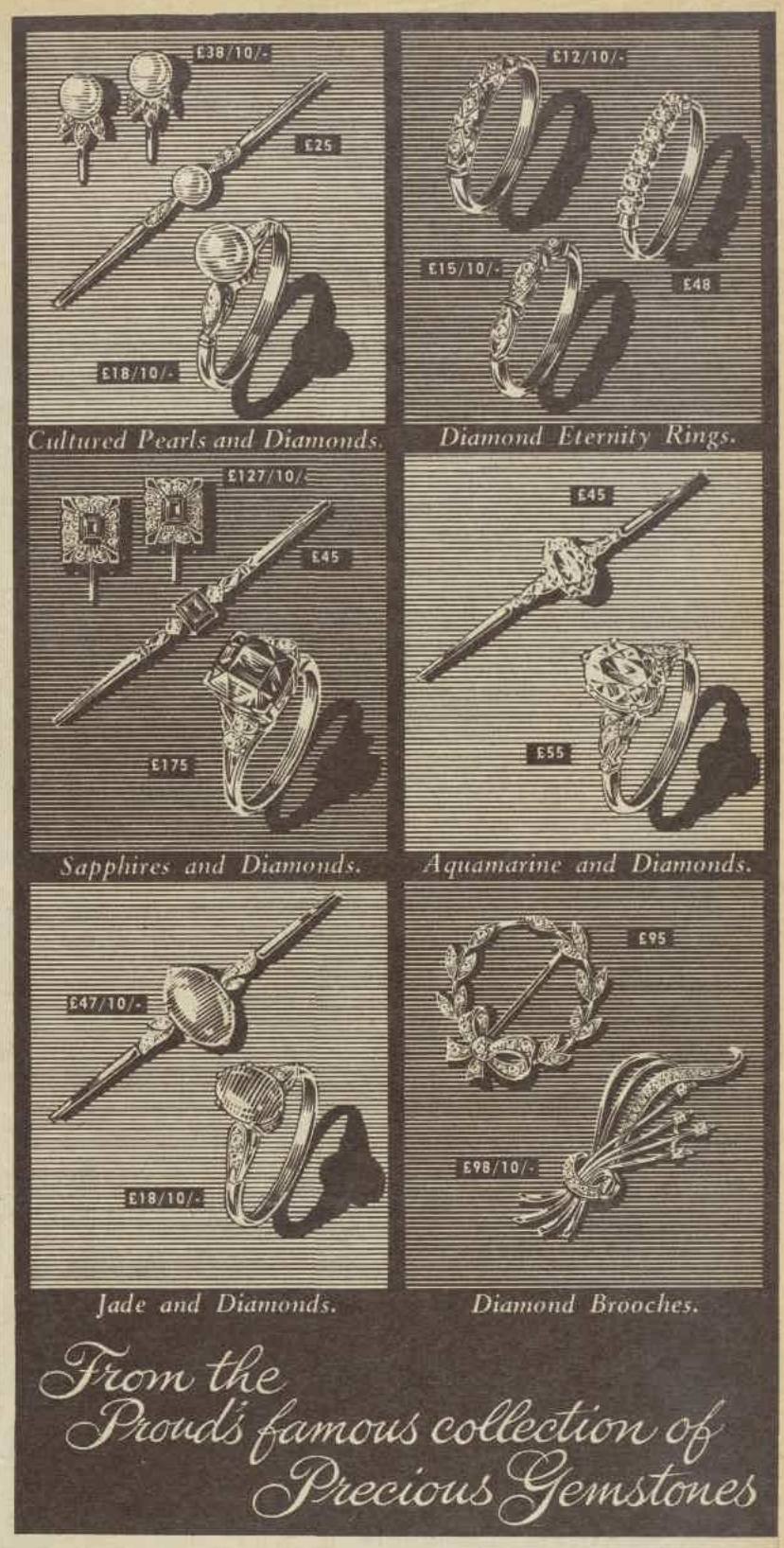
"Up till now people have had to use the back of a rake," Mr. Smith said, "and that has never worked well."

He has a bundle of letters from here and overseas praising his "Levelawn," and is negotiating for overseas distribution.

Bowling, tennis, and golf clubs in Australia have snapped them up, and so have city councils, hospitals, schools, farmers.

When Mr. Smith was demonstrating his "Levelawn" for us in Sydney's Hyde Park, he made an on-the-spot sale to a man who had wandered up to watch.

Mr. Smith has started yet another invention. His family often let the bath-water run over, he says, so he conceived the idea of a simple alarm mechanism that rings when the water reaches a certain level.



There are fifteen Proud's stores throughout Australia, one quite near where you live. Next time you are passing, we would be delighted to have you call, for here you will find a gemstone collection of rare and precious beauty. Together at Prouds are magnificent gems from every part of this earth, chosen with infinite care and craftsman set to perfection. Equally outstanding are the fine values you will find at Prouds . . . so why not make this Christmas a time to own or give a gemstone from Prouds.

ALL ARE PLATINUM SET IN 18-CT. WHITE OR YELLOW GOLD. MANY DESIGNS ARE PROUD'S EXCLUSIVELY AND NOT AVAILABLE ELSEWHERE.

Prouds

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Past midnight
and the magic of
Gossamer continues
to hold a modern
Cinderella's hair style
with regal elegance.
Gossamer gently
controls and holds
fashion's most demanding
hair styles throughout
the busiest day and the
most enchanting evening.
Gossamer's Lanolin Esters
condition your hair
and enhance its
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Trust only Gossamer.

Gossamer

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"ALICE," THROUGH THE TV SCREEN

● An early Christmas treat on Nine will be a musical version of "Alice in Wonderland" with some of the best-known personalities in show business acting as Lewis Carroll's famous characters.

THIS "special" is the final "B.P. Super Show" for 1962 and will be seen on the four Nines — Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane.

Actor Noel Ferrier, at present Friday night compere of "In Melbourne Tonight" on GTV9, is producing the show in conjunction with regular "Super Show" producer Ian Holmes, who is also directing.

This "Alice" is a new version of the production staged so successfully at the Comedy Theatre, Melbourne, last Christmas by Noel Ferrier, with ballerina Kathleen Gorham as Alice.

It has been specially written for television by scriptwriter Jeff Underhill, and this time Alice is Patricia Moore, petite star of the J. C. Williamson production of the musical "Carnival," at Her Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne.

Videotaping the show has made possible special effects that were not available in the theatre.

"Alice, as the central figure, provides the continuity," Jeff said, "and the scene changes take place round her in the almost magical way videotape allows."

There will be 14 different scenes in the musical, featuring highlights from both "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking-Glass."

"The way the scenes follow one another was simply dictated by a feeling of 'rightness,'" Jeff said. "It just seemed right, for instance, for the Humpty Dumpty scene to follow the Mad Hatter. There was no particular reason."

Melbourne composer and pianist Bruce George (he and Jeff collaborated on "The Ballad of Angel's Alley," seen in Melbourne earlier this year) wrote the music for "Alice" in just a week and found it fascinating to renew acquaintance with the Lewis Carroll verses again for the first time since childhood.

Good music

The eight songs Bruce composed and the music for the ballet are very much in character. For instance, the Lobster Quadrille (you know, the "Will you walk a little faster?" piece), which I saw and heard at rehearsal, is delightful and the big, all-in-together song, "They Told Me," in the final Court scene is very catchy.

Producer Noel Ferrier plays Humpty Dumpty, as he did in the stage version last year, and comedian Johnny Ladd, just back from England, takes the role of the Queen of Hearts. Bill Hodge is the Duchess, and at rehearsal Bill and Johnny were having a wonderful time with their lines—Johnny with his falsetto "Off with their heads" and Bill with his peppery temper.

The White Knight is played by lanky film star Chips Rafferty, and his song, which has to be sung in a dignified manner befitting the character, is, Bruce George says, his favorite among the songs he has composed for the show. It's called "A-sitting on a Gate."

Other parts are the White Rabbit (Brian Crossley), the Mock Turtle and the Caterpillar (Fred Parslow — he sings "Beautiful Soup" and shares with Alice the old favorite "You Are Old, Father William"), the March Hare (Ernie Bourne), the Mad Hatter (Bob Hornery), the King of Hearts and the Walrus (Ron Shand), and the Knave of Hearts (Kevin Colson, leading man of "Carnival").

The television production will use the delightful costumes from last year's stage version, but the sets are new, designed by Noel Ferrier's wife, Sue. ("So handy to have a wife who designs sets," says Noel. "That's why I married her.")

With very little time on hand, Channel 9's scenery workshops worked at full pressure under Michael Ivory's technical supervision. When I saw the scenery, the gay backdrops were finished and there were lots of recognisably "Alice" bits and pieces about—the Mad Hatter's little cottage, for instance, and the Caterpillar's mushroom.

The designs are pleasant and fanciful without the rather frightening feeling of the original book illustrations.

The finished production should certainly be different and entertaining to all age groups, with an early evening time-slot making it possible for children to enjoy the fun which, after all, Lewis Carroll originally intended for them.

● Rehearsing Nine's Christmas "B.P. Super Show" production of "Alice in Wonderland" against a large mushroom from one of the sets are (from left) Kevin Colson (Knave of Hearts), Patricia Moore (Alice), and Noel Ferrier, the show's producer and Humpty Dumpty.

NEW FILMS

★★★ THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI

This remake of the old classic "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" is a rarity — an adult horror film. Here is horror powerfully and subtly used for a specific and legitimate purpose. It stars Glynis Johns, Dan O'Herlihy, and there's a fine supporting cast. S.S. — **Regent, Sydney.**

In a word . . . GRIPPING.

★ TWICE AROUND THE DAFFODILS

Six diverse young men are thrown together in the same ward at Lenton tuberculosis sanatorium, where a walk twice round the daffodil patch means complete recovery.

Brightest spark in the cast is Kenneth Williams, an amusing and fussy patient with an avid appetite for chess. Juliet Mills plays the part of the pretty nurse, "Catty," capably, and other stars include Jill Ireland, Ronald Lewis, and Donald Houston. S.F. — **Victory, Sydney.**

In a word . . . PLACID.

No suntan for Graham

ALTHOUGH GTV9 star Graham Kennedy came back to Melbourne from the United States without the suntan everyone had expected to see, he had done almost everything else he had planned during his three weeks away. He looked tired but relaxed.

The lack of suntan was because Graham and his travelling companion, John Wesley, didn't get their two-day stopover in Honolulu. They missed their flight from New York to San Francisco.

"It was the first time in my life I haven't checked my tickets," said Graham. "So we decided to fly direct to Sydney from New York."

Graham's main reason for going to New York was to see the Broadway musical "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," the show for which J. C. Williamson have asked him to consider auditioning.

● Graham Kennedy and his friend and travelling companion, John Wesley, arrive back in Melbourne after a three-week visit to America.

He certainly saw the show — twice right through. "And I can't remember how many times I saw parts of it. I often went backstage at the theatre as I got to know different members of the cast," Graham added.

Graham was still undecided about auditioning for the leading role of "How to Succeed" when he returned.

"The star, Robert Morse, is a method actor. He is hardly ever off the stage," Graham said. "And after seeing him in the part I think it would be a very exacting one.

"There are a lot of things I have to consider before I could decide to audition," he said. "The casting is very important. There are really four main parts and they would all have to be well cast for a successful show."

Graham met Robert Morse and talked to him on the phone a couple of times. "He's a nice guy," Graham said.

Graham and John saw almost every musical on Broadway, averaging two shows a night, and didn't even get round to the straight plays. TV-watching — of course — was also part of Graham's schedule and Jack Paar and Steve Allen were "musts" on his viewing list. Graham also saw Jackie Gleason doing his show in the studio.

Two nights in Las Vegas, one night each in Los Angeles and San Francisco, a reunion with ex-GTV9 singer Elaine McKenna, and a visit to Atlanta, Georgia, were other highlights.

Graham's visit to WBS-TV Atlanta was connected with the choice of an American lass to come to Australia next year to appear on Channel 9. The girl who is coming here next February —her identity and what exactly she is coming for was still a secret at the time of writing — was not the one Graham had voted for, he said.

"But," he added, "they were all very nice girls."

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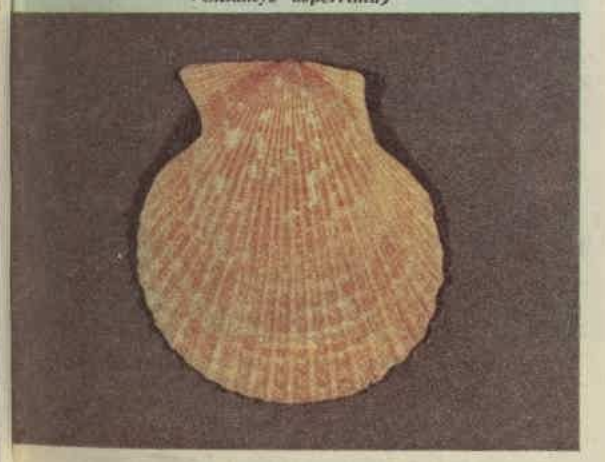
SEA SHELLS

● The delicate colors and pretty shapes of many Australian shells make gathering them a fascinating pastime for holiday-makers of all ages. Here we present four pages of pictures of selected sea-shells with authentic information about each one. Both the pictures and the text were supplied by Keith Gillett, Sydney.

SHELL-GATHERING at low tide on Magnetic Island, North Queensland. The girls wanted the shells for counters in card games. (This picture by Mrs. E. E. Dawe, Lae, New Guinea.)

DOUGHBOY or PRICKLY SCALLOP
(Chlamys asperrima)

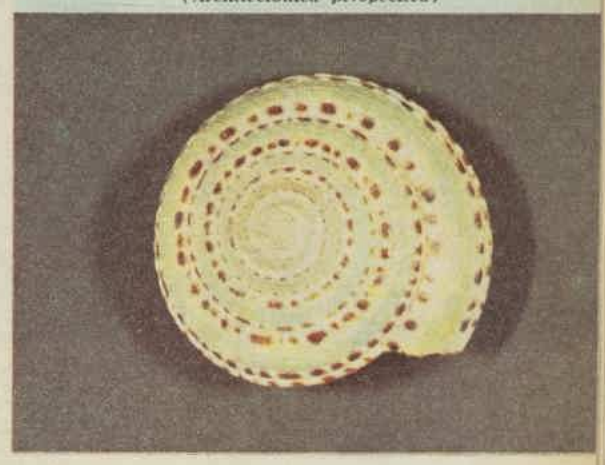


This pretty shell is found from W.A. to N.S.W. The living bivalve is most unusual in that it thrusts itself through the water thus: after opening and filling, the valves pull shut, shooting the water out behind and sending the scallop forward. It's "jet-propelled."

SYDNEY EAR SHELL
(Notohaliotis ruber)

Ear Shells belong to the same family as Trochus and are much sought after to make ornaments. They are found under rocks that remain covered even at low tide. This one is found in N.S.W., Vic.

PERSPECTIVE SUNDIAL
(Architectonica perspectiva)

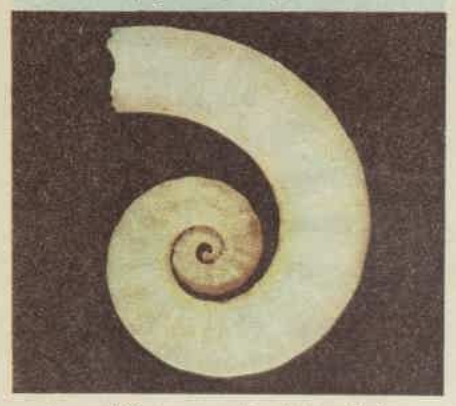


The Sundial Shell is easily identified by its unusual shape and color. It is found in Queensland and northern N.S.W. and grows to about two inches in diameter. It is also called the Staircase Shell — if the underside of the shell is examined, spirals are seen.

STAR LIMPET
(Patellanax perplexa)

The Eight-rayed or Star Limpet is an easily recognised shell and is commonly seen among beach debris. It is to be found from Queensland to Tasmania and is approximately one inch in size. The Limpet family occurs on rocky shores throughout the world.

RAM'S HORN
(Spirula spirula)



A very delicate pure white shell washed up in enormous quantities on Australian beaches. It reaches about an inch across. It is rare indeed to find this shell with the animal alive, for it frequents very deep waters. (It is also called Spirula Shell.)

TELLEN
(Tellinota roseola)

A very flat and delicate shell which grows to about 2¼ inches in length. The N.S.W. form is usually bright, and Tellens are to be found from W.A. to N.S.W. Shells of the same family are picked up in countless thousands by children on English beaches.

Continued overleaf

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HAIRY WHELK
(Monoplex australasiae)

A fine, brown, hair-like fur covers the shell of this Whelk during life. It lays eggs in a saucer-like mass, then sits on the "saucer" to hatch them. Common from W.A. to south Qld., and grows to about 4 inches long.

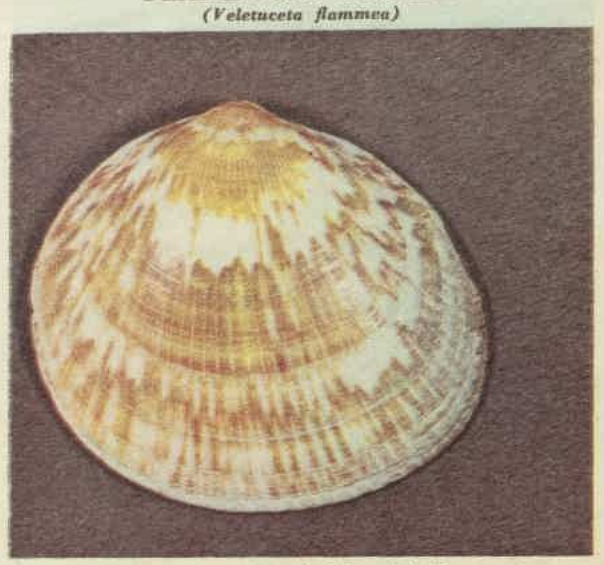
MUREX
(damicornis sp.)

This shell frequents deep waters off N.S.W. and grows to about 3 inches. It has a famous Mediterranean "cousin" from which the ancient Greeks and Romans procured a dye to make their wonderful "Tyrian purple" cloths.

GIRDLED ANCILLA
(Ancillista velesiana)

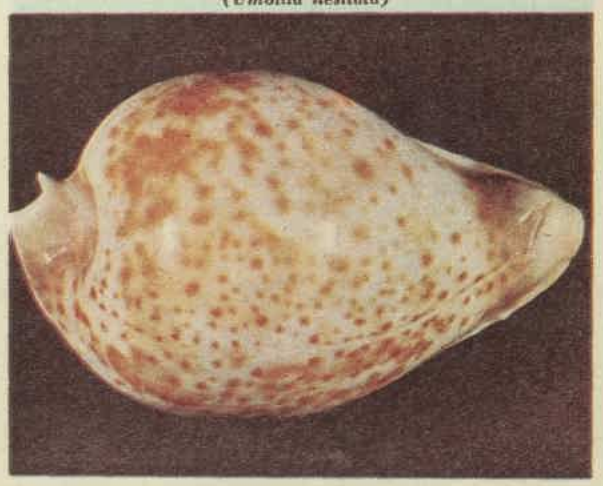
This is a very fragile but beautiful shell which occurs from N.S.W. to Queensland. It may grow to a length of about 4in. When alive it has a very large animal which always protrudes outside the finely marked shell.

FLAME DOG COCKLE
(Veletuceta flammea)



One of the most abundant of all beach shells occurring from Queensland to Victoria, Flame Dog Cockles grow to a length of about 2½ inches and are commonly known as "Medals." All cockle shells are heart-shaped, with strong radiating ribs and valves of equal size.

UMBILICATE COWRIE
(Umbilia hesitata)



This large southern Cowrie shell (Bass Strait to N.S.W.) is usually about 5 inches long. It's called the "Wonder Cowrie" because most members of this family live in warm waters (southern Cowries are quite small) and this large one, from deep, cold seas, is a "left-over" from ages when the waters were warm.

COMMON SOUTHERN BROOCH
(Neotrigonia margaritacea)

The Southern Brooch Shell belongs to a family of shells which was very abundant in Jurassic times (about 150 million years ago), so it is not extraordinary that it is referred to as one of Australia's "living fossils." It occurs from N.S.W. to Tasmania. The first Brooch Shell, *Trigonia*, was found in Sydney Harbor in 1827.

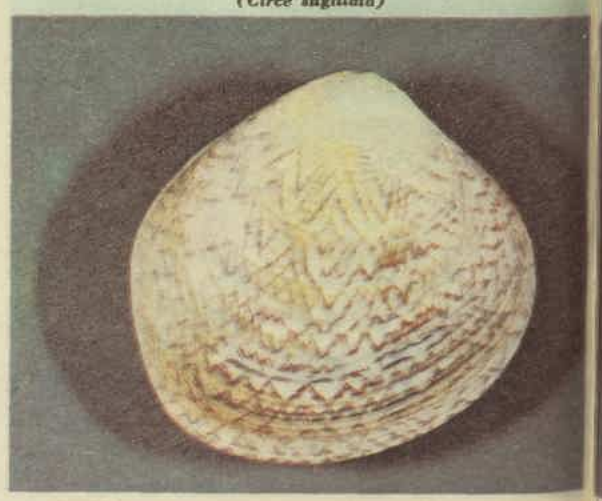
LETTERED TAPESTRY SHELL
(Tapes literata)

Occurring from W.A. to Queensland, this shell reaches a length of 3 inches. The group of shells to which this one belongs has members which are all of a similar shape, but the color markings vary in each species. Some of them may be very striking and beautiful.

MOON or COMMON SAND SNAIL
(Glossaulax aulacoglossa)

Moon shells are often found on sandy beaches facing the ocean. There are many kinds, varying from pure white to beautifully banded forms. They lay their eggs inside a circular sandy mass (spiral in shape) which protects them. The species pictured occurs from Tasmania to Qld. and grows to about 2½ inches across.

BRUISED CIRCE SHELL
(Circe sugillata)



Reaching about 2½ inches in diameter, this extremely flat bivalve is found in large numbers on mud flats and estuarine beaches from Queensland to N.S.W. In living bivalves the shell is composed of two protective valves hinged together to surround the animal.

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RED-MOUTH STROMB
(Conomurex luhuanus)

A prominent notch on the outer lip quickly identifies the Red-mouth Stromb, which is found in Queensland and N.S.W. It is pictured alive. Up to about two inches long, it is harmless, and a very attractive shell when cleaned. It is also quite common. (The Spider Shells of the tropics belong to the same family.)

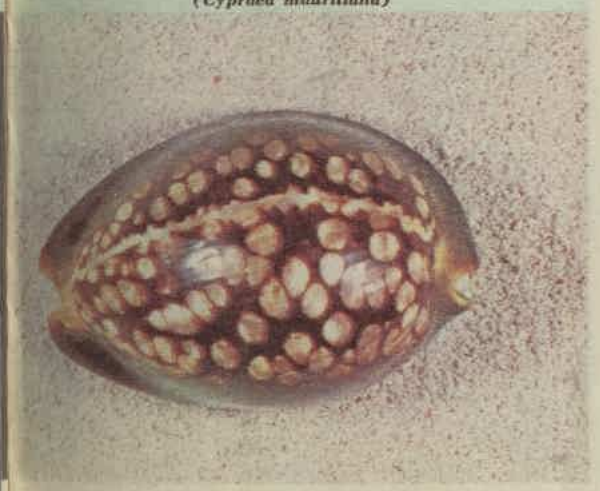
SYDNEY TURBAN SHELL
(Ninella torquata)

This well-known shell is usually corroded or overgrown with weeds and worm tubes. It is unlike any other Turban Shell in the world and created a sensation when brought back to England by Captain Cook. It grows to about 4 inches across and is found from south Western Australia to New South Wales.

GIANT WHELK
(Largisipho maxima)

A very large shell which frequents deep waters and grows to about nine inches in length. It occurs from S.A. to N.S.W. It is a carnivore and scavenger and feeds on the animal inside bivalve shells. Its family is related to the English Whelks.

CHOCOLATE COWRIE
(Cypraea mauritiana)

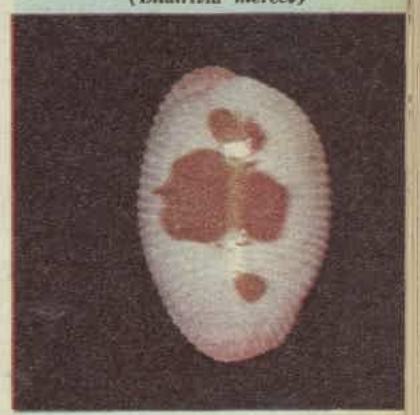


This is a Cowrie from north Queensland, a region noted for shells. It grows to a length of about four inches. The Chocolate Cowrie prefers haunts such as cracks in rocks and beneath weeds where heavy surf is present. The Cowries in general are favorites with collectors.

SERPENT'S HEAD COWRIE
(Cypraea caputserpentis)

This shell is found in large numbers in the tropics and extends to N.S.W. It is the most common Cowrie from Sydney, and grows to a length of about one inch. Its color ranges from a dark to a lightish brown on the sides. (The picture is enlarged here.)

BEAN COWRIE
(Ellatrivia merces)



This is the Common Southern Bean Cowrie, a beautiful little shell (length about ¼ inch), found from W.A. to N.S.W. The best time for collecting alive is at night, when the creatures are active. (Picture is enlarged.)

MANY-SPINED COCKLE
(Vepricardium pulchricostatum)

Living in deeper water, this Cockle is sometimes washed up on beaches from Victoria to south Queensland. It grows to a length of about 2½ inches. Shell-collectors usually do not consider this family of shells outstanding, but a young and perfect Cockle Shell is very beautiful, and rivals many more "glamorous" shells.

PIPI or UGARI
(Plebidonax deltoides)

The most common shell of any size occurring on sandy ocean beaches from Qld. to W.A. It lives only a few inches below the surface, its presence being indicated by two small holes in the sand. The animal is used for fishing bait and sometimes eaten. Reaches a length of 2 inches. Is called Ugari in Qld., Pipi in N.S.W.

Continued on page 25

WENTLETRAP
(Opalia australis)

The Australian or Southern Wentletrap is a little beauty about 1¼ inches long. "Wentletrap" is a Dutch word applied to old spiral staircases. Found littered on beaches from N.S.W. to south W.A. (Picture enlarged.)

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SEA-SHELLS — *continued from page 23*

LITTLE WARTY EGG COWRIE
(Calpurnus verrucosus)

Seen here alive with its mantle covering part of its shell, this Cowrie is restricted to Queensland waters and grows to a maximum length of 1¼ inches. It differs from all other members of this family by having a button-like shape at either end of the shell, as the picture shows.

SYDNEY COCKLE
(Anadara trapezia)

Common on mud flats and estuarine beaches from south Qld. to Tasmania, this shell grows to about 2¼ inches long. It is thought Captain Cook gave it the name of cockle, for he likened it to the real cockle of England, which is edible. Australian aborigines ate the animal of this cockle in early, bygone days.

NEW HOLLAND SPINDLE
(Fusinus novaehollandiae)

Spindle Shells live in deep water and this shell is the largest Australian form. They were named after the spindle of a spinning-wheel. Growing to nine inches long, this shell is washed up on beaches from S.A. to N.S.W. after heavy seas.

TULIP SHELL
(Pleuroploca australasia)

The Australian Tulip Shell grows to about five inches long and is washed up from south W.A. to N.S.W. after storms or big seas. It is a beautiful shell.

PAPER NAUTILUS
(Argonauta nodosa)

The Paper Nautilus or Argonaut Shell is not a true shell but the egg case of the female Argonaut, which is a kind of octopus. The white, extremely fragile shells may be washed ashore in S.E. Australia in summer.

PHEASANT SHELL
(Phasianella australis)

The largest and most beautiful of its family, this shell occurs from south Queensland to Tasmania. Color and pattern vary in nearly every shell. It grows to a length of about 3 inches.

SYDNEY CONE
(Floraconus peronianus)

The largest of several N.S.W. Cone Shells, it grows to about 2½in. All Cone Shells should be handled with care. They are the only shells capable of inflicting a painful sting. The Geographer Cone in Queensland waters is the most venomous.

MILK-SPOTTED COWRIE
(Mystaponda vitellus)

An extremely widespread shell occurring from Queensland to southern N.S.W. It grows to a length of over 2 inches. Smaller members of this large family have been used as a form of currency in parts of New Guinea, Solomon Islands, Africa, and India, where there were no formal coins.

THE VIOLET SNAIL
(Janthina violacea)

In the late summer months these empty and extremely fragile shells are to be found in hundreds cast up on sandy ocean beaches. This beautiful little shell reaches about 1 inch across and really belongs to the plankton — "The Floating or Drifting Life of the Sea." It has a world-wide distribution.

HELMET
(Phalium areola)

The Checker or Draught-board Helmet belongs to a family of shells named because of a likeness to a Roman helmet. It is found in Qld. and N.S.W. and grows to a length of three inches.

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Such was the children's faith that they knew implicitly their prayers would be answered . . . a short story

THE SPECIAL MIRACLE

By ANN GORDON

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

WE had kept the turnip lanterns ever since Hallowe'en, thinking some might do for Christmas, and were looking them over dispiritedly in the old loft above the empty stables, which still held the comfortable smell of dust and hay and saddle-soap and old leather. I was cold and cross and anxious to get back to the warm schoolroom to finish painting a beautiful and involved robins-and-holly Christmas card for Mama before Eddie, our young brother, seized the chance to use my paint-box and mix up all my best colors.

Josh was insisting that some of the better lanterns could be salvaged when Thomas, who was only eight, interrupted. "Why not use glass jars with candles?" he asked. David, the eldest brother, was indignant. "You know it's always turnip lanterns for Christmas," he said; then added gloomily, "That is—if we are having Christmas this year."

"But, David!" I said, jerked rudely out of my own troubles. "We *always* have Christmas. Everyone does!"

"Oh *you*, Charley!" said David impatiently. "If you spent less time dressing up and mooning about with your head in the clouds you might notice what's going on in front of you!"

I flushed and stared hard at my boots. The rebuke was not unmerited. Much of my time, these past weeks, had been spent up in the attic rummaging among the wealth of bustles, cloaks, ladies' straw hats, and other discarded finery for various pieces with which to adorn my person. I was actually wearing one of the hats, a ravishing creation trimmed with roses and velvet ribbon, and an elegant feather boa wound twice round my neck. I so loved pretty things.

I sent an appealing look at Josh, who, half-buried in hay and hunched against the cold, was sitting on the floor beside me. Josh was ten, exactly a year older than I, and he looked wise and gravely judicial, as he usually did.

"Well, of course, Charlotte," he said in a gentle, deprecating voice. "Haven't you noticed how late everything is this year? Barely a month to Christmas and they haven't started the puddings yet. Not even the cake! Father hasn't mentioned the tree."

I hadn't noticed, but now I saw at once that it was true. Usually the first, slow, delicious tremors of Christmas started stealing through our house immediately after Hallowe'en. First, the cake. Next, six weeks before Christmas, unfailingly, the puddings! After that the mincemeat; with the more perishable dainties left until nearer the day. The excitement never palled. There was always so much fruit to be cleaned, so many almonds to blanch, so many delicious morsels to be coaxed from Bessie or Aunt Kate.

Thomas was all eyes. "Why—are we poorer?" he asked in an interested voice.

"Being poor has nothing to do with Christmas!" Josh's lip curled scornfully.

"Do you think they have forgotten?" I said.

David turned away. "No!" he said. "I think it's Bertie. I think they are worried about him."

We stared at him in unbelief. Some weeks earlier our brother Bertie had caught some kind of low fever and, though he was still in bed, with a fire in the room day and night, he always seemed cheerful when we were allowed in to see him, and we had taken it for granted that he would be well soon. We had even felt slightly envious of all the bright new picture books, the calves'-foot jelly, and other delights which everyone seemed to shower upon him. It hadn't occurred to us people might worry about him.

"But, David! He couldn't possibly still be ill at Christmas—could he?" I quavered.

There was silence for a moment, then David flung his arm across his eyes and suddenly started to cry. We stared at him, white-faced.

I myself cried easily, and even Josh had been known to whimper at the sight of his own blood. But David was twelve; he never cried. He was

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Solemnly the children and Aunt Kate clustered around Bertie's bed, singing the Christmas hymn, while even the old horse reverently bent its head.

braver than anyone in the world; so that his crying was as though a rock had crumbled.

The lump in my throat hurt so that I couldn't swallow. Thomas' face was getting redder and redder. At any moment now he, too, would burst into stormy sobs. I looked imploringly at Josh.

Josh cleared his throat. "When I was sick," he said carefully, "that time with scarlet fever, I remembered about my new kite one day. I thought about it and thought about it and every time I thought I felt better. It helped me to get well!"

"And when I was sick," agreed Thomas, "what I thought about was kittens. My kittens made me immensely better."

I, too, had my own contribution to offer. "That time I hurt my toe when the big stone fell on it, it helped a lot when Aunt Kate gave me two sweeties. One, I remember, was not enough. But with two I felt a definite improvement."

Behind his sheltering arm, David had a listening look. Josh went on calmly, "If we ask Bertie exactly what he wants for Christmas—anything at all—he's bound to feel better thinking about it. You ask him, David. You know he'll do anything for you!"

We gazed hopefully at David's back, trying to let him know we hadn't really noticed his crying.

"All right," he said gruffly, turning toward us as nonchalantly as

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Christmas is for children?

That's the question, but doesn't everyone have fun? . . . a story

By EDWARD STREETER

FOR the first time in thirty-four years there would be no children in the Buckley apartment on Christmas morning. This depressed Mrs. Buckley beyond measure. She was a traditionalist to whom Christmas was a ritual as inviolable as the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace.

Her Christmas trees had become famous, her packages were works of art, and her Christmas mantel always supported a row of bulging stockings with cereal for the reindeer placed carefully beneath them. But without children all these things were like icing without the cake.

On former Christmases she had hovered ecstatically over the confusion, stuffing wrapping-paper into cartons, tossing them into the back hall, rescuing cards for future "thank-you" notes, trying to put toys together from unintelligible directions, keeping peace, and being very happy.

Now Susie and Tom had been sent to California by Tom's company. Joe and Polly were in the foreign service in some outlandish place in Ceylon, and Sam and Sylvia had so many children they couldn't be fitted into the Buckleys' present apartment even if they had been willing to leave their comfortable house in Bedford.

Then, returning home one night two weeks before Christmas, Mr. Buckley found the atmosphere suddenly changed.

"The nicest thing has happened," said Mrs. Buckley excitedly. "Sylvia phoned. She wants us for Christmas dinner. Won't that be fun?"

Mr. Buckley looked dubious. Without realising it, he had been looking forward to his first quiet Christmas for as long as he could remember. Besides, he was conscious of a sense of inadequacy, an inability to be all he should to Sylvia and her oversized family. "Sounds like it might be a shambles," he said cautiously.

"Darling, I don't see how you can talk like that. Don't you want to see your grandchildren?"

"Of course, of course," he assured her.

"I've ordered a seventeen-pound turkey to take out with us," she said, "and all the trimmings, including the stuffing. You're to provide the bottled goods."

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"Lemme down," Samson screamed to his mother while Bruce and Jill quarrelled about their toys and Mr. Buckley looked on with concern.

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Foreign language

IN our office we have quite a lot of correspondence with New Australians, and I wonder why businessmen don't write letters to them in plain, simple English On many occasions they come into our office asking the meaning of letters they have received. In most cases their command of English is commendable, considering the length of time they have studied it. Yet they cannot understand the complicated words and forms of the letters.

If the writers of business letters would make their language simpler, the new settlers would feel more at home. This wouldn't lower the standard of writing—after all, the best form of any language is the simplest.

£1/1/- to "Simple Simon" (name supplied), Cairns, Qld.

His labor pains

I AM expecting my first child and my husband, having complained of a stomach-ache at work, was told by his workmates that, when a wife is expecting a child, the husband can feel all the pains that she does. Now, every time I feel sick or have the slightest pain, my husband says he feels the same—or imagines so, anyway. Have any readers heard of or experienced this before?

£1/1/- to "Mother-to-be" (name supplied), Ermington, N.S.W.

Odd-jobs are a problem

I HAVE a problem with my husband when it comes to asking him to do odd jobs round the house. After asking him for about a fortnight to fix something that is a real eyesore, he eventually gets round to doing it. The only trouble is, he stops fixing it just before it is finished and there it stays, looking worse than it did when he started. I usually finish off the job myself, only to be met with the remark, "What did you do that for—I would have finished it later." Just how much later does he mean?

£1/1/- to "Fed-up" (name supplied), Smithton, Tas.

Delicious cherries — 40 years old

FORTY years ago, my mother preserved a jar of cherries which, through the years, had changed color, but had not deteriorated. After much family discussion the jar was opened at the celebration of my parents' ruby wedding anniversary. Everyone tasted and enjoyed the cherries, and there were no ill-effects. The fruit was very soft and tasted a little like prunes. I wonder if any other readers' preserves have kept for such a long time.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Cliff Miller, Numurkah, Vic.

Name-dropping

IN early married life I suffered the same trouble as "Margaret" (N.S.W.), with a husband who addressed me as "The Missus," and gave a piercing whistle for me to come running at the double. I told him that, as I was not a dog, I intended to ignore his mode of summoning. He quickly stopped the whistling. "The Missus" business ended when I pointedly referred to him as "The Old Man," which hurt his youthful dignity. A few strong words on both sides and a good laugh followed, and we settled for Christian names.

£1/1/- to "Whistler's Wife" (name supplied), Newcastle, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

IT'S an infuriating habit for men to call their wives silly nicknames. However, I'm afraid, "Margaret," you are stuck with it. I have been trying for eight years to stop my husband calling me "Mate," but to no avail. I guess we can be thankful the names are a form of endearment and not ridicule. One man I know calls his wife "Hatchet-face," which is horrible.

£1/1/- to "Mate" (name supplied), Seacombe Gardens, S.A.

★ ★ ★

START calling your husband "Mr." instead of his name and whistle HIM when he is not about and you want him. Then he'll probably realise how distasteful his behaviour is.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. G. Partridge, Burleigh Heads, Qld.

★ ★ ★

I THINK it sounds very friendly and possessive to be called nicknames by the one you love. Since my husband and I met he has called me "Butch." He always refers to me as "the Old Girl."

£1/1/- to "Happy Butch" (name supplied), Wollongong, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

"MARGARET" should tell her husband quite plainly that she expects to be called by her Christian name, otherwise, 20 years from now, she will still find herself "nameless." I should know because I've been married 20 years and my husband has never called me anything and I resent it bitterly.

£1/1/- to "Another Margaret" (name supplied), Brisbane.

Ross Campbell writes...

SUPERCAKE

"I'M going to make a really rich Christmas cake this year," my wife said.

"Is it worth while?" I asked. "By the time they get round to the cake on Christmas Day everyone is flat to the boards."

"I don't care. We used to have Christmas cake when I was a little girl," she said sentimentally. "Auntie Nan is giving me a good old-fashioned recipe."

The recipe was in the War Chest Cookery Book, published in World War I.

When my wife read it she looked thoughtful. It began: "Take 1½lb. butter, 1 doz. eggs . . ." and finished: "Bake for 5 hours."

"It's not every economical," she said. "But I'm in too deep now to turn back."

Next morning she stacked the ingredients on the table. "This cake had better be good. I'm 30/- down already," she said. "I hope it turns out dark."

"Is that important?" I said.

"Very. People look down on you if your Christmas cake is light-colored. Elva Donkling makes hers dark with Parisian essence, but I think that's cheating."

While she was mixing pounds of currants and things, I had a look at the War Chest Cookery Book.

These good old cookery books usually have fascinating hints in them. I found one called "Test for a Damp Bed," and read it aloud:

"To test whether a bed is damp or not, place a hand-mirror between the sheets for five minutes.

If it is at all blurred or misty the bed is damp."

"I'm going to test my bed tonight," I said.

"What are you going to do if it's damp—sleep on the floor?"

I said I would handle that problem when I came to it.

A brush salesman came to the door. My wife did not want a brush, but invited him in for a cool drink.

He watched with interest as she put the dozen eggs in the cake.

"They used to make cakes like that when I was travelling in the country," he said. "The recipes are for people that keep chooks."

"You need a cow as well to make this cake," she said.

She baked the cake. It should improve our social standing, because it's as black as your hat.

Ever since, she has been defending it fiercely from children who want slices in their lunches.

I read some more of the War Chest Cookery Book and came across a "Cure for Hiccough": One teaspoonful of brown sugar moistened with vinegar. We haven't had any good fits of hiccoughing lately. But wait till they get started on the Christmas Cake.

P.S.: I am glad to report that my bed is dry as a bone.

• *"Daddy, Are You Married?" a collection of Ross Campbell's writings, is now on sale at bookshops. Published by Ure Smith. Price 17/6.*

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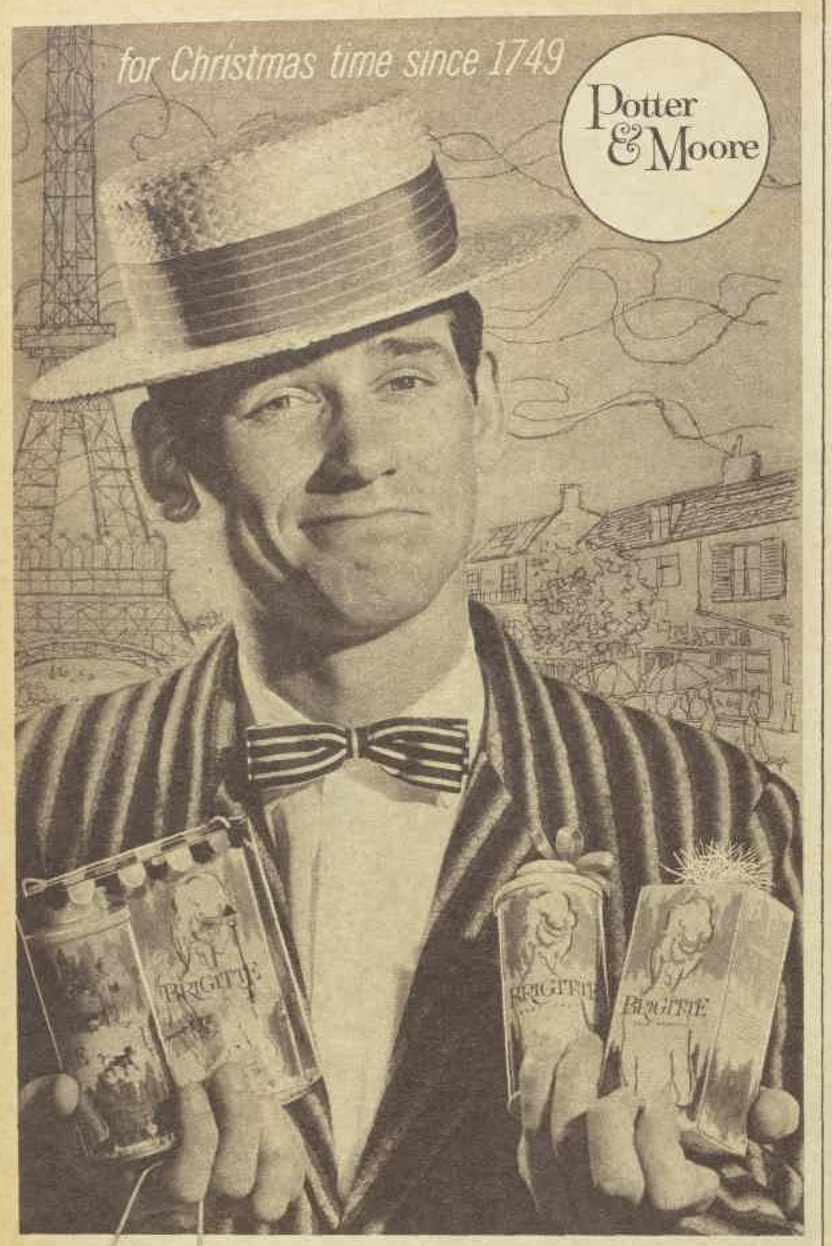

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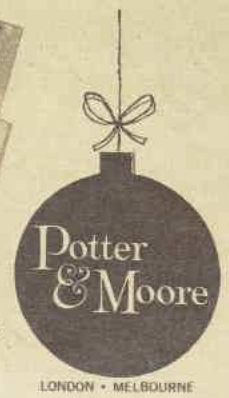

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NIGHTMARE

Second instalment of our dramatic serial

By ANNE BLAISDELL

WHEN American PAT CARROLL was left a legacy she decided to spend it on a tour of the British Isles, as her ancestors had come from there and she had been engaged to an Englishman, STEPHEN TREFOILE, killed in an aircraft accident some time before.

Buying a distinctive red sports car in London, she set out on a leisurely tour to visit Stephen's widowed mother at Llandudno, in Wales. However, she missed her way, and on a lonely road met ALAN GLENTOWER, an author, whose car had broken down. Giving him a lift to the nearest town, Pat found his company pleasant, and told him of her plans. Next morning Alan asked her to meet him in Newcastle the following Thursday. She agrees to do so, if she can get away.

Going on to Llandudno, Pat inquires for Mrs. Trefoile, but discovers she has had the address the wrong way round, thinking the name of the house was the name of the village. She should have gone to Abervy. Arriving there later, she finds to her dismay the old lady is a religious recluse with three servants, ANNA FIELDS, her husband, HECTOR, and a simpleton named JOSEPH. All meals in the house are preceded by a lengthy reading from the Bible, and Pat is more than dismayed when she is made to remove her make-up and accused of being sinfully greedy with the meagre food offered to her.

The next morning Mrs. Trefoile takes her to church. On the way Pat buys a few postcards, and mentions to MRS. EVANS in the store who she is and that she is only staying until the afternoon. She tells the same thing to GARRY, a boy who speaks to her about her car.

On their way home Mrs. Trefoile tells Pat she must never marry, as she believes Pat's engagement was binding as a marriage. This is too much for Pat, who goes to her room to pack. But as she makes to leave, she finds the door is locked. NOW READ ON:

PAT'S first reaction was: But this is impossible. So she banged at the door, and after a while, when that brought no response, she went to the window. The window overlooked the side garden of the house, a narrow strip of flowerbeds and lawn. In a few minutes the simpleton Joseph slouched into sight, round the corner of the house.

"Hi!" called Pat. "Joseph!" She fought to raise the window higher, and got it another six inches up. "Joseph!" He looked up vacantly. "I'm locked in. Go and tell madam."

The second floor, where her room was, was only about twenty-five feet above the ground. He heard her; he came over interestedly, just below her. "Hello," he said tentatively.

"Hello, Joseph. Go and tell madam — locked in!"

Joseph went on looking up at her for a few moments and then lost interest and wandered away.

It had been about ten o'clock when she and Mrs. Trefoile returned from the church, and perhaps ten-fifteen when Pat had found her bedroom door locked. At ten-thirty, when a good quarter-hour of banging and shouting had had no result, Pat sat down on the bed and lit a cigarette.

It was the old woman who had deliberately locked the door. For whatever reason? Mrs. Trefoile was mad; as mad as a hatter; that was now quite obvious. But there were three other people nearby, in and out of the house. Well, discount Joseph and say two. Anna and Hector must have heard her shouts and knocks. Why had they not responded?

The explanation was simple, of course. She knew Hector was within hearing; he'd been weeding that bed round at the front of the house. But she'd never exchanged a word with the man, and it now seemed probable that he was deaf. Anna, without doubt, had gone into the village to shop.

Pat couldn't conceive why these servants stayed with such a woman; but they were not insane. Perhaps they were religious fanatics of the same kind, but even so they would be aware that it was against the law to keep someone confined against her will.

Pat considered her sitaution. No use to go on shouting until Anna was once more within hearing; and she had no way of knowing when Anna was back from the village.

Pat smoked another cigarette; she could feel her hands shaking, and she was growing angrier and angrier. One shouldn't be angry at the antics of lunatics, who lived by private logic, but right now it was impossible not to be at this one.

She had just put out that cigarette when a key rattled in the lock and the old woman came in. Pat sprang off the bed, took up her handbag and two cases and made for the door. "Let me by," she said coldly; she could no longer summon politeness.

"No. You are not going away," said Mrs. Trefoile rigidly. Her pale eyes were blazing. "I have prayed; I needed this time to pray and be certain what is best to do. I have received an answer. I must save you from your baser self, Patricia, for Stephen's sake. For Stephen. You were lying to me — this is revealed to me — you never intended to come back."

The old woman put both hands on Pat's chest and shoved her back. She was surprisingly strong; Pat staggered back a step, caught her heel in the carpet and fell sprawling. With outraged shock Pat found herself thinking childishly: she knocked me down!

"You must be made to understand! Since there is no other way, I must keep you here until you do, until you are saved from these devil's temptations! I will——"

"Oh, don't be ridiculous!" exclaimed Pat contemptuously. "Let me out, damn you!" Up on her feet again, she snatched up the bags.

But before she'd taken a step, the woman was at the door and through it. Pat flung herself at it, too late; the key snicked in the lock.

"Well, of all the——" Pat vented her feelings with a little bad language. All right, said her logical mind crossly, it can't be long before Anna is back and this absurd farce is over.

It was five to eleven. She went back to the window. Patience, she thought. As soon as Anna knew — but even in this relatively

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Illustrated by Boothroyd

Suddenly, as she stopped banging on the door, Pat heard whispering and then came Mrs. Trefoile's sharp voice on the other side.

short while, the walls of the little room seemed to be closing in on her; it was not a pleasant feeling. There was Joseph again. He did not look up. And Hector might be deaf, but if he were to see her making gestures out the window, obviously asking for help, he'd realise——

"Joseph!" The simpleton looked up. "Go and bring Hector!"

Joseph gave her a wide grin and then wandered away out of sight.

She stayed at the window in the vague hope of seeing Anna; she had no idea where the rear entrance was, perhaps she would come along this side garden to reach it. Some time passed, and then Hector appeared. He must be deaf or he'd have heard her before, but, nevertheless, she shouted at him out of the window. "Hector! Hector!"

She thought he checked slightly; but he never looked up.

Pat sat down on the bed again. She felt very shaken suddenly: for the first time in this hour since she'd been locked in, she felt—for a terrible moment—frightened.

Hector had started, as one does at an unexpected shout. He had heard her. And he'd deliberately paid no attention.

It was twenty past eleven. Pat went back to the window and began to shout. She called Anna's name over and over. After a while she left the window and banged and shouted at the door again. She kept it up for about ten minutes, and heard her voice growing hoarse.

Then just outside this door she heard an agitated whispering and Mrs. Trefoile's sharp voice.

"That is no matter, it will be quite all right. I have thought of everything. Unlock the door."

Pat fell back as the key rattled in the lock. She was to think later what a fool she had been; if she had stood her ground, to take the advantage of surprise, and fought past and run, never bothering about her bags . . . But lifetime habits of courtesy are not easily broken, and she was still suffering astonishment that this could be happening to her, Pat Carroll . . . She took two steps back, and Mrs. Trefoile came in as the door opened. She held a pistol in one hand. Anna was behind her.

"This is," said the old woman surprisingly, "a most disgraceful and — and undignified situation."

"I couldn't agree with you more," said Pat steadily. For some reason the pistol had put all this into the realm of fantasy.

"Patricia, I cannot tell you how grieved I am that it must be this way. If you were not so firmly in the grasp of the devil, it would not be needful — if you would place yourself in my hands for proper teaching. But I see that for the moment — until you can accept the truth — you must be forced to stay here, in order that I may save you. Please believe me, do nothing foolish, the firearm is dangerous. I know nothing of such dreadful things, but Hector has prepared it."

"It's loaded all right," muttered Anna. "Madam——"

"You understand, Patricia?"

"I understand that you're mad," said

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GiGi

perfume for ma cherie!

Someone you know is dreaming of a French Christmas, too. Enchant her with Gigi or fascinate her with Brigitte, the fragrances of romance.

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EVERY DAY MUST END

The bowl of narcissus bulbs, a gift from her grandmother, was Laurie's favorite present.

A short short story

By CATHARINE BOYD

CHRISTMAS came early the year that Laurie was ten. It started, in fact, the first week in November, the day Laurie's father decided to rake the leaves. He started the job right after lunch—a steady, rhythmic swooshing—and soon fragrant leaf smoke curled up from the drive.

Laurie sat on the living-room window-seat watching, nibbling the end of one of her long blond plaits. She wasn't allowed outside because she was getting over mumps. She hadn't been able to go visiting, and nobody stops at a house where there's mumps.

After a while she left the window and went up to the attic to play by herself. When she opened the trunk a small green artificial tree tumbled out of the odds and ends, and all of a sudden she remembered Christmas. She picked up the tree and gently straightened its bristles, and then she took it downstairs to show her mother.

"Isn't it time I trimmed this for our centrepiece?" Laurie asked. "I want it gold with millions of ornaments."

"Well, it does take time for miniatures," her mother said, smiling. "I'll tell you what—when Grandma wakes up she'll let you go through her trimmings!"

"Oh, Grandma's always sleeping," Laurie complained.

The tiny tress would never match Laurie's exquisite dream; nevertheless she worked on it earnestly every night. She borrowed her brother Bill's magnifying-glass (he was away at college); and Sue Ann, her sixteen-year-old sister, surrendered some of her broken costume jewellery from which to pluck rhinestones and pearls.

"She'll wear the Christmas spirit out, starting so soon," Grandma warned.

"No, not Laurie, Mamma," Laurie's mother said. "Sue Ann would, maybe—Sue Ann's easily bored. But Laurie wrings the sweetness out of everything. Always has."

They were drinking tea together in front of the living-room fire. Since Grandma had recently been very ill, she was confined to her chair. Don, Laurie's father, had to carry her back and forth from her bedroom, sometimes teasing a little to make her smile.

In a house where nothing else changed, Laurie's world was spinning faster and faster. Her eyes twinkled, her feet skipped along, and her braids bobbed back and forth merrily, dancing out of their ribbons. She hustled mysterious packages through the house, squealing wildly when Sue Ann peeked; she scurried to whisper feverish secrets in Grandma's ear.

"I wish she wouldn't build Christmas up so big," Don said worriedly. "It makes me uneasy. What if it isn't that good?"

"I hope it will be," Sara replied. "It's a funny thing, but every child seems to have one special Christmas that's overwhelming. Sue Ann had a year like that, remember? Let's hope nothing happens to spoil Laurie's."

Ten days before Christmas Bill came home from college and Laurie's excitement soared. Now they could choose the tree! Now they could fix the mantelpiece and put up the lights and hang the stars in the windows!

It was just as well that the rest of the family faced the holidays with relative composure, for their efforts to calm the youngest one were wasted. With every festive event Laurie's happiness spiralled, until at last it was poised at the pinnacle of Christmas Eve.

Christmas Day dawned grey and dreary-clouded; but inside Laurie's house was a warmth as soft as fleece.

They followed their family customs, as all families do. Don went downstairs first to turn on the tree and carry Grandma out to her chair, and after that the rest went down together. Stockings came first, gifts after breakfast—oh, but hurry, hurry!—and through all the shrieking and laughing and hugging, Grandma sat quietly smoothing out ribbons to save.

At last they had plundered the final present, the smallest trinket, and all of them rested back in the sea of wrappings. As usual, for each one a certain gift was best, a special joy. For Grandma it was the shell-pattern stole that Sara had knitted. For Sara it was a picture locket she'd always wanted, for Sue Ann a bunny-fur wrap she'd never dreamed of. And for Laurie, strangely enough, it was a round blue bowl, sky-blue and glossy, that held seven dry brown bulbs on a bed of pebbles — a bowl that Grandma had stored on her closet shelf till the shoots were four inches high.

Laurie had had doll things before, and china horses, and bracelets, and pretty mittens; but she had never had a bowl of narcissus bulbs all her own, waiting to bloom. She held her treasure in her lap, smoothing the pebbles, and then she carried it carefully upstairs and placed it in the centre of her bureau.

Once the blissful peak of morning was past, the day drifted by in leisurely contentment; Grandma's nap was longer than usual, so dinner was late.

"What are we going to do tonight?" Laurie asked eagerly as she scooped up the last crumbs of mince pie and folded her napkin. Her eyes looked a little worried, not quite so sparkling.

"Bill and I are going to the Johnsons' party," Sue Ann said.

"I thought I'd start my new book," Sara decided.

"You mean we're not doing anything?" Laurie said. "On Christmas night? . . . Well, I guess I'll paint, then."

When Bill and Sue Ann had gone, Sara blew out the living-room candles, dispelling some of the warmth of the room with their flames. A garland of leaves had slipped off the end of the mantel; one of the lambs in the creche had toppled over. Laurie sat hunched in the big wing chair, staring intently, almost fiercely, at the tree.

"I thought you were going to paint," her mother said.

She went to the dining-room to take care of the linens, and after she'd put away the silver she realised that Laurie was still sitting there, silent and stiff.

"Well, dear—time for bed!" Sara said cheerfully. "Let's gather up your things."

Laurie said nothing. She got up obediently and piled the bright-colored boxes one on the other. She picked up a strand of tinsel from the carpet, stroked it, then crushed it in her fist. She turned and went upstairs.

Sara could hear Laurie brushing her teeth in the front bathroom and pattering down the hall and closing her bedroom door. She knew, with a hint of apprehension, that it was time for good night.

In Laurie's bedroom doorway Sara paused. Laurie was lying flat in bed with the blanket drawn tight over her chest, her arms straight down at her sides. Her two yellow plaits flared perkily against the pillow, but on her face was a bleak expression of sadness. Her mouth trembled, fighting tears.

Sara crossed the room swiftly and caught up the child in her arms. She felt the small, tense body go limp as Laurie started to cry—fitfully at first, as though she was trying not to, and then with long, mourning sighs.

"Mummy—it's over, it's gone!" she sobbed. "I waited so long! Don't let it end! Mummy, don't let it end . . ."

Sara held her, rocked her, but what could she say? The day was over. Her own throat filled with a deep ache, not for the end of this day, the ravished splendor of Christmas, but because of it—for all the desolation of loss, for the part of life that is death, for the cherished memories of her own childhood, for Grandma.

She smoothed Laurie's hair, and her troubled eyes fell upon the blue bowl on the bureau. Seven brown bulbs perched on their nest of pebbles, green shoots folded snug around cocoon-shaped buds.

"Laurie, listen to me," Sara said steadily. "Everything ends."

She unclasped Laurie's arms and held her hands.

"Even today has to end; nobody can stop it. But look over there at Grandma's bulbs—look at them hard. Laurie, if today didn't end, we'd never see them bloom!"

Laurie drew in a startled breath and turned very slowly to stare at the sky-blue bowl, her favorite gift. She blinked her eyes, imagining blossoms, and kept on staring.

Finally she gave a satisfied sigh and fell back against her pillow.

Sara stood up to go. "All right now?"

"Yes, I'm all right now," Laurie said. "I know what you mean. Be sure to tell Daddy Happy New Year, please. A Happy New Year."

"I will." Sara blew her a kiss from the doorway.

Laurie yawned, her eyes still watching the bulbs. "And Grandma, too," she said.

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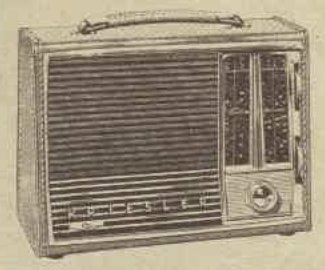
indoors...outdoors!

MUSIC BY
KRIESLER

Isn't it time you owned a new radio?

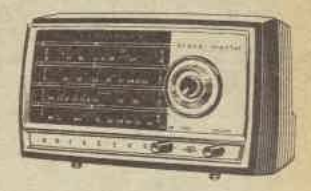
"PLAYTIME" Transistor. The new dimension in style and size. Plays 3 ways . . . as a mantel radio . . . as a personal portable, with power for dancing . . . and in your car. In gift box, with strap. Colours: Blue, Char-Brown, Lipstick Red . . . **27 gns.**

"PLAYBOY" . . . "PLAYWAY" Personal Transistors. Two perfect partners in personal radio. "Playboy," styled like a precision camera . . . "Playway," with padded beauty, gold-plated trim, sparkling diamantes. "Playboy" . . . **25 gns.** "Playway" . . . **26 gns.**



"PLAYFELLOW" Super Power Transistor. Concert-hall sound and interstate range from Super Power circuit and big 6" speaker. In genuine leather case. Over 1,000 hour battery economy. Only **38 gns.**

"TRANS-MANTEL" Home Transistor. Looks like a beautiful mantel radio — plays anywhere like a portable. "Flip-Top" handle for easy transportation. Plays for over 1,000 hours on one low-cost battery. **30 gns.**



"TRAVELGRAM" Transistor Radiogram. All battery powered, fully transistorised portable radiogram. Plays over 2,000 "pop" records, over 800 hours on radio on one low-cost battery. 4 speeds—all record sizes. **55 gns.**

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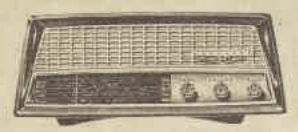

PANORAMIC. The low, long silhouette gives new style and smartness to your home. Looks better, sounds better because it's wider. **26 gns.**

COMPACT
Neatest, smartest, most versatile A/C mantel ever. "Music-shell" cabinet design. Flip-top handle makes carrying so easy—"invisible" when not in use. Value at only **21 gns.**

KRIESLER
The Best in Sight and Sound

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MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. Mare Benito and foal at "Milton Park," Bowral, N.S.W. The filly, nine days old when these pictures were taken, is the first pure-bred American Quarter Horse born in Australia.

Filly with Texan family tree

● Like any new-born foal, the daughter of Benito and Pronto, of "Milton Park," Bowral, N.S.W., has a fluffy muzzle, large knees, and a lot of appeal. Unlike other foals in Australia, she is a pure-bred American Quarter Horse, the first of her breed born here.

THE Quarter Horse was originally bred in colonial America for its ability to excel on quarter-mile-long racetracks. Hence its name. In Australia, however, it has been introduced to develop a superior strain of stock horse.

The new-born filly will be a pioneer in a breeding programme launched by King Ranch (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., which owns and runs "Milton Park" as a horse and cattle stud for its large Northern Territory holdings.

Although only nine days old when Ron Berg photographed her, the filly already showed definite Quarter Horse characteristics.

Her hindquarters are sturdy and well muscled, hinting at power and speed. Her head and eye are intelligent; her temperament, for a foal, remarkably calm.

She is small and obviously built for manoeuvrability.

Her worth?

"With the mare, she could fetch about 5000 guineas in the sale ring," said Mr. Peter Baillieu, director of King Ranch (Aust.).

"There's been a lot of interest in the district in this foal," said "Milton Park" stud-groom Stan Shepherd.

This interest began in 1954, when King Ranch imported from its parent company in Texas three Quarter Horse stallions. It gathered impetus with the arrival last year of two more stallions and eight brood mares, which were subsequently joined at "Milton Park."

Each horse cost more than £2500 to ship out.

"They took nine months to get here from Texas," explained Mr. Baillieu. "We had to land them in England for six months' quarantine

before they could enter Australia."

The imported horses were chosen from the Texas "stable" of 2300 pure-breds used for stock and stud work.

King Ranch Quarter Horses are a distinct family within the breed, and all of them take their characteristics from the prolific chestnut stallion Old Sorrel, who was bought by the company

By
CAROL HENTY

in 1915 and used for breeding until his death in 1945.

Old Sorrel had all the attributes needed in a cow horse. He had intelligence to learn and remember what was expected of him. His temperament was alert without nervousness. He was speedy enough to outrun a steer, yet compact enough to have an easy and ready manoeuvrability. He was strong-muscled enough to carry good weights and to hold a heavy roped steer.

"But Quarter Horses aren't only used for stock work," said Mr. Baillieu. "There are two other branches within the breed.

"One specialises in competitive racing over short distances. The other branch is for circus work."

Looking back on some 50 years of horse-breaking and training, Stan Shepherd said, "They're the cleverest horses I've ever come across.

"Once you teach them something they never forget. And quiet! You can crack a stockwhip in front of their noses and they won't move a muscle."

Stan also spoke of their "stock instinct."

"They'll go after a steer almost before the rider can direct them."

Fully grown, the Quarter Horse is rarely over 15 hands high. It can weigh 1200lb. The wither is low and the horse is noted for its closeness to the ground.

"They make wonderful polo ponies," said Stan.

As a specific breed, they originated during the 16th century in Virginia, where, owing to lack of cleared ground for organised courses, American horse-racing was held on improvised tracks, usually a quarter-mile long.

This type of racing needed a very quick starter and fast sprinter. A cross between a thoroughbred stallion and a native mare — probably of Spanish origin — was found best and, in due course, was stabilised as the American Quarter Horse breed.

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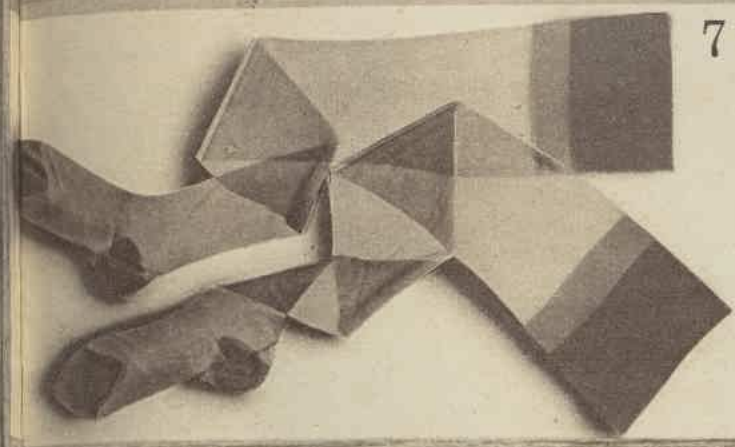
happy world of BRĪ-NYLON*



7

To please a man, please turn the page —

8

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11

12

Here's how to spoil all your family and friends on Christmas Day. Choose their gifts from this wonderful world of BRĪ-NYLON. And remember, in BRĪ-NYLON there is something to suit every pocket, every taste.

1 SLIPS
to thrill any feminine heart. So prettily trimmed, so blissfully wash 'n wear.

2 PANTEES & BRIEFS
— more feminine finery. You can buy them separately — or color-matched to slips.

3 SLACKS
for women. Stretch to fit, flex with the wearer. Ideal for casual living, summer or winter.

4 SLUMBERWEAR
fit for a queen. Romantic full-length night-dresses to saucy baby doll 'jamas. All in dreamy colors.

5 MEN'S SHORTS
with cool 'n handsome good looks that never fade through rugged wear, countless washings.

6 KNITWEAR
— the all-season kind in newest styles, newest colors. Shrinkproof, mothproof, shape-holding.

7 STOCKINGS
in the fashion colors to complement any outfit.

8 SWIM TRUNKS
— smartest looks, neatest fit, quickest-drying.

9 SWIM SUITS
that hold to mould. First choice with every fashion-conscious beach beauty.

10 BUSINESS SHIRTS
that keep their fresh smartness right around the clock. They wash and dry in a flash.

11 RAINWEAR
The modern way to stay dry in the rain. Easy to pack and carry, tear-resistant too. For streetwear or sportswear.

12 SPORTS SHIRTS
— the kind that men love best. Cool and easy for relaxing. Manly fashion for every age.

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and for
all the men
in your life . . .

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Plain knit, rib-stitch, cable-stitched, or panel style, hi-bulk or fine 'n light — take your pick. Everything that's new and best in the modern trend . . . his in BRĪ-NYLON. Cool, smart and comfortable. And for you, the marvellous ease of wash 'n wear. Was there ever a gift so welcome?

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● I have answered here the most-asked queries from my fashion mail. The inquiries include two requests for patterns. Both designs are illustrated, right and below.

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

"I need advice about a tailored white frock I have just finished. The neck is high and round and seems to need a little color and softness to break the line. Could a colored scarf be used in some new way?"

The scarf idea illustrated at left would be an excellent way to add softness and color to a plain white dress. As you can see by the picture, the scarf is mobile. It would be quite an interesting idea to have a series of scarves in different colors and patterns.

"Could I have some advice on how to look slimmer? I am in my early fifties."

The following items will help toward a slim, trim look. A semi-fitted jacket will hide heaviness through the middle. Front openings (coat-dress) will break the width of the figure. Narrow revers or a collar on a V neckline are slimming. A dull-surfaced fabric or a tiny print is best for the not-so-slim.

"Please tell me if blue is being worn this summer."

Yes, it is. Newest shades include aqua, turquoise, and sky.

"As the bride's eldest sister, and a stand-in for our mother, I would like to know if a frock and jacket could be worn to an afternoon wedding. I am 38, take an SSW fitting, and have dark hair. I would need a pattern for the style you suggest. Could you also illustrate a suitable pretty hat?"

A sleeveless dress and matching jacket in creamy-yellow shantung (see left) would be a suitable and attractive ensemble to wear to an afternoon wedding. Under the picture are details. The frothy hat illustrated will add that extra touch of glamor.

DS501.—Jacket-dress in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 5/-. Pattern orders should be addressed to Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● Requests for an easy-fitting all-pleated dress occur frequently in this week's mail. I chose the design above because it is cool and smart and will suit most figure types. The dress is machine-pleated. A paper pattern, No. DS505, is available for this design in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. 36in. lining. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I am very fond of the Empire line, but am undecided if it is suitable for day wear. Would you please let me have this information? I am 5ft. 7in., SSW."

The Empire line is worn for day and night; I think it is one of the prettiest silhouettes around, particularly when worn by a tall girl.

"Do you think white rayon linen would be suitable for a swimsuit?"

Yes, I do. White in the sun, especially with a suntan, looks wonderful. The suit will need to be lined.

"Is it correct fashion to wear a straw hat with a lightweight wool suit? If it is, please suggest a material and shape for the hat. I wear my hair fairly short and have a fringe."

It is quite correct to wear a straw hat with a light wool suit. Style suggestion: a pot-shaped hat in coarse straw made in the same color as the suit. See left.

"Do you consider a printed silk fabric would be too dressy to use for slacks?"

Pants this season cannot be too fanciful. They are made in every material from cotton to gold lame.

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● *Our Assistant Editor, Adele Shelton Smith, was one of 13 journalists from nine countries who recently visited the U.S.A. by invitation of the U.S. Travel Service.*

The U.S.T.S. was established by the Government to promote tourism in the United States and lessen the gap between the money that globe-trotting Americans spend overseas and the money overseas tourists spend in the U.S.A.—a billion-dollar-a-year gap.

The journalists' itinerary was: Seattle, Denver, Colorado Springs, Chicago, Detroit, Boston, New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Miami Beach, New Orleans, Phoenix, the Grand Canyon, Las Vegas, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Honolulu.

A TOURIST IN THE U.S.A.

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

IN a gloomy, glass-slatted ceiling suspended on wires a man crouches in a kitchen chair, watching for cheating among the Las Vegas gamblers below; in a floodlit Los Angeles amphitheatre encircled by covered waggons girl scouts are giving a concert; speeding along a wide avenue in Detroit the host says "this is the main drag"; a New Orleans waiter serves white wine for 9 a.m. breakfast; a dolphin shoots out of the water and spins upright on its tail across a Miami pool, doing the Twist.

This is America—just five samples of its enormous variety.

Every State in the U.S.A. is a different country, except that there are no passport formalities on the border and the language is the same with varying accents.

All the cities have two things in common.

They tear down whole substandard areas — some look as if they have been bombed—to build domes, towers, high-rise and low-rise "complexes" (flats, houses, and shopping centres), freeways and toll roads, civic centres, airports, and marinas.

They also spend thousands of dollars to preserve anything that was built or happened before the 20th century. And if they can't preserve it they remake it.

The tourist is not normally interested in a city's building plans, but the Americans' youthful enthusiasm is infectious and you find yourself caught up in the excitement.

Zest

The scale and vigor of their dreams-in-action make an Australian think wistfully of the comparative smallness of similar projects at home.

Chicago developers spent £2500 million on rebuilding in its central area last year.

After clearing space for a high-speed freeway, San Francisco found itself with some empty space, so it commissioned Japanese American - born Minoru Yamasaki to design a Japanese centre — dwellings, shops, and community centre; Chicago saw an expanse in the river and built in it two big towers of apartments like the tower of Pisa, but not leaning, above a marina for 60 boats; Seattle challenged its nature-built hills with a Space Needle 600 feet high with a restaurant on top.

New York's newest hotel, the Americana, is 100 feet shorter than the Space Needle, but it is a city block deep, and it does have a car elevator to carry a V.I.P. in his limousine direct to the Imperial Ballroom.

Seattle Fair's monorail, which may also be permanent, carries 10,000 passengers per hour in four carriages, and covers a mile in two minutes. It goes into the city on concrete piers without impeding street traffic, cost 2½ to 3 million dollars (£A1,100,000 to £A1,300,000) a mile for rail and trains, and would be the answer to transport problems in Australia for quick travel between airports and cities.

New York is replacing its slums with towering blocks of flats where a four-room flat rents for £25 a month. (On "millionaire's row," opposite Central Park, home units cost £167 a month.)

AT the new Air Force Academy outside Denver the chapel rises in a row of glittering points formed by folded "wings" of aluminium. The spaces between the wings are of stained-glass mosaic.

The three sections of the chapel are sound-proofed so that three denominations — Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish—can hold services simultaneously.

Even Disneyland is adding buildings—a haunted house with 1001 ghosts and a giant artificial tree for the Swiss Family Robinson's house.

The individual States are highly competitive, which explains why the tallest building, the largest roof without central support, the longest bridge, the biggest convention hall, and the highest tower in the United States can exist simultaneously in several States.

This same youthful spirit invests their monuments, museums, and restaurants and tourist resorts with a make-believe quality.

Everything is like a good stage production in which the audience participates.

At the Henry Ford Museum at Dearborn there is an old paddle-steamer on the lake. You don't just look at it. You can make a trip on it.

At Disneyland the crocodiles that threaten you on the jungle-river trip are plastic, but so realistic that when the guide warned the women in the boat to remove their jewellery because of fierce savages round the next bend, one of the women did indeed remove her earrings.

At a "key club" in Chicago, in an old house of Edwardian grandeur, there were a Western saloon, a "naughty 'nineties" room, a "roaring'twenties" cabaret —the furnishings, waiters, waitresses, and music all according to period. The club also has a library filled with leather-bound books. We all stopped talking when we saw two very old gentlemen reading. The old gentlemen were wax figures.

At the newest addition to America's 62,000-odd motels (near Harrisburg) the million air owner—who ran a small garage not so long ago—had lined up the motel's staff of 50 like a Ziegfeld chorus to greet us as we walked to the entrance.

Chandeliers

In Denver, Francis Melrose, of the "Rocky Mountains News," wore Indian silver and turquoise jewellery—a ring, wristband, belt buckle, and tie-holder.

At the Broadmoor Hotel at Colorado Springs, in the shadow of Mt. Cheyenne, the manager showed us the hotel's swimming lake, ice-skating rink, the zoo, stables, the Will Rogers memorial, and the ski slope where artificial snow is provided if real snow is late. "We own this mountain," he explained.

In Philadelphia, New Orleans, and Boston, among other cities, the city and the State control all the old public buildings and houses.

Some of the old houses are now offices, with adding machines under the chandeliers, and others are still private homes, but their facades must be restored to their original design.

In Boston the house of Paul Revere, who made his famous ride to warn that the British were coming, is hard to reach at present because a new freeway is being diverted round it.

The old Georgian houses on Beacon Hill, in Boston, are beautifully kept—by law — and so far even the old riverstone-cobbled roads are preserved, thanks to Emily Fiske Warren, the not-so-young daughter of inventor Graham Bell, who sat on the cobbles as a protest against their removal.

At the White House in Washington Mrs. Kennedy has installed in the Blue Room (1817) a gilt carved pier table which was used as a working table in the basement by the carpenter, and has papered the oval diplomats' room with a French wallpaper showing six scenes of early American life, retrieved piece by piece from a demolished house.

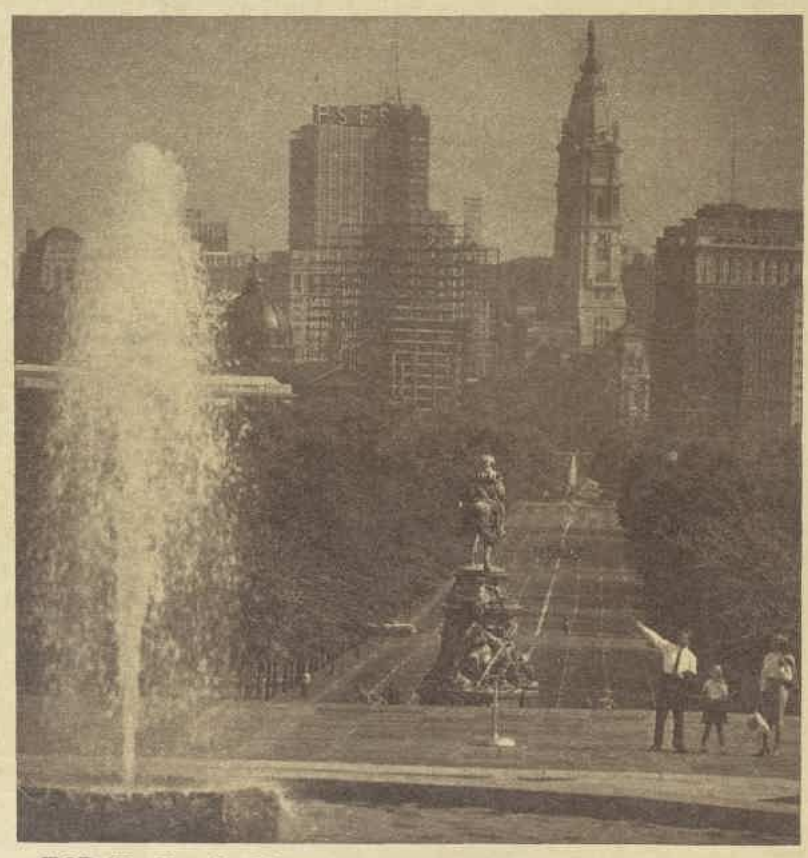
Philadelphia has torn down factories and offices to restore one and a half square miles of historic buildings—among them Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence was signed and the Liberty Bell is kept, a Quakers' meeting hall, and Carpenters' Hall—a guild hall in 1770.

And among the chestnuts and cherry trees in Fairmount Park are six Georgian mansions—Mount Pleasant, Sweetbrier, Woodford, Cedar Grove, Strawberry Mansion, and Lemon Hill, all furnished in their period and open to the public.

IN the fading afternoon we saw the battlefield of Gettysburg, near the picturesque little town that is kept exactly as it was in 1863. Sad and still among the gentle hills, the battlefield has 1428 monuments for the 75,000 Confederate and 93,000 Union soldiers (51,000 of them casualties) who fought there.

On the site is also a cyclorama of the battle, painted by a Frenchman. A uniformed guide tells the story vividly, with spotlights marking the incidents as his narrative proceeds.

In New Orleans in the Vieux Carre the narrow streets, paved with stone brought from Europe more than 100 years ago, French and Spanish houses, Spanish



TODAY: New buildings replace substandard areas in the big cities. This new "high rise" is going up near Philadelphia's 18th-century City Hall.

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TODAY AND YESTERDAY: Neo-classic mansion built in New Orleans in the sugar-rich era of 1856 is now Soule College, the South's oldest business college.

SPECIAL LIKES

AS a tourist in the U.S.A. I specially liked:

- The American habit of saying "Hello" instead of "Good morning" or "How do you do?" and "You're welcome," when one said thank you for anything.
- Pancakes with bacon and maple syrup, or hot, featherlight Danish pastries—for breakfast. Superb seafood, beautiful (but too big) steaks, good coffee.
- The little extras in hotels: in the bathroom—refrigerator, a second telephone, or a ray lamp to dry your hair, and heaps of white towels; a small sewing kit in the dressing-table drawer, a book of short stories on the bedside table, beautiful reading-lamps, often with three strengths of lighting, or a notice like this one: "If you are occupying this room alone and have a preference as to which bed you wish turned down, please place this card on the bed when you leave the room." Luminous light switches easily found when you walk into your room at night.
- The cleanliness of washrooms, even in remote rural tourist resorts.
- The little grey squirrels in the parks, and university grounds everywhere.
- The jagged Rocky Mountains glistening in the sun.
- Vivid autumn trees of Vermont and New Hampshire as if the whole countryside was on fire as we flew across to Boston.
- Honolulu taxi-drivers who open the door for you and help you out.
- The giant group of figures in the Marines Memorial, and Abraham Lincoln, as familiar as an old friend, seated between the towering columns of his memorial, in Washington.
- The two most awe-inspiring sights of the tour—Grand Canyon, a mile down to the narrow ribbon of the Colorado River, 10 miles from rim to rim, and 7 million years in the making of its colored ridges. And the cathedral quiet of the redwoods in Muir Woods, near San Francisco, hundreds of feet tall and thousands of years in the growing.
- The spectacular mural at Phoenix airport—a giant 3-dimensional phoenix in cerise metal.

AND DISLIKES

- Scarcity of shower recesses. You stand in the bath, on a rubber mat provided for your safety.
- Complicated shower taps.
- The problem of obtaining stamps from a machine to fit on an airmail letter to Australia, and putting in 10 cents to obtain 8 cents' worth of stamps.
- The difficulty of finding the post office.
- Lack of names on railway stations.
- Overheated lobbies, lifts, and cafes in some hotels.

arches, wrought-iron balconies, and fountain-cooled courtyards are all part of 20th-century living.

The Streetcar Named Desire no longer runs, but you can catch a bus to Desire in Bourbon Street.

You can hire a horse-drawn carriage to see the sights—in the daytime the horse wears a straw hat.

Dixieland jazz and "honky tonk" have moved from Basin Street to Bourbon Street.

Outside the bars and nightclubs are graphic posters advertising "Mah Belle — South American Hurricane," "Fabulous Fanny," "Tajmah, the Jewel of the Orient."

At the Jazz Museum in Dumaine Street jazz memorabilia has been collected—sheet music, books, photographs, a baton, a trumpet mouthpiece—relics of the Dixieland greats—and you can press one of a number of buttons on the walls and listen to recordings of famous musicians.

Opposite the Jazz Club is a pink stucco house with black shutters and ironwork which Tennessee Williams bought and restored recently for 97,000 dollars (about £A50,000).

We listened to Dixieland jazz at Preservation Hall, in St. Peters Street, where 15 bands play regularly—a different band every evening.

We sat on narrow benches, while latecomers stood or sat on the floor.

The musicians in these 15 bands had not worked regularly in the city for many years. The Hall provides them with a place to play and be heard and the audience pays by contributions.

Billie and Dede Pierce and Louis Nelson pounded and blew the jazz that flaming youth danced to 30 or 40 years ago, when Billie, Dede, and Louis, too, were young.

Hawaii, where all the native villages have disappeared, has created a Hawaiian village, "Ulu Mau," of traditional huts.

Its director is Malia Solomon, a pretty woman with Lollobrigida eyes, in full-length muu-muu, flat sandals, and a straw hat encircled with flowers.

Several silver-haired Hawaiian ladies, speaking beautiful English, demonstrate Hawaiian crafts.

Malia made a trip to American Samoa to learn the lost art of making tapa clòth from tree bark (none has been made in Hawaii for 80 years). She is still experimenting with local bark and palm fronds.

DURING our tour we travelled by air, train, bus, and "stretch" limousine—a luxury version of a station-waggon.

We stayed in luxury hotels where the tariff was sometimes £10-£20 a night and the decor of the rooms was straight out of the expensive decorator magazines, and were often guests in rich and beautiful restaurants.

But we found that it is possible—often in the same hotel or same restaurant—to sleep and eat much more modestly than we did.

In fact, if you can afford an overseas trip you can afford to visit America.

There are plenty of hotel and motel rooms with bath for six or seven dollars (£2/13/6 to £3/3/-), less if you stay two nights, share a double room, or are in a party. For as little as 30/- a night you can stay in a small, clean hotel, provided you don't mind walking along the corridor to the bathroom.

Tourist agencies provide more and more "package" tours, covering travel, accommodation, and meals at special rates.

Two hints hoteliers gave: Ask the price of the cheapest room and ask to see it before you register.

You can book a tour of America with one of several bus services. The buses, air-conditioned, are very comfortable and the courtly, informative guide drivers seem to be a special race.

For 99 dollars (less than £50) you can travel for 99 days, picking your own route or letting the bus company draw up your itinerary. An Australian couple holds the mileage record.

The hardy traveller chooses an itinerary where most of the bus travel is at night. He sleeps in the bus and saves hotel bills.

We travelled both first-class and economy with domestic airlines and with Pan Am across the Pacific.

The railways, in disrepute for some time, have in the past 15 years spent £A7½ million on improvements, especially in the west, and the trains we travelled on—the City of Los Angeles from Las Vegas to Los Angeles, and the Lark from Los Angeles to San Francisco — had comfortable sleepers with private toilet and wash-basin, and good meals in the dining car. The "City" had a two-deck visa-dome from which to watch the passing scenery.

If you feel competent to drive on the "wrong side" (the right instead of the left) there are hire- and drive-car services throughout America.

IF a tour of America included any of our stops, here are some things to remember:

Mexican hats and pottery in narrow Olvera Street, the oldest street in Los Angeles, and hot Mexican food, Spanish guitars, dancers and singers in the El Paseo Restaurant.

Dolphins, including snow-white "Carolina Snowball," leaping in the air for fish, talking shrilly to each other, in the Seaquarium at Miami Beach and Marineland, Los Angeles, which also has performing whales.

Eighteen miles of beaches at Miami Beach and 700 swimming pools at its hotels and clubs.

Greenfield Village and Henry Ford Museum at Dearborn, Detroit — Ford's childhood home, Edison's first workshop, slaves' cottages, old inns, and the Wright Brothers' bicycle shop, where they experimented with flying-machines in the village; vintage cars, aeroplanes, and train engines in the museum.

Farms and villages of the strict black-hatted Amish and Mennonite sects—at Bird in Hand, Smoketown, Paradise, Fertility and Bareville in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, where they grow tobacco but don't smoke, and are sentenced to a period of silence if they agree to be photographed.

The Dublin Restaurant pictures and art treasures from Ireland and Regency England, and reasonably priced food; and "Hidden Harbor," seafood restaurant alongside a big marina on the waterfront in Seattle.

Dixieland greats

Food to drool over

SOME notes on the American food front:

The Four Seasons Restaurant in New York (the decor is changed each season) has its own trout hatchery and herb garden, and 17 pieces of its specially designed tableware are in the Museum of Modern Art.

If it's too expensive for your budget you can order a drink and look, then go to Mama Leonies, run by the same firm, for a good, much cheaper Italian meal.

At Frederick and Nelson, which has won 75 window-dressing awards, try "Frango Ice," a flaky ice-cream made with maple syrup, the recipe for which has been kept secret for as long as natives of Seattle can remember.

Pumpkin pie, with dry sherry poured on it, and shoofly pie (apples and molasses) in Pennsylvania.

Chinese food in Chinatown and seafood at Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco.

Creole food in New Orleans—at Antoine's, Commander's Palace, and Brennan's.

Antoine's was founded in 1840 by Frenchman Antoine Alciatore, and his grandson, Roy, is now the proprietor.

At Antoine's food is paramount. Furnishings and table appointments are simple and there is no music.

The superb food is cooked with coal in a French range. My order for Oysters Rockefeller was No. 1,572,373 since the dish was created by Roy's father, Jules, in 1889. The sauce is made with anise seed, parsley, spinach, tabasco sauce, and anchovy paste.

Commander's Palace, where you can eat in the stone-flagged patio, forty years younger than Antoine's, is on the site of an old plantation in the Garden District. Oysters again, this time Bienville — onions, white wine, mushrooms, and shrimps in the sauce.

At Brennan's, built as the Louisiana Bank in 1805, the restaurant opens on to a garden patio, formerly a parking area for horse-drawn carriages which drove in under the high Spanish arch.

Eight Brennans, brothers and sisters, "share the watch" from 9 a.m. until midnight.

This was our meal:

Absinthe Suisseuse, a smooth, potent drink of anisette, cream, egg-white, and almond essence; Oeufs Gran Vefour, eggs in a rich sauce based on white wine, served with a white wine, Chateau la Dame Blanche; and Crepes Suzette.

This was breakfast—at 9 a.m.!

Pancake Bar at San Francisco airport. Here you can eat thirteen different kinds of pancakes.

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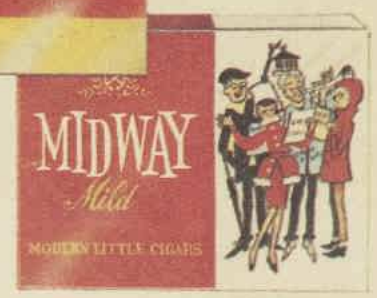
Monopole or Midway are his favourite cigars!

But really it's so simple. Monopole are Australia's largest selling 'classic' cigars. And Midways are the clever new 'little cigars' that are packed like a cigarette.

Both delectably mild yet full flavoured. It's a pleasure to be in the room with them. And available in gay Christmas wraps at any good tobacconists... Monopole or Midway. You can't go wrong!



Monopole Magnums
25 in cedar box 33/4
25 in plastic canister ... 33/4
10 in flat carton 13/4
4 in flat carton 5/4

Monopole Majors
25 in cedar box 27/6

Monopole Midgets
20 in flat carton 10/-
10 in flat carton 5/-

Midway
30 in flat carton 7/6

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PRIVATE LIVES OF THE RICH

PART TWO

ERNEST KING

ERNEST KING, Britain's favorite butler, continues his inside story of the lives of the rich and the Royals with fascinating revelations about two millionaire couples and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

● A young, good-looking man who often came to dine at Mrs. de Wichfeld's house in Paris was Captain Alastair Mackintosh, who had been married to the American film star Constance Talmadge. Now he was engaged to a fabulously rich American heiress, Miss Leila Emery. Her income, from her father's leather and real-estate fortune, was said to be about the same as Mrs. de Wichfeld's—£300,000 a year.

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR in the study of the Villa La Croe. The study was a "cabin" on the roof where the Duke played his bagpipes at midnight when war was declared.

CAPTAIN MACKINTOSH took pains to know the senior servants' names and greeted us personally whenever he called—a gesture we lower mortals much appreciated.

One day he told me that he had taken a furnished house in Paris and on return from his honeymoon wanted it ready to step into. Could I find him a staff?

He wanted an English butler, the best chef I could obtain in Paris, and two footmen.

Impulsively, I said, "If I were looking for a job, would yours be available?"

"Why?" asked Captain Mackintosh, "Would you like to come to me?"

I had but to say the word and the job was mine, but, as I told him, I was not free to apply for it.

"Then make yourself free," Captain Mackintosh said. "I'd like to have you." A most improper suggestion, of course, that I should leave the service of a good friend of his, but, equally improperly, I had put it into his head in the first place.

The fact was that I had just discovered that one of the maids was stealing some of Mr. de Wichfeld's clothes. The de Wichfelds were on a trip to America, and a few days later I asked Mrs. de Wichfeld's secretary to dismiss the girl, which she flatly refused to do.

"Then may I ask you," I said, "who you consider to be in charge of this house, you or me?"

"I am," she replied.

That clinched it. "Very well, then, I am giving you notice," I told her.

Four days later I moved into the house that Captain Mackintosh had taken for his bride and himself, and embarked on the happiest time of my life.

The Mackintoshs' house in Paris, No. 8 Rue Monsieur, was like a miniature Greek palace. One entered through gates in a high wall that opened on to a large courtyard. Today it is occupied by Miss Nancy Mitford, the writer.

From Paris the Mackintoshes moved to London and then to Sunninghill Park, near Ascot and adjoining the racecourse.

Why Noel Coward burnt holes in the tablecloth

Mrs. Mackintosh had the most beautiful household things and a very keen appreciation of detail. All linen had been made in Paris and then sent to London for tinting.

All the breakfast silver was octagonal, and one man spent four days a week polishing it with rouge and his bare hands.

Everything was kept in spotless order. I remember that in seven years there were only two cigarette burns in the dining-room linen. Mrs. Mackintosh asked if I knew who'd made them. It was Mr. Noel Coward. He always seemed far too interested in what he was saying to bother about what he was doing.

Sunninghill Park had six reception rooms and over 20 bedrooms. It was surrounded by some 900 acres of farmland and overlooked a large artificial lake.

Captain Mackintosh regularly shot over its coverts with his friends. He and his wife entertained lavishly and sumptuously, from Charlie Chaplin to Lady Diana Cooper, Astors from both sides of the Atlantic, a constant cavalcade of celebrities of all sorts.

Time and again the telephone would ring about six o'clock on Sunday and the Duke of Windsor — the Prince of Wales then — would propose himself and his guests for dinner, and motor over from Fort Belvedere, just a few miles away.

In the garages at Sunninghill were three Rolls-Royces. There was also a Rolls shooting - brake specially bought to take the staff to dances or the cinema twice a week.

Brought up in an age when a divorce in a family was considered to be as serious as a death, it took time to accustom myself to the change of attitude. One day the front door bell rang just after lunch and when I answered it the caller was Mr. Dudley Ward.

Only that morning I had read that Mrs. Dudley Ward had just divorced her husband. And here he was — and Mrs. Dudley Ward was at that instant in this very house taking her coffee in the drawing-room.

I was in a dither as to what I should do as I escorted him upstairs. I needn't have worried. As I opened the door and announced him, Mrs. Dudley Ward sprang to her feet and hurried across the room, all smiles. "Duddie!" she cried, opening her arms to greet him, "Duddie! Darling!"

Captain and Mrs. Mackintosh were not only inspired hosts, they were ideal employers.

Mrs. Mackintosh was, of course, American and Americans do treat their servants differently from the English, which is why there are more English butlers in America today than in England.

In America they respect you for the way you do your job, and they do not hold the job in contempt, menial though it may be. Of necessity, English employers have changed, but in the past many were inclined to treat their servants as scum. How else explain that terrible word, skivvy? By their sneers and inconsideration they really drove the servant-class out of existence.

Perhaps the general attitude is summed up by a remark I once heard made by Lady Cynthia Asquith at a luncheon-party, "Bread and cheese is good enough for servants."

Best job in butlerdom worth £900 a year in tips

Mrs. Mackintosh decided to put in ten extra bathrooms at Sunninghill Park, next to the bedrooms. This was in 1930 when the number of houses boasting bedrooms and bathrooms could probably be counted on the fingers of two hands for the entire country.

But instead of starting with her own bathroom, she began at the top of the house with the servants' quarters, "to make them comfortable." You see what I mean?

The result of her thoughtfulness was perfect service. We worked with a will when some 20 guests and as many visitors would come for the weekend, and we worked with a will during the week preparing for the next weekend.

Of course, there were many tales about the luxury of their hospitality. Lord Stonehaven, formerly Governor-General of Australia, interviewing a valet who had been with the Mackintoshes at Sunninghill, exclaimed, "I wouldn't dream of taking a man from such an extravagant household."

Some years later Viscount Castlerosse, in his "Londoner's Log" in the "Sunday Express," said, "Being butler to Captain Mackintosh used to be the best job in butlerdom, and was worth over £600 a year in tips."

As a matter of fact it was worth £900, but I always gave half the tips to those who worked with me, which was one of the reasons why we never changed a footman in seven years.

Viscount Castlerosse, in the same paragraph, also described me as "one of the great mice producers of this country." This was a hobby of mine. I was a member of

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There ought to be a better word than delicious — just for

Kellogg's* CORN FLAKES

Best flavour
Crispness that welcomes milk
More nourishment in every friendly flake

The best to you each morning

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Continuing—PRIVATE LIVES OF THE RICH

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the National Mouse Club and used to breed them to assist cancer research.

I was always deeply impressed by the accurately selective breeding instinct of the female mouse, and thinking what a pity the human female seems to have mislaid this advantage. A female mouse will fight to the death rather than accept a male mouse whom she doubts will produce the best offspring.

One night when Barbara Hutton, just after her marriage to Count Haugwitz Reventlow, was dining—just a comparatively small party of 34 — Captain Mackintosh told her about my 500 mice, then being kept in his garage.

She asked to see them, so I brought in two pairs, one pair with black eyes and the fur snow-white, like ermine; the other pair black, with toes like shining anthracite.

Miss Hutton was enchanted. For an hour and a half, I remember, she played with the mice.

When he hired me in Paris Captain Mackintosh told me to get the best chef in Paris —so I did. A Frenchman, Golbert, by name, he was the most extravagant chef I ever knew, and had two interests in life, cooking and the ladies.

During World War I he became chef to the Russian Ambassador in Washington.

Golbert found the job so rewarding to both his skill and his pocket that he ignored his recall to France when war broke out in 1914, but when he returned to France in 1920 with his savings — no less than £60,000 — he was arrested as a deserter and spent the next three years serving his sentence as cook for a colored regiment in Algiers.

The sad case of the popular but unfaithful chef

When I engaged him for the Mackintosh household in Paris his £60,000 had gone and he was a single-handed chef washing up his own pots and pans.

Such was the excellence of his cooking, however, he accompanied us to England, where his reputation and his bills soared higher and higher. The grocer's account alone would be £500 for one month, of which £50 or £100 must have gone into his pocket.

Well, Golbert's bills finally reached such astronomical heights that Captain Mackintosh was moved to protest. "We've got to do something about it, King," he said to me. "He's a superb chef, but the man's a robber. Tell him if he'll only bring his bills down we'll double his salary."

At which the chef danced with joy. His salary was doubled, the bills came down a shade, then Captain Mackintosh congratulated him and the bills mounted higher than ever.

With the ladies, too, he was doing famously. First one girl, then another came over from Paris, and he was always suggesting that they should stay with him at the house —but that I would not tolerate. Outside the house he could do what he liked, not in.

One night a strikingly beautiful girl I had seen earlier in Paris arrived in a taxi.

When I told Golbert he went as white as death. "I'll deal with her," he said.

He rushed downstairs. "What are you doing here, imbecile?" he shouted at her, then he struck her. I got between them. Then he grabbed her hand, and dragged her out to the waiting taxi.

Soon the telephone rang —it was the stationmaster at Sunningdale. "I'm afraid something dreadful has happened," he said.

The taxi-driver reported that on the way to the station the girl had shot the chef twice and then turned the weapon on herself. I have never seen so minute a revolver, but it was loaded with explosive bullets.

The case was widely reported in the newspapers, and I remember taking a telegram over the telephone from one of Captain Mackintosh's friends which read: "Would you consider sub-letting remainder of frog-shooting season?"

As we were leaving the funeral a man sidled up to me and said, "It seems you're without a chef now, and I'd like to apply for it. My name's Amelot. I've been 2nd head chef to King George and Queen Mary at Buckingham Palace, and now I'm head chef at the Guards' Club." He got the job soon afterwards.

The explanation of Golbert's excessive bills soon became clear. I found two from the same firm made out with identical dates, identical items, but with one price to Captain Mackintosh and one price to the chef. The difference was £40.

When the matter was put into the hands of a solicitor, the firm sacked their manager and refunded all the money Golbert had received. It amounted to over £250.

Amelot told me he'd left Buckingham Palace because he had no scope for his skill there. For example, Queen Mary had ordered that all meat for the Palace was to be supplied by the Army Canteen Board, because it was cheaper. "Never miss a chance to save a penny, the Royals don't," he said.

Like Golbert, he never made any bones about collecting his "perks."

Shortly after he became chef to Captain and Mrs. Mackintosh they went to America and lent their house to Mrs. Jessie Donahue, daughter of F. W. Woolworth and aunt of Barbara Hutton.

Amelot rubbed his hands with glee. "Now for the money," he said. "She's rich beyond dreams."

At the end of the month, when I gave Mrs. Donahue his books, she was in a livid temper. "These accounts are outrageous," she said. "I have no choice but to pay them, but I shall leave at once." And she did.

On return from America Mrs. Mackintosh checked the kitchen bills, and found that Amelot was charging for 200 pounds of meat a week! He was given a month's notice.

Later I joined Captain Mackintosh in America, where I spent three happy years in charge of his household. When my work permit expired, however, I had to return to London to get an emigration visa which would allow me to live in America permanently.

This was in June, 1939, and with refugees from Hitler's Germany crowding every Atlantic liner, I was told it would be 18 months before I could go.

Then, out of the blue, came my first chance to work for a member of the Royal family. I don't know to this day who could have told the Duke of Windsor I was free, but a few days later I had a telephone call from the South of France saying that the Duke of Windsor wanted me to join his staff as butler. I gladly accepted it.

Before leaving London I was sent to a tailor off Bond Street to be fitted out. The Duchess of Windsor had designed her own style.

By day this consisted of a tail-coat, cut like an evening dress coat with a double-breasted waistcoat and trousers, all of light Ascot-grey. For evening, the dress-suit of lightweight royal-blue was exactly the same as that worn by the pages at Buckingham Palace. The buttons of the coat bore the cipher of King Edward VIII.

The Duchess knew how to create an impression

The Duke and Duchess were then (two years after the abdication) living at the Villa La Croe, near Cannes, on the Riviera. It required a minimum staff of 30 to run properly, and that it had.

Above it flew a flag of gold, blue, and red, His Royal Highness' Royal Standard, which was lit by two spotlights at night.

The Duke greeted me warmly and shook hands. He remembered me from the days when he and his brothers used to visit Sunninghill Park.

"Let me see, King," he said, "I don't think I've seen you since I was King." It was strange to hear him speak of himself like that.

The Duchess came down later and the Duke presented me to her. I found afterwards that she never appeared first. Whenever she gave a dinner party all the guests had always assembled before she joined them. She would sweep into the room and every eye would turn toward her. She liked to make an impressive entrance.

The villa had its own swimming-pool and tennis court, and a sizable garden in which the Duke daily worked in his shorts. Then he would plunge into the pool to cool off.

Our staff of French and English footmen and housemaids worked well together. The chef had an entirely French staff to himself, and the Duke's valet and chauffeur were Austrian. They had joined him when he was living near Vienna waiting for Mrs. Simpson's divorce decree to be made absolute.

Two British sergeant-detectives always accompanied the Duke. Sent by Scotland Yard, they were provided by the British Government.

The Duchess had two lady's maids, a hairdresser who came twice a day, a masseuse once a day, and once weekly a manicurist and chiropodist. With the time taken up by these the Duchess seldom went out in the morning, and every day at about 10.30 one of her maids would telephone me and say, "Her Royal Highness will be down in five minutes."

That meant I went to the library to wait to receive her orders. Standard of communication with the staff was very high; there was even a telephone in my bathroom-lavatory.

The Duchess as a hostess strove hard to be a perfectionist, which meant she drove her staff pretty hard. Had she ever become the chatelaine of Buckingham Palace, I shudder to think what a stir she would have caused among the servants, who have not the reputation of being unduly overworked.

She was forever ringing bells, and ran the footmen off their feet. To ensure prompt response, she had bells installed behind every shutter on the terrace of the Riviera villa.

Curving round the house in a half-circle, this was a wonderful terrace of marble with great pillars rising up 40 feet or more.

Outside the dining-room the Duchess had installed green sailcloth blinds in order to keep the sun out. Every ten minutes, as the sun moved toward the west, so had the blind to be adjusted. If a footman forgot I would quickly get a reminder.

In the running of her household the Duchess knew what she wanted, and got it. It was in the means she took to obtain the ends that showed the absence of past experience. She fussed and worried too much.

To handle a large staff and to appreciate their problems, it is necessary to have been born and bred in one of the Stately Homes of England, where once a standard used to be maintained far in excess of Buckingham Palace or other Royal households.

The Duchess of Windsor had never been accustomed to many servants and had no experience of a large staff before she married the Duke. Brought up by a widowed mother in simple circumstances, married first to a naval officer and then to a stockbroker, and living in a block of flats, she had necessarily remained an outsider to the wealth and servants of others.

A friend of mine was often called in to act as butler in Mr. and Mrs. Simpson's London flat.

Once when Sir Thomas Beecham, Lady Cunard, and the King were going to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Simpson she begged the loan of some of the gold plate from Buckingham Palace, as well as a few specially chosen long logs, more easily obtainable from Windsor Forest than the local coal-merchant.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson lived at Bryanston Court, and not unnaturally the King's comings and goings had excited their neighbors' curiosity to fever heat.

On the day of the party, when Ladbroke, the King's chauffeur, drove up in the Humber the King used for all private and incognito visits, many a curtain moved just a fraction of an inch to allow a better view of what was happening. First, the chauffeur entered with the gold plate. Then, returning, took from the car the logs to be burnt in Mr. Ernest Simpson's fireplace.

The Duke and Duchess entertained enormously at La Croe. Lunch, seldom for fewer than 16, was taken on the terrace at small tables. It was always cold, the chef producing a superb buffet from which guests helped themselves.

The Duke did not always lunch on the terrace. Sometimes he would have a snack sent up to the roof of the villa.

This roof was flat, some 150 feet long and 100 feet wide, designed to resemble the deck of a ship. There were dummy guns, a telescope, and three "cabins." Lifebelts hung on either side of the doors and ships' pennants flew from several masts.

The centre "cabin" was the Duke's private retreat. It was called Belvedere and was so marked on the indicator bell-board. The Duchess referred to it as his office.

BACK IN ENGLAND for the first time since their marriage, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor at the home of Major Metcalfe.

My duty was to take care of the small bar installed there, to see it was always properly stocked, and to replenish the flask of ice-cubes.

What fascinated me most were some dozen photographs on the wall. One was of the Duke surrounded by all his former Field-Marshals. But what was so astonishing was that, flanked on either side of this, were photographs of Hitler! Hitler shaking hands with the Duke, Hitler shaking hands with the Duchess, Hitler alone.

About a year previously the Duke and Duchess had visited Germany and met many of the Nazi leaders, including the arch-villain himself. I was flabbergasted by these photographs. They seemed such strange souvenirs.

The Duke was as pro-German, I suppose, as his grandfather, King Edward VII—by which I mean not at all. Or had Hitler managed to pull the wool over his eyes, as he had with so many?

Last-minute changes before every big dinner party

The Duke spent a lot of time writing in his roof-cabin.

When he chose to lunch alone, he would have china tea, digestive biscuits and strawberry jam.

Sometimes in the Villa La Croe the Duchess of Windsor would order changes at the eleventh hour, as though we were scene-shifters at Drury Lane Theatre.

Where entertaining includes not only a house party, but other guests as well, last-minute chopping and changing will throw the most experienced staff haywire.

Twice a week there would be a dinner party for 40, for which the tables would seldom be laid before 5.30 or six. It should have been ready three hours earlier, but the Duchess could never make up her mind on which tablecloths she wished to use.

First we had to lay a colored satin undercloth, and placed on top of this would be one of openwork lace.

I did not like to go to her in front of guests and ask her for a decision in order to get on with the work. That I would consider an unseemly intrusion, a breach of good manners. It was not for me to hustle her. So we had to wait until she had made up her mind.

When selection was finally approved, the linen-maid had to come down with an electric iron and press out every wrinkle in the lace.

The Duchess would go with me to the pantry and choose what china she wanted that evening. The Duke had the most superb collection, and so that her guests might appreciate it she would pick on one set for the soup, and others for the fish, meat, sweet, and savory — all different. It was an effective touch of showmanship, but then the Duchess has a gift for that.

But all was not yet plain sailing. With the plates already piled in the hot-cupboard, she would often change her mind and decide upon entirely different china.

Still worse was to come. Dinner was served either in the dining-room or, if the weather were suitable, on the terrace, at a lovely horseshoe-shaped, hand-painted table with designs in gold leaf.

Several times, when dinner had been laid inside, the Duchess would say to me, "It's such a beautiful night the Duke and I have decided to have dinner on the terrace."

Stand by for transformation! Away with the tablecloths—only mats were used outside; away with the candelabra—candles in glass cases lit the table on the terrace.

There was one memorable occasion—an all-time record for the course!—when the Duchess first decided to dine inside, and then, when all was ready, she changed her mind and outside we had to go.

Later, when coming in from the terrace with the Duke to dress for dinner, she said to me, "I think it's turning a little humid, King. I think, after all, we'll have dinner in the dining-room."

Fortunately, the Duke came to our rescue. "Darling," he said to the Duchess, "you can't really change again." And we didn't.

The work at the villa was hard, continuous, and required considerable organisation. After lunch there might be as many as 70 people in for tea and drinks between 4.30

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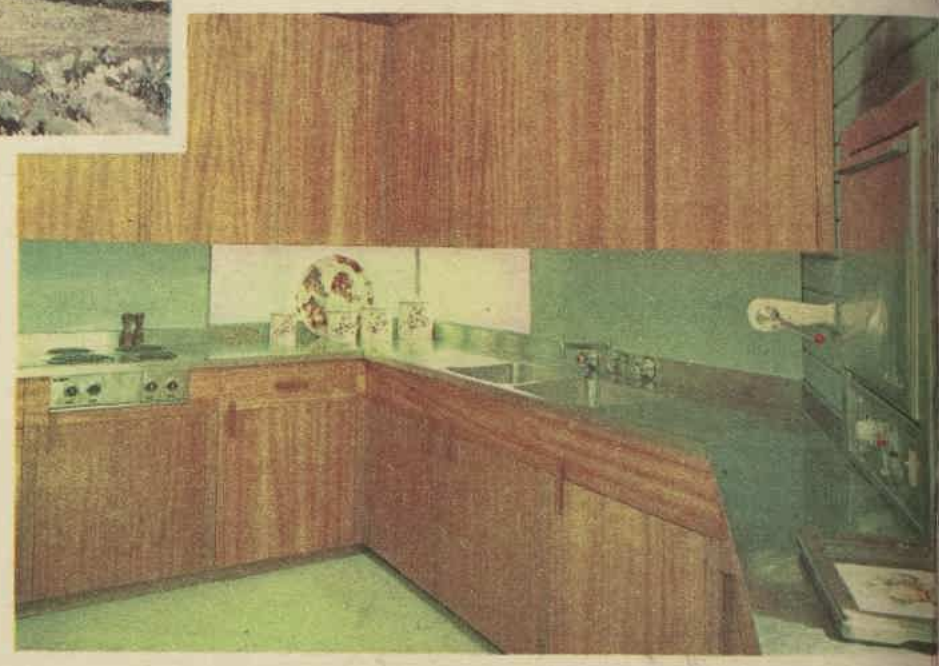
FAMILY HOME

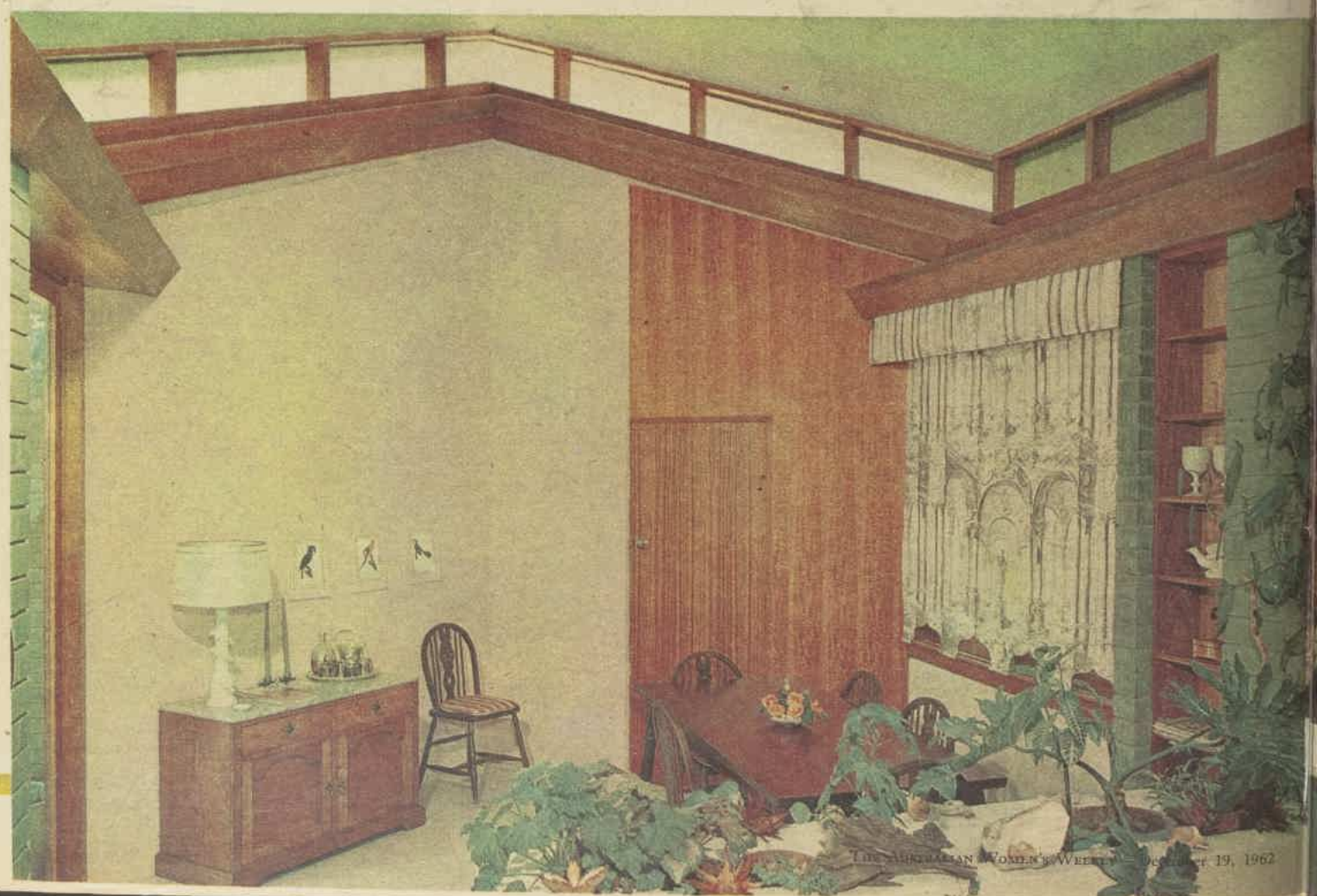
● A star-shaped roof, made of slate and wood, that radiates from a central point is the feature of the interesting home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Walker and their three young children at St. Ives, a Sydney suburb. The house was designed by Peter Muller.

EXTERIOR (above) of Mr. and Mrs. Walker's home at St. Ives, Sydney, shows unusual roof construction in grey slate and dark stained wood. Grey bricks are relieved by large areas of glass opening out on to patios.



COMPACT KITCHEN (right) is panelled in warm-toned timber. Work-benches, double sink, wall oven, and hotplate unit are all in practical stainless steel. Panel over work-bench is fibreglass to admit light to corner.

DINING-ROOM (below) shows how interior ceilings follow roof form. Centre of roof is slightly raised to give thin strip of light inside. End wall is pleasantly angled and painted to give lightness.



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Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television

BARBARA WYNDON and NOEL BROPHY of "THE MOBIL-LIMB SHOW"

—see page 2

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. . . ON YOUR LEFT, "SLUGGER" SINATRA (AT 10st. 13lb.) . . .

. . . ON YOUR RIGHT, "BATTLING" DANNY BLOCKER (19st. 9lb.)

The day "Hoss" Cartwright flattened Frankie

● One morning recently big Dan Blocker, alias "Hoss" Cartwright on the "Bonanza" television series, drove through the De Mille gate of Paramount Studios in Hollywood.

HE parked his car in its customary spot — but then casually walked right PAST the "Bonanza" soundstage.

He waved to his co-stars, Lorne Green, Pernell Roberts, and Michael Landon, but he kept walking.

The enormous smile on Blocker's face was a dead give-away that something was about to happen, something pleasant. His three friends were smiling, too, as they watched him disappear through the door of Stage 18, right across the way from the "Bonanza" stage.

The usual noise and confusion on Stage 18, where the filming of a movie titled "Come Blow Your Horn" was about to start, stopped the moment Blocker walked in the door.

He walked purposefully over to a thin figure, nattily dressed, who looked suspiciously like Frank Sinatra.

It was Frank Sinatra.

He looked at Blocker for a moment, his lips quivered, then he laughed and said, "Ready, 'Mr. Eckman'?"

Blocker grinned even wider, and answered, "This is a big day for me, 'Mr. Baker'."

Blocker hurried over to a dressing-room adjoining the big stage.

When he emerged, he was wearing a dark blue tailored suit, a very elegant white shirt, and a huge ten-gallon hat.

As he walked back to a place marked for him in chalk in front of the cameras, he was lightly applauded by Sinatra and a smiling crew.

He took his place a few feet from Sinatra.

Director Bud Yorkin yelled, "Action . . . roll 'em."

The 19st. 9lb. Blocker, an infuriated look on the usually good-natured face, strode up to the 10st. 13lb. Sinatra, drew back his muscular right arm—and punched Sinatra squarely in the face. The punch was lightning-fast.

A gasp went around the set. Director Yorkin said, "That's great, Dan, just great . . . Okay, someone help Sinatra up."

"Well, I guess this completes my job," Blocker commented. "Now I can get back to my regular duds . . . and 'Bonanza.' Thanks, Frank. It's been a real knock-out."

His laughter was joined by that of Sinatra and the crew.

Blocker's role as "Mr. Eckman" is important to the plot of "Come Blow Your Horn." He plays a rich Texan, irate over Sinatra's attentions to his wife.

She is Phyllis McGuire (of the McGuire singing sisters). Blocker's big punch will be a key scene in the movie.

"Everyone at the studio just loves Big Dan," says Chuck Moses, an executive on the movie. "It was Frank's suggestion to get him for the part.

"Frank was tipped off by his son, who is an avid 'Bonanza' fan. The series' producer, David Dortort, had no objection. In fact, he thought it was a good change of pace for 'Hoss'."

"I was really excited about doing the role," Dan admits. "Since it took only two days it did not interfere with our TV series.

"Now I'm constantly teased by my TV 'father' and 'brothers'. They always ask me how I got Frank to throw the fight!"

PUNCH (right) and DAMAGE (below). The one-sided battle was all in fun—for a film.

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought for the Week*

TOMMY HANLON

MOMMA ONCE SAID: I think it's a shame the way people talk about the teenagers of today and their dances. Oh, you've heard the expressions, "The Twist—it's shocking," "Rock-'n-roll dances—scandalous." But I wonder if you remember the dances in your day? The Bunny Hug, the Charleston, and how about the Black Bottom? I'll bet your parents said the same thing about your dances. Now stop and think! Didn't they? So let's be fair, how can the Twist be shocking? The kids don't even dance together. They're always at least three feet apart. And have you tried it? It's not only a dance, it's great for losing inches around the waist, too.

Momma's moral: You'll never know what you've missed till you've seen a 20st. woman doing the Twist.

OUR COVER: "I do like casual clothes on a hot morning, don't you?" Barbara Wyndon asked Noel Brophy as staff photographer Ron Berg took the picture on this week's cover. Mexicans here, Barbara and Noel have new identities, new costumes, and new gags every time they appear on the national top-rated "Mobil-Limb Show." They've been working together for about two years; both have successful show-business backgrounds as comedians.

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• TV comedians Dan Rowan (left) and his always-clowning colleague, Dick Martin.

The scriptwriters became comics

• "What has a tail, four legs, and barks?" asked visiting American comedian Dick Martin. "A dog," answered his partner, Dan Rowan. "Oh," said Dick, disappointed. "You've heard it!"

By DAWN JAMES

AND with gags like that, the pair clowned their way through several presentation announcements on Sydney's TCN Channel 9.

Or, to be precise, Mr. Rowan did the announcing while Mr. Martin ate. Anything — celery, apples, chips, nuts . . .

When we met, Mr. Martin was wanly uninterested in food.

He had, he said, spent the day in a small boat outside Sydney Harbor — slight heave of reminiscent distaste — uh, fishing. He also conveyed the impression that he is not a very good sailor and that fishing is not his favorite sport.

Be that as it may, in real-life he has landed a very nice career-type catch indeed.

Next year, Australia's National Nines TV network will begin showing the new "Lucy Show," starring Lucille Ball, Vivian Vance, and . . . Dick Martin.

Martin is a tall laconic man with a fluff of smooth dark hair and a bland, tanned face. He likes bright red socks and was sporting a noticeable pair, topped by a white shirt with red pin-stripes and mouse-tooth check pants.

It was about 7.30 p.m. at the time, and Rowan and Martin were relaxing in their hotel suite, high above Kings Cross, before going downstairs to launch into their nightclub act.

The tall and smiling-eyed Rowan was consuming tea and sandwiches and Martin was trying not to watch him. He prowled round the room instead and said "Mmmmm" while his partner talked.

Dan Rowan seems to do a lot of the talking, and he added more evidence to the proven fact that most comics are rather serious and—understandably—rarely funny off-stage.

He also, at times, favors a disconcerting verbal shorthand, like "We both live in Los Angeles; I'm divorced with three (children) and he's married with one."

Both men were scriptwriters when they met about nine years ago; Rowan for a film studio and Martin on TV and radio.

They teamed up because they'd always wanted to go into show business. Why?

"For the sheer heck of it, and to try out our own material," explained Martin, breaking a silence.

I wondered aloud how a comedy team decided whose name was to go first. Did they toss? Draw lots? Fight?

No, no, said Dan Rowan. Their choice was easy. "There was another comedy team round in those days called Martin and Lewis"—oh, THEM!—"so we put the 'Rowan' first."

Now — after a helpful push of early publicity from the powerful U.S. columnist Walter Winchell — they've appeared, successfully, all over the place. At the London Palladium, in Australia in 1955 (one of the first "Big Shows" with Nat "King" Cole), in American nightclubs, and on some of the biggest TV shows there.

These are, apparently, all run by very nice people. Rowan and Martin say, for example, that Dinah Shore, Perry Como, Bob Hope and Ed Sullivan are "very nice," anyway.

Martin says Lucille Ball is "very nice," too, and he has a healthy respect for "her willingness and ability to do anything."

"I've never seen any actress go through what Lucy did during our first shows," he remarked. "She puts more into two or three brief scenes than many stars do all season."

This apparently referred to typical Lucy antics like:

- doing a two-storey jump on a trampoline,
- fencing and fending off a dozen opponents in an interrupted scene that covered four sets, and
- falling into a chimney while trying to install a TV antenna.

"The realism . . ." said Martin. "Lucy gives it everything. I thought they'd use doubles in some of the scenes, but Lucy personally tackled every one."

In the new "Lucy Show," Lucy — minus ex-husband Desi Arnaz — is a widow with two children, and lives in a house in Connecticut with divorcee Vivian Vance (Ethel in "I Love Lucy") and her small son.

"And they've given Lucy all the problems they can," said Martin, adding that she solves them as she used to in "I Love Lucy" days.

"And I'm an airline pilot, and I live in the house next door. So I don't have to appear in every episode, and that leaves enough time for tours like this."

The "tours like this" are, of course, only a part of the show business life which keeps Rowan and Martin busy and which is also, they say with conviction, FUN.

As well as appearing in nightclubs, on TV, and in the theatre, they've made a film together . . .

It was called "Once Upon a Horse" and was shown on the U.S. circuit for a few months. Then the studio shelved the film for some reason (Rowan and Martin aren't sure why). But it was withdrawn in a batch which included movies starring Orson Welles and Lana Turner, so at least they're in good company on the shelf.

At this stage, since Rowan and Martin were talking with all the theatrical wisdom of the ages, I began wondering about THEIR ages . . .

"We're about the same," said Rowan unhelpfully. Pause. "He's about eight months older than I am." Pause.

"Oh," I said. Pause. "Er—how old is he?"

Rowan laughed kindly and said, "He's, ah, 29." He called to Martin, "Dick — are you 29 or 30?"

"Mmmmm? Oh, um, what's today?" Dick yelled back and they both collapsed into gales of giggles.

Conclusion: Men are cagier about age than women.

So, back at the office, I was curious enough to check with Dick's biography. He is 38.

And Rowan and Martin have scored a rare distinction. They're the first coy 38-year-olds I've met — but don't worry, men. You LOOK 29!

DID YOU KNOW?

FOR the first time in four years "Wagon Train" slipped from the Top Ten. Ratings on "The Virginian," telecast opposite "Wagon Train," have been climbing steadily. Result so far: "The Virginian" has been renewed for an additional 26 weeks.

★ ★ ★

WHEN "Perry Mason's" courthouse adjourns for Christmas, Raymond Burr, who plays the counsel who never loses a case, will go into hospital for minor surgery. As well as his Christmas pudding, he will miss two to four episodes—depending on shooting schedule—of the series.

★ ★ ★

OVER at the Desilu studios: On the agenda—a new comedy series starring Glynis Johns. "Oh, Nurse!" will be the title.

★ ★ ★

A COMING episode of "The Real McCoys" has Mamie Van Doren as a guest star. As living blonde sex symbols go, Miss Van Doren is accepted as the real McCoy!

★ ★ ★

A 90-MINUTE adaptation of George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion," with Julie Harris playing Eliza Doolittle, will be made by N.B.C. in February. Thanks to an earlier adaptation — "My Fair Lady" — "Pygmalion" is Shaw's most popular play.

★ ★ ★

VIEWERS in Northern England now have an Australian series among their children's programmes. Granada TV last month started screening "The Terrific Adventures of the Terible Ten," the Australian series about a gang of children who build their own town complete with bank, newspaper, and sheriff's office, and are threatened by a rival gang.

★ ★ ★

JERRY LEWIS may dance in Danny Kaye's footsteps into the hour-long variety show business by signing with N.B.C. for a weekly "live" series next year. Jerry sees himself as an informal relaxed M.C.-type for the series.

★ ★ ★

BING CROSBY PRODUCTIONS, owner of the "Ben Casey" series, has asked the network to consider expanding the show to 90-minute weekly sessions next year. Now, it takes six weeks to put together one 60-minute segment. Presumably, weary, bad-tempered Dr. Ben will be even more weary and bad-tempered if the network agrees. But he will also be richer. He can scowl all the way to the bank.

Ben Casey

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● At least 11 Australian TV stations late this month will screen Adelaide NWS9's Christmas pantomime, "Cinderella." Here is a preview of the hour show . . .

MIDNIGHT (and old "Cinderella") STRIKES AGAIN

UGLY SISTERS (above) — left to right Ethel (Kevin Crease) and Maudie (Lionel Williams) — look on while Cinderella tries on the glass slipper. The pantomime, which has a cast of 40, took three months to make. It is presented in three acts.

FAIRY GODMOTHER (left) is played by Flora Williamson. The pantomime includes popular songs and several production numbers by the NWS9 ballet. All furniture used in sets was genuine period furniture. Live Shetland ponies were used to draw the coach.

LEFT: And they lived happily ever after . . . The slipper fits and it's all over bar the wedding for (left to right) Cinders' Dad, Baron Hardup (Hedley Cullen), Prince Charming (Joy Berriman), Cinderella, and Buttons (Hal Turner). Hal Turner, who wrote the TV pantomime, is a former South Australian vaudeville star.

CINDERELLA, 19-year-old Glenys O'Brien, is the hostess of NWS9's children's programme "The Channel Niners," and "Cinderella" is her first pantomime role. Glenys is also co-compere of NWS9's twice-weekly teenage programme "Woodies Teentime."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

Teenagers' WEEKLY

December 19, 1962

Girl out-shoots 170 men

● When 17-year-old Honor Humphreys recently won the "C" series shoot of the National Rifle Association, she became the first woman to do so in the Association's 103-year history.

By WIN MUNDAY

IN the picture above Honor is using the rifle and telescopic sight with which she beat 170 male competitors.

Honor's marksmanship raised many a veteran crack shot's eyebrows. They said they'd never seen better nor more accurate shooting by such a young girl on a rifle range.

Yet she has been shooting for only *six months!*

Honor, who completed her competitive shooting early in the week of the Queen's Shoot, held at Anzac Range, near Liverpool, N.S.W., spent the rest of her week's holiday from her Bowral home watching the performance of the men—ready to take advice and to note their techniques.

In borrowed shooting coat and slouch hat, dark-haired, bright-eyed Honor told me how unexpected was her win in the "C" series aggregate.

She burst into tears with excitement and nerves when told that her score was 68 out of a possible 70 points—a remarkable score by any standards, and even more notable when achieved in gale-force winds.

Honor told me she took up shooting six months ago with the encouragement of her father—a crack shot in the Army, who no longer competes himself.

She joined the Bowral-Mittagong Rifle Club and was coached in the technique of target shooting by Mervyn Orford, a fellow member.

"I was the only girl in the club until a few weeks ago," she said, "when we persuaded Merv's sister Val to join.

"I'm hoping that we'll get more girl members — enough to make up a team of four to shoot in Canberra next year.

"Some of the men weren't too happy about my being in the club at first, but now they've accepted me and have been most helpful and encouraging."

Honor had previously won only two small prizes—a spoon and a silver cup —in National Rifle Association events.

What does it cost to set yourself up as a competition shooter?

Honor uses a Number Three .303 rifle, which she bought from a member of her club for £18, and a telescopic sight which cost £30.

"I was lucky to get my rifle so cheaply," she said. "A good one usually costs about £30.

"Then, in addition to the scope, you need an ammunition box, a cleaning rod, and a hat.

"About £70 would cover the lot — but then, if you look after it properly, the equipment lasts for years."

In addition to the initial outlay, Honor pays 8/- a week to shoot every Saturday with her club — 4/- for 20 rounds of ammunition and 4/- to club funds.

Firing shots every weekend, Honor is giving "shots" throughout the week — distemper shots to small animals.

She works as an assistant to two veterinary surgeons.

And although developing into a crack shot, she has never shot at an animal. "I shoot only on a rifle range," she said.

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Helped by vocational guidance

HOW many young people consult vocational guidance officers when they are trying to decide on their future careers?

I attended university this year to study physiotherapy, but found that it did not interest me and left. I then found that I was totally unsuited to office work and that nothing really appealed to me.

I decided to go to a vocational guidance officer after months of unhappy, unsettled idleness. Now, after five months' unemployment, I am working, on the officer's advice, at the seemingly dull, unromantic job of librarian.

Though complicated, it is fascinating and one meets hundreds of people each week. The hours are fair, the pay reasonable, and although three years of study is necessary I feel I can make a success of it. —*Monica Leahy, Auchenflower, Qld.*

New uniform

UNTIL recently the girls from our school were always complaining of the drab summer uniform, until someone suggested that it should be voted upon.

Three designs were put forward and the most popular adopted. Now everyone is happy and satisfied with the new uniform. Why don't more schools adopt this method?—*Veronica Lewinski, Moonah, Tas.*

Debating point

DEBATING can be a wonderful aid to education and should be made compulsory in the school curriculum.

As a member of our school debating team, I have learned a great deal about subjects of which most students are completely ignorant. As well as this, it helps to build confidence in yourself and your ability and makes you a more interesting conversationalist. — *Lynette Campbell, Burwood, Vic.*

Next week

● Everyone will be decorating their Christmas trees for the festive season—but have you ever thought of dressing-up like a Christmas tree yourself? Next week we have a collection of enchanting ideas with which, at small cost, you can turn yourself into a real Christmas Belle. AND, on our cover, we have Bryan Davies as the star in the Christmas pantomime "A Wish Is a Dream."

Protest "stupid"

JUST what do these Ban-the-Bomb sit-down strikers think they will gain by their childish rebellion against authority?

If the pleas and arguments of our most persuasive and highly educated statesmen will not stop the leaders of the world from rendering the human race extinct, the mere act of sitting down and looking stupid is surely not going to do much good.

I say, ban the sit-down strikers! Do other teenagers agree? — *Lynne Herrington, Gladesville, N.S.W.*

Commerce course

MANY people believe that students who take a commercial course have no brains and are the "duds" of their age group, and as such would not be able to cope with a professional course.

Are these people unable to realise that shorthand is an art and that it takes a great deal of continuous practice to reach the required speed?

Are they unable to realise that typing requires skill and practice for the necessary speed and accuracy, and skill and practice to make the setting-out appear attractive and neat?

At the beginning of our third year in high school, commerce students drop three subjects and take up three new subjects. We have no previous knowledge of these subjects, whereas students doing a professional course simply carry on from their second-year work.

We are continually told we have no brains. If that is so, why do we continue to gain marks equal to those in professional classes who do the same subjects?

When they leave school, commerce students know a great deal more of what goes on about them than the so-called "superior" group who do a professional course, for nine-tenths of what happens in modern society is, in some way, connected with commerce.

Many professional-class pupils change over to take commercial subjects in fifth year. Why? Some think the subjects are easier; others realise the advantage of a commercial course. —*J. Brown, Bon Beach, Vic.*

Bad advice

THE view of Dr. M. Fraser, the chief examiner in physics for the N.S.W. Leaving Certificate, must have come to the notice of many teenagers.

At an education conference Dr. Fraser was reported to have said that a spelling mistake is of no consequence so long as the word is recognisable and that more emphasis should be placed on arithmetic and less on spelling.

I disagree strongly with this, since I feel that correct spelling is essential in so many fields today.

There is justification for Dr. Fraser's idea from a practical point of view, but can you imagine magazines, for instance, being printed with an abundance of spelling mistakes? Furthermore, how could businessmen get on without correct spelling?

It seems to me that Dr. Fraser is placing more importance on his own sphere of activity at the expense of a liberal education. Specialisation breeds narrow-mindedness. — *May Collins, Rose Bay, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK

"If all the world's a stage, doll, how about giving me top billing?"

Tall or short

FROM time to time I have read letters on this page from girls who wrote that they "felt out of things" because they were too tall.

I am a university student of about average height and can assure them that I do not in the least mind taking out girls considerably taller than myself. This view, I might add, is shared by my friends.

The same goes for the short girls, too. We don't mind how tall or short you are, girls. It's not your height that counts—it's you yourself.—*"Rob," Adelaide.*

Languages

AT our school French is the only foreign language taught. Wouldn't it be more useful if we learnt Italian or an Asian language? — *"Puzzled Teenager," Geelong, Vic.*

Ways to build youth clubs

● Peter Chalk (T.W., 24/10/62) said that the attendance of his church youth club had fallen off. He asked for ideas to increase membership.

YOU should take a really good look at your youth group and ask yourself these questions.

Firstly, how long has your committee consisted of the same people? The introduction of "new blood" is always advisable. This means that you get new faces and fresh ideas.

Secondly, do members of the committee approach each prospective member individually? A personal invitation to youth fellowship makes young people respond more willingly.

To get an idea of the members' interests and ideas, organise a questionnaire for each person to fill in. — *G. Hooke, Blackburn, Vic.*

WE have found that evenings with other youth clubs are very popular and visits to theatres or other outings are also successful.

At the moment our group is planning to have a "back-to-school" social, and we will invite other youth groups. A river cruise is also being arranged. — *Meryl Winter, Hobart.*

MAKE sure that everyone knows when and where the next function is to be held. Attractively printed diaries of the group's activities for the next three months are distributed to all other teenagers connected with our church. If you like, youth groups from other churches can be invited.

One of our successful social events was a car trial. If your group is a food-loving one, a progressive supper will be popular. Or you could try a French cabaret with a few boys dressed up as waiters.—*J. Bampton, Queenstown, S.A.*

WE decided to hold a "Grand Variety Concert," and asked anyone who had been a member in the past to take part. We found they were very enthusiastic and attended all the concert practices and began coming to the club meetings again.

The concert was a huge success and raised £20 for the church. — *"Club leader," Boondall, Qld.*

TO build up our membership we had a series of socials in the form of a "beatnik night," a "charleston night," etc. A small prize was given to the best-dressed girl and boy.

These were terrific fun and inexpensive. Our membership has risen from 15 to 64.—*J.D., Melbourne.*

FOR ordinary meetings, try dividing your members into two teams and have most games, quizzes, and study lectures on a competitive basis, thus building keen rivalry between the two teams.

Have a redecorating and rejuvenating drive for your hall.

Advertise a meeting as a "back-to-front" meeting, where you all dress back to front, and hold the meeting from end to beginning.

Invite other clubs to your amateur hours, night-tennis tournaments, and film evenings.

Some of these should put your club back on a sound footing. — *Leonie Ormsby, Minyip, Vic.*

WE prepared a sheet with lists of outings, sports, etc., and everyone was asked to mark his preferences on it.

We have had several successful socials, barbecues, inter-fellowship visits, film nights, and fancy-dress nights.

Recently we had a discussion evening where we talked over what could be done to improve the fellowship. With the help of advertising, these activities have built up our membership. — *Pam Unwin, Gymea, N.S.W.*

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HOW TO DANCE THE BOSSA NOVA

From Bill Wilson, in New York

● "If you haven't got Bossa," says Shorty Rogers, "you're not with it. You're like dead, man."

SHORTY, a top U.S. jazz man, was referring to Bossa Nova, the new sound invented in Brazil and now reverberating around the world.

Bossa Nova has been variously translated from the Portuguese. Some call it "new flair," others "new beat." Whichever is right, it is certainly a new beat with tremendous flair.

Most simply, it is the offspring of a marriage between Brazilian folk rhythms and modern jazz.

Perhaps the earliest example came from composer-arranger Antonio Jobim and guitarist Luis Bonfa. These two Brazil jazz nuts collaborated on the magnificent score for the film "Black Orpheus," and brought Bossa Nova to international attention.

Bossa Nova has the percussive double rhythm of the Samba, but is closer to modern jazz than any previously exported South American sound. In other words, it has everything — jungle rhythm and modern jazz sophistication.

In America it has captivated all the radio disc jockeys, and booms out of every jukebox in the land.

Naturally, it has given rise to a new dance craze — which promises to be even more popular than the Twist it has displaced.

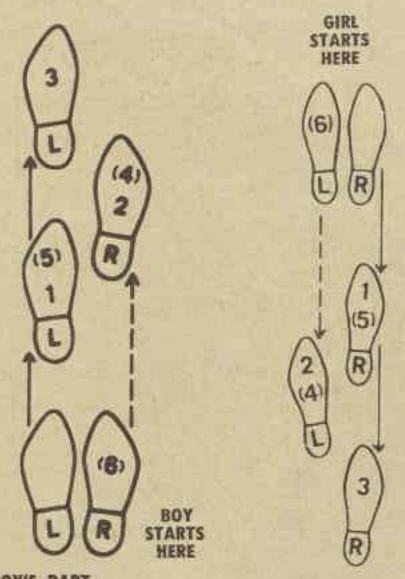
We asked the Fred Astaire Studios in New York how to dance the Bossa Nova, and the dance school provided the diagrams and instructions on this page.

The basic step is much like the Mambo, danced to a slower Samba rhythm, and can be done holding one's partner or apart (in what the Fred Astaire Studios calls the "challenge" position).

Bossa Nova records available in Australia include:

Stan Getz and Charlie Byrd's American best-seller, **"Jazz Samba"** (Verve LP). **"Desafinado,"** already a top tune as a single, on the LP runs for a full five minutes; Barney Kessel's **"Bossa Nova"** (Reprise LP); Quincey Jones' **"Big Band Bossa Nova"** (Philips LP); the Brazilian-recorded **"Dance The Bossa Nova"** with the E. F. Zaccarias Orchestra (R.C.A. LP); Paul Anka's **"Eso Beso,"** and The Tokens' **"A Bird Flew Out Of Sight"** (R.C.A.).

BASIC STEP
Forward and backward



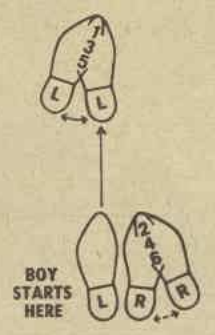
BOY'S PART

1. Left foot forward and twist hips to right, SLOW.
2. Right foot forward and twist hips to left, QUICK.
3. Left foot forward (small step) and twist hips to right, QUICK.
4. Right foot backward and twist hips to left, SLOW.
5. Left foot backward and twist hips to right, QUICK.
6. Right foot backward (small step) and twist hips to left, QUICK.

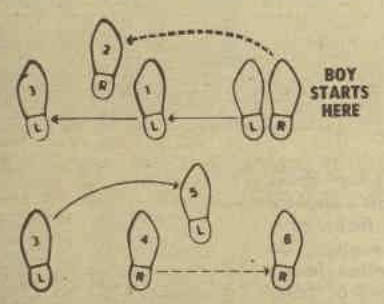
GIRL'S PART

1. Right foot backward and twist hips to left, SLOW.
2. Left foot backward and twist hips to right, QUICK.
3. Right foot backward (small step) and twist hips to left, QUICK.
4. Left foot forward and twist hips to right, SLOW.
5. Right foot forward and twist hips to left, QUICK.
6. Left foot forward (small step) and twist hips to right, QUICK.

DANCING the Bossa Nova are John Monte, director of the Fred Astaire Dance Studios, New York, and Vi Velasco, a Broadway dancer.

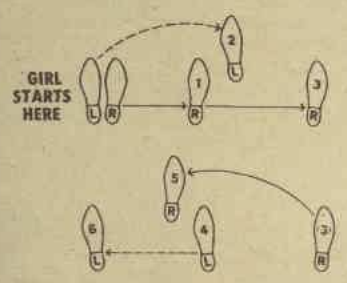


BASIC STEP—Side to side



BOY'S PART

1. Left foot to side and twist hips to right, SLOW.
2. Cross right foot in front of left foot and twist hips to left, QUICK.
3. Left foot to side (small step) and twist hips to right, QUICK.
4. Right foot to side and twist hips to left, SLOW.
5. Cross left foot in front of right foot and twist hips to right, QUICK.
6. Right foot to side (small step) and twist hips to left, QUICK.



GIRL'S PART

1. Right foot to side and twist hips to left, SLOW.
2. Cross left foot in front of right foot and twist hips to right, QUICK.
3. Right foot to side (small step) and twist hips to left, QUICK.
4. Left foot to side and twist hips to right, SLOW.
5. Cross right foot in front of left foot and twist hips to left, QUICK.
6. Left foot to side (small step) and twist hips to right, QUICK.

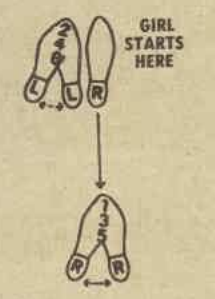
BOSSA NOVA TWIST

BOY'S PART

1. Left foot forward and twist hips to right, SLOW.
2. Keeping feet in place, twist hips to left, QUICK.
3. Keeping feet in place, twist hips to right, QUICK.
4. Transfer weight backward to right foot and twist hips to left, SLOW.
5. Keeping feet in place, twist hips to right, QUICK.
6. Keeping feet in place, twist hips to left, QUICK.

GIRL'S PART

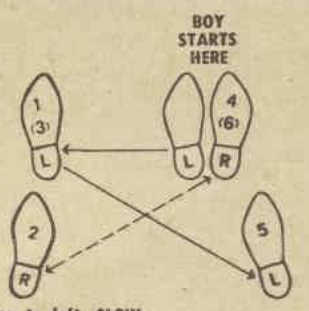
1. Right foot backward and twist hips to left, SLOW.
2. Keeping feet in place, twist hips to right, QUICK.
3. Keeping feet in place, twist hips to left, QUICK.
4. Transfer weight forward to left foot and twist hips to right, SLOW.
5. Keeping feet in place, twist hips to left, QUICK.
6. Keeping feet in place, twist hips to right, QUICK.

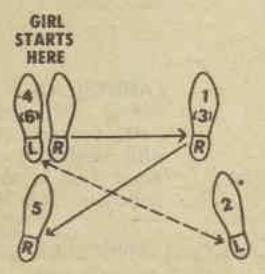


SIDE BREAK

BOY'S PART

1. Left foot to side and twist hips to right, SLOW.
2. Cross right foot behind left foot (ball of foot) and twist hips to left, QUICK.
3. Left foot in place and twist hips to right, QUICK.
4. Right foot to side and twist hips to left, SLOW.
5. Cross left foot behind right foot (ball of foot) and twist hips to right, QUICK.
6. Right foot in place and twist hips to left, QUICK.





GIRL'S PART

1. Right foot to side and twist hips to left, SLOW.
2. Cross left foot behind right foot (ball of foot) and twist hips to right, QUICK.
3. Right foot in place and twist hips to left, QUICK.
4. Left foot to side and twist hips to right, SLOW.
5. Cross right foot behind left foot (ball of foot) and twist hips to left, QUICK.
6. Left foot in place and twist hips to right, QUICK.

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PRETTY LOOK FOR

● *If you want to cut a dash and win the fashio*
wear, here are six easy—and inexpens
from these simple silhouettes, depending on
taking things coolly, or merely conce

STRAPPED sun-dress (above) with slightly belled skirt looks cool, fresh, and young. The fabric is cotton in an abstract print of blue, green, and clover. Sizes 10-16. £9/19/11.

LAUNCH into a radiant evening life in swirl-skirted red chiffon (left). Cinched at the waist and with a self-frill across back, this dress has a slender matching underslip. All sizes £9/19/11.

Fashions from David Jones, Sydney.

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OR HOLIDAYS

fashion stakes for the smartest holiday
expensive—ways to go about it. Just pick your pet
ngon whether you're going to a party,
concerned with doing the town in good style.

BUTCHER-BLUE — ever a summer winner — in a mini-care poplin sheath (above) opposed by a white pique inset with tie at the waist is notable for slender shape. Sizes 10, 12, 14. £7/19/11.

WELCOME wardrobe refresher is the contemporary printed cotton sundress (left) with wide sweep of skirt. The neckband and plunge back are elasticised and there's a built-in bra. Sizes 32-38. £7/19/11.

SHIFT LOOKS (right), both in rayon/cotton with cone skirts. Simplicity is keynote of the yellow outfit with hip-flaps, while the off-white style takes a nifty row of brass and narrow self-tie. Sizes 3-15. £6/19/6 each.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Verbal invitation

"I HAVE been going steady with a girl for 12 months, and her elder sister is having an engagement party early next year. Although I have been asked verbally to go, it seems that they don't think it necessary to send me an invitation through the post. However, my friends tell me I would be a fool to go without a proper invitation. What do you think?"

"Charles," Vic.

Obviously they consider you almost part of the family and that's why they haven't sent you a formal invitation. Don't worry, they're expecting you to be there.

Twin's trick

"I AM 15 and have been going with a boy for ten months. However, I just found out that he has a twin brother who has also been taking me out and pretending that he is the brother I like. I must have been a dill for not realising this impersonation was being carried on. Do you think I should drop him?"

C.W., Qld.

Like a hot potato.

Don't answer

"I AM a girl nearly 13 years of age. A few weeks ago my boy-friend (aged 14) and I parted because my mother made us. I did not see or hear from him for a month, then a few days ago he wrote to me. He thinks I still love him and wants to continue where we left off. What should I do? I want to be free of boy-friends until I am a little older. Is this natural?"

H.T., N.T.

Don't answer his letter, and politely refuse if he asks you to go out with him. At 13 and 14 most girls get all worried by situations like this and are much better off if they forget about boys for a few more years. Then they're older, more mature and relaxed, and going out with boys is fun.

● A few weeks ago we answered a request from a Victorian teenager who was interested in joining the W.R.A.N.S., giving her the address of the Combined Services Recruiting Centre in Melbourne.

Since then the Centre has received applications from all over Australia, and these have had to be channelled to the appropriate States.

If you are interested in joining the Army, Navy, or Air Force, or allied women's forces, write directly to the Deputy-Director of Recruiting, Box XYZ, G.P.O., in the capital city of the State where you live and they will be glad to forward you full particulars.

Mission work

"I HAVE always cherished the idea of working at a girls' reform school or doing missionary work, and now it is time to make up my mind about a career. Can you advise me on the qualifications I would need?"

W.A., N.S.W.

Discuss you ideas with your local minister or priest and he will be able to tell you the fields open to you. A lot can depend on your academic qualifications and also on your physical fitness.

Mostly a dream

"I AM an attractive girl of 16 and don't know if it is love or not, but I feel more attracted to a certain boy than toward any other boy I've met before. You are no doubt expecting to hear that we have been going steady for years, but I have never been out with him. I met him at a party and he took a lot of notice of me, and after that I have seen him at several parties—always with a different girl. He treats me differently to these girls, as though I am something special. It's not because of this that I think I love him, or because he is so handsome, because he's not very attractive at all. There is a club dance in a month's time and I wondered if it would be all right for me to ask him. He does not belong and the girls are all asked to bring a boy from outside the club. If I don't take this chance, I may never see him again. I hope you will not say that I have dreamt it all and to stop thinking about him and go out with other boys. Although I know I have dreamt up most of it, I have not dreamt all of it, and it really would be hard to forget him."

"Lovesick," W.A.

I'm glad you're honest enough to admit that you've dreamt most of your "love" for this boy and I'm sure you'll be sensible enough to consider the facts before you ask him to the dance. He has never asked you out, even though you've met several times, so if you make the first advance you're chasing him.

Just think of the humiliation if you ring him up with the invitation and he doesn't remember who you are — this could happen. You say that if you don't take this chance you may never see him again. Have you considered that he may be asked to the dance by one of the girls he has taken out and you could see him there?

There'll be other parties, too, and more chances of seeing him, never you worry. Honestly, life isn't going to end the day after this dance, and this boy isn't going to be the last you'll be attracted to, either.

Play safe and ask a boy you know to this dance. Asking a stranger rarely, if ever, pays off.

Silent yachtsmen

"WE are two attractive girls of 15. Last September holidays we met two boys who asked us to be their crew in a yachting race. It was very successful and afterwards they took us out to dinner and drove us home. Since then they haven't spoken to us and as we'd like to know them better and see them quite often we wondered if you could suggest a way of approaching them without appearing too forward."

"Ship Ahoy," Vic.

I presume you smile and say hello when you see them. Remember that it's always the girl's place to speak first — no boy is going to speak to a girl who gives him a completely blank stare. Apart from this I think you'd better show that you're interested in sailing and boats — can you join the yacht club as associate members? — at least you can watch the races on the weekends.

Sailing is usually very much a man's world, so don't act all feminine and foolish if they ask you to crew again. They'll want sensible, sporting girls on their boat.

Gloves for bride

"I AM to be married soon and my wedding dress will have short sleeves and I wondered if it is necessary to wear gloves. If so would it be permissible to wear wrist-length instead of elbow-length ones?"

L.D., Vic.

Wrist-length gloves will be perfectly correct with your wedding dress. Actually the wearing of gloves is purely a matter of the bride's taste, and if you decide not to wear them it wouldn't matter at all.

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

A word from Debbie

IS there an old string-bag lying round the house—unwanted, unused, and unloved?

Well, YOU can give it a brand-new home in your wardrobe.

First of all make sure the bag is big enough to hold all your beach accessories.

Then spread the bag out, flat, on a piece of newspaper. Cut a pattern from the paper, leaving an extra ½in. all round for seams.

Choose a material remnant (you'll need about ½yd.) in a vivid color and line the bag, using your paper pattern as a size-guide.

Remember to put the seam inside the bag, turn a neat hem at the top, and attach it firmly to the bag handles (with drawing pins, for example, if they're wooden).

Now decorate the outer string with masses of shells, hand-painted if you like with clear or colored lacquer. Pierce holes in the shells with a red-hot darning needle—but, for goodness' sake, be careful not to burn your fingers!

And there's your new beach-bag. But there's more to come . . .

Buy a plain, cheap straw beach hat in the same shade as the bag lining. It will cost about 15/6. Sew some of the shells to the hat, too.

With any leftover scraps of material make a small pouch for those all-too-easily-lost sunglasses.

It's a good idea to dye an old pair of sandals to match your new accessory set.

And then—you may have chosen red or blue or yellow for your color, but your friends will be green. With envy!

Beauty in brief — PERSONAL NOTE

WHEN it comes to day-long personal freshness a daily bath is hardly enough for most in really warm weather.

It's a pleasant way of cleaning the skin, but not enough protection against all the perspiration which is continuously being produced by the body.

This is where anti-perspirants and deodorants come in. Anti-perspirants seal the pores by astringent action and thus check perspiration; deodorants neutralise odor.

These products come in a variety of forms: liquids, sprays, roll-ons, and creams. They nearly all claim to be both anti-perspirant and deodorant, but in actual use some are only efficient as deodorants.

For underarms, the roll-on type of deodorant does a quick, neat job. For all over, try a spray. Deodorants won't work unless your skin is thoroughly clean and dry. They won't function if soap is left on the skin.

Another important point is — allow enough time for thorough drying after application.

The ideal protection for anyone with a perspiration problem is to use a good liquid anti-perspirant after the morning bath and then to apply a roll-on deodorant during the day, as needed.

There is no need to wash again before each application of deodorant—it does not add to the skin in the same way as make-up.

—*Carolyn Earle*

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LISTEN HERE — *with Ainslie Baker*

Jenny has one name, but many successes

● Since May of this year a sweet-faced, brown-eyed brunette, known simply as Jenny, has made five "Bandstand" appearances, and for these and other singing successes has won herself a high place on the local entertainment scene.

HER TV name is a contraction of her second name, Jennifer, and until a year ago, when she became a full-time singer, she worked in the ledger department of a Sydney bank.

As a 14-year-old schoolgirl in Gosford, N.S.W., Jenny got her start by appearing on the old "Talent Scout" show and worked her way into the finals. She later did some "Youth Shows" and was seen in "In Sydney Tonight."

Though she has been having tuition for only the past three years, Jenny says that she has "been singing all day and all night" ever since she was a baby.

She leans specially toward ballads with a story and feeling, and has a secret ambition to play in a stage musical.

Jenny is 21, and in March next year she will be married to former Gosford boy Peter McAsh, with an all-white wedding in the chapel of Barker College, Sydney.

Peter likes music, plays the piano, and collects records, and Jenny will be keeping on with her singing.

THERE'S every reason for **Kevin Todd** to be wearing a big, happy smile. During a recent rush visit from England, Charles Blackwell, who was responsible for Mike Sarne's hit record "Come Outside," supervised the putting-down of the A side of Kevin's coming H.M.V. single.

It's a Blackwell arrangement, and if Kevin was in anything like the terrific new form he has shown in recent TV appearances he could have his first recorded hit.

NEWS comes from London that **Patsy Ann Noble** has recorded three songs under the direction of musical big-shot Norrie Paramor. Patsy's father, **Buster Noble,** is likely to have his Australian success, "The Pommy Jackeroo," released in England early in the New Year.

Local talent: Second recording by the new **Port Jackson Jazz Band** is a Latin-styled dance hit of the '30s, "The Carioca," jazzed up and with a growly Dick Hughes vocal (H.M.V. 45). Flipside is a perky little piece titled "Oh, What a Doll."

RIVAL Sydney group the **Ray Price Quartet** also has a new jazz single, an old Sidney Bechet number, "The Fishmonger," played with some new ideas and backed by a strictly trad "Sweet Papa Willie" (Coronet).

FOR the first time ever a Nashville composer has written and arranged a number specially for an Australian singer. The singer's **Col Joye,** and the number's "Ring Around My Rosie" (Festival 45)—just the thing for that light, swinging touch that Col does so well.

It could be his biggest hit for a long, long time. For contrast, the flip, a typical Nashville slow ballad with feeling, is "I Crossed My Heart."

SINCE he had a real winner a couple of years ago with "Little Boy Lost," there hasn't been anything much from burly country singer **Johnny Ashcroft.** He could come back, though, with his new Columbia single, a typically Australian humorous number called "The Girl Behind The Bar."

IF you haven't heard the **Tony Gaha Quartet,** get to know them through their romantic instrumental, "Story Of Love" (Coronet 45). They're after a new sound, but aren't tricksy, and there's a ghost-girl voice in the background. They've tuned up the old "Tennessee Waltz" on the other side.

Pops: In the early 'fifties **Frankie Laine's** highly individual vocal style gave him million sellers with "Mule Train" and "Cry Of The Wild Goose." A new LP, "Call Of The Wild" (Coronet), proves that he still knows all about dramatising a song.

I specially liked the eerie "Swamp Girl," "On The Trail" — based on a theme from Grofe's "Grand Canyon Suite," the folk-like "Rolling Stone," and "The Girl In The Wood," with the hint of mystery Frankie plants so well.

IT'S strange to think of the way **Elvis Presley** has come to be generally accepted. Early in his career he was loathed by adults, but now everyone seems to enjoy listening to him. On the R.C.A. EP "Kid Galahad" he sings six songs from his coming film. This is the one in which he plays a boxer.

HE hasn't been in the charts for a while, but "The Best Of **Sam Cooke**" (R.C.A. LP) convinces me that given the right song to sing he could be back there any day.

WORTH HEARING

MOZART: "Don Giovanni"

FOR many music-lovers Mozart's "Don Giovanni" is the greatest of all operas. It would certainly be hard to name another which one could confidently say surpassed it both in its purely musical inspiration and in the apt expression of character and emotion.

It is a fairly long opera, and most record sets of it are therefore relatively expensive. But collectors have an opportunity of getting a famous "Don Giovanni" recording at less than the usual cost through a recent World Record Club reissue.

This recording was made before the war by a first-class cast assembled for one of the seasons at the Glyndebourne Festival Theatre in England, which has made itself celebrated for its polished productions of Mozart. It is conducted by Fritz Busch.

"Don Giovanni," of course, is the old story of Don Juan, the unrepentant rake who is punished for his sins by being dragged down to hell by the statue of the man he murdered. By Mozart's day this had become a hackneyed melodrama and he and his librettist, Da Ponte, set out to treat it as comedy. But Mozart could not help letting the characters express themselves as they truly would in each situation, so that the burlesque often darkens into tragedy.

The earnest 19th century interpreted the opera as a serious moral drama and cut out many passages that did not fit in with this view—such as the cheerful ensemble at the end, where the surviving characters comment on the Don's demise. Today (as in this recording) producers and audiences prefer to have Mozart speak with his own voice, even though it involves the problem of keeping the comic and serious sides of the opera in balance.

—Martin Long

JENNY, who's heading for the big time on Australian television shows for teenagers.

A KEEN PAIR OF HEELS, ETC.

● I see that there's been strife about clothes at the Commonwealth Games in Perth.

FIRST, some male officials complained that their pants were too youthful.

Next, some tracksuits were on the wrong track, according to certain girl athletes.

Then someone complained that New Zealand sprinter Doreen Porter was running, even though she was in good condition, with really short pants.

That, in brief, was the problem.

It's particularly interesting because it points up to the split personality females have about skin-showing.

It's crazy, y'know . . .

Evening dress, for instance, supports my contention (what supports the dress is often less obvious).

Consider it: A girl will have no compunction in showing off her shoulders—and then some.

But legs, no. And not even wrists or elbows. Heavens, no.

Often, there's probably more material used in gloves than in evening-dress tops.

You might say, what's sauce for the goose-pimple isn't too saucy for the gander.

Harking back to the Games, even there can be found conflicting attitudes to maidenly modesty.

It seems to be all right for girl swimmers to wear skimpy suits, but not runners.

The same difference of opinion pops up in other sport, too.

Tennis-playing popsies regularly come under fire for brief attire.

Yet I've never heard anyone suggest that a girl ice-skater should be clothed for the winter.

Perhaps the answer to the problem is to make all girl sports compete in evening dress.

Organisers would have to slightly alter events, of course.

An evening-dressed swimmer would now, naturally, compete in social-butterfly races.

A track lass would tackle the high (fashion) jump.

One sport, however, would have to be completely wiped.

No nice girl in a nice dress wants to go into a dive.

Not at any event.

—Robin Adair

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ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton Herman No. 23. Baroque

Intricate shapes

ALTHOUGH the Baroque style of architecture began in Italy, it reached its fullest flowering in other countries. It spread as far as France, England, and Spain, but it was in Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and Hungary that it reached its climax.

The idea now was not to have buildings as quiet, restful objects in the landscapes but rather to be so excitingly piled up with ornament and wavy lines as to almost seem to be in movement.

There are many hundreds of such buildings throughout middle Europe. For the interiors of these buildings architects, painters, sculptors, woodworkers, ironworkers, and plasterers supplied thousands of minor designs to come together in the main design.

Churches and abbeys, in particular, received this treatment; in some cases old buildings were elaborately remodelled to conform to the Baroque fashion.

At Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, a new abbey was built in 1721 and the architect Kaspar Moosbrugger discarded all previous rules in designing the church. He invented intricate shapes and complicated relationships of space so that all the lines of the interior seem to have a dancing movement.

The groups of ornament provide a series of puzzles to bewilder the eye, and it is frequently difficult to determine which part is building and which is decoration.

Bunches of flowers, leaves, and figures are scattered over the arches, while the pulpit, which is really set on a pier, seems to be a cloud floating in space.

Angels and cherubs flutter about in the decoration so that it is hard to believe all this is solid architecture.

The vaults of the roof are covered with intricate paintings full of color and surrounded by gold and white details.

These paintings are intended to give deep meaning to the festive splendor of the interior and symbolise a chorus of rejoicing, preparing the viewer for the glory of God and Heaven.

NEXT WEEK: Houses of Parliament, London.

EINSIEDELN ABBEY, Switzerland (1721), shows the full flowering of the Baroque style. From "European Architecture in Colour," by R. Furneaux Jordan (Thames and Hudson).

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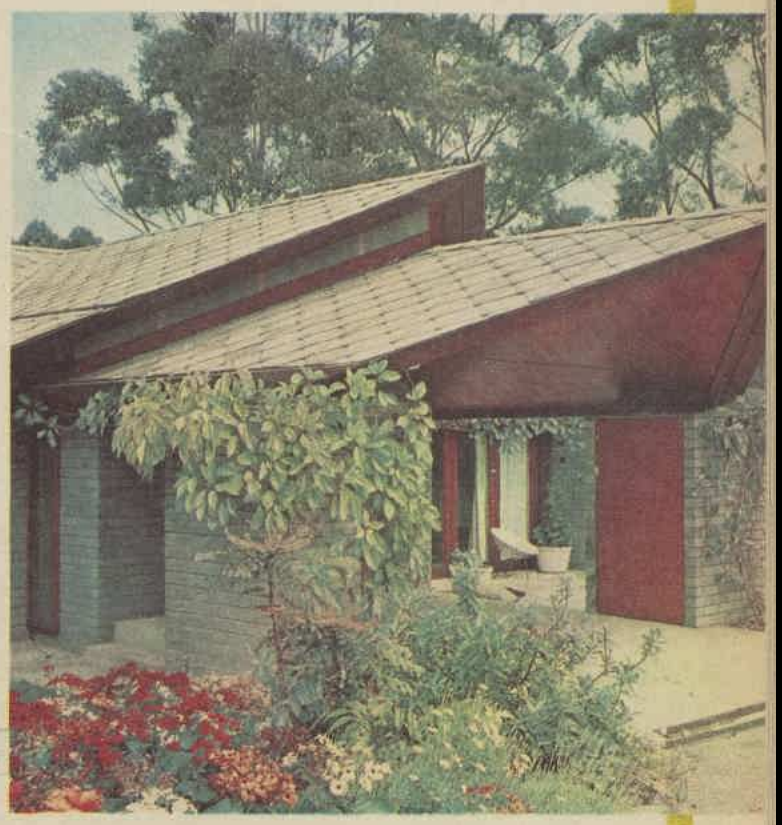
. . . designed with a star-shaped roof



ATTRACTIVE master bedroom (above) has tones of blue and grey blending with wood panel and door. White-painted wrought-iron strip forms unusual bedhead. Bedside table and chair are made in pickle-finished wood.

FIREPLACE is triangular, following shape of roof, and opens into conversation corner behind. Fibreglass panels break up large areas of ceiling and admit light. Heavy columns are relieved by glass doors and comfortable, softly toned furnishings.

CARPORT and entrance (above) are formed by double peak in star-shaped roof. Brick columns are used to store gardening equipment. Rich colored wood adds warmth to stark grey slates and bricks.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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Continuing—PRIVATE LIVES OF THE RICH

from page 47

and 7.30. The debris had to be cleared away and all set in apple-pie order before dinner at 9.30 or 10.

The Duchess liked her house-guests to be served in their bedrooms with a mixture of iced, unsweetened pineapple juice and gin while they were dressing.

She thought of everything for her guests' enjoyment; the trouble was she thought too much, she tried too hard. She worked herself into a frenzy of anxiety.

At dinner I had to see that every glass was kept topped up, especially if it were champagne. Often a guest would indicate that he wanted no more. But the Duchess, not knowing this, would catch my eye and indignantly point to the half-empty glass.

A nervous, anxious hostess, she was so keen to see what was happening at her dinner parties she hardly ate at all herself.

Apart from the pleasure, and excitement, there may have been another reason for the great amount of entertaining undertaken by the Duchess at the Villa La Croe.

Servants are very sensitive to the atmosphere of a household, and I had the feeling that the Duchess was doing her best to fill the void in the Duke's life, to prevent him thinking of the world he had left behind, to help him as much as she could to adapt himself to the conditions of his self-chosen exile.

She was trying to be wife, sweetheart, mother, and nurse rolled into one, in order never to let him mope, never to let him dwell on the recent past.

The Duke always took his breakfast in his dressing-room, and always made his own toast on an electric toaster. "Never tastes the same if you don't," he once told me. Hardly had he spoken than I heard the Duchess' voice from her adjoining bedroom. "David! David! Have you got your breakfast? Bring it here." He picked up his tray and joined her.

Likewise, he was as attentive to her as she was to him.

The Duke always referred to the Duchess as Her Royal Highness. The title of Royal Highness had been given back to the Duke by his brother, George VI, on the Duke's marriage, but the gift had not included his wife, which the Duke naturally resented.

As though in defiance of this, he always emphasised it when speaking of her.

Although it was nearly two years since the Abdication, a mountain of mail arrived for the Duke and Duchess every day. There must have been over 1000 letters a day.

Once, in a waste-paper basket, we found the damaged pieces of a photograph of the present Queen Mother, the Duchess' sister-in-law. Written underneath it was: "Take a good look at this photo. Do you imagine you could possibly have taken the place of this lady?" The photograph had been torn in two.

For most of the time the Duke was charming; then for several days he would be plunged in depression. Once, in this mood, he sent for me. "The Duchess has been complaining about certain windows," he said tersely. "Will you kindly see they are properly cleaned."

Then, almost growling, he added, "You're paid a very high wage here, more than the steward at Buckingham Palace, and I'm determined to have something for it."

I did not point out that the steward at Buckingham Palace was given a house, fuel and light, and every other day off. In nearly three months, my time off only gave me the opportunity to get a haircut.

Only once did I see the Duke lose his temper, the Duchess never. When he did the sparks flew, right, left, and centre. Some 60 guests had just left an early evening party of tea and drinks, and the footmen were clearing up and had packed a big tray with decanters and glasses. As one of the footmen lifted it up unaided (against my orders), the decanters started to slip and crashed on the marble terrace.

The Duke dashed down. All hell broke lose. He was in a towering rage. He started on the offending footman first. Then he sent for me. Didn't I know these decanters were irreplaceable wedding presents? I said the footman had been duly warned, and once again he vented his rage on him.

On the day Britain declared war on Germany, 40 people were invited to dinner. Usually dinner-guests never left the villa until about 3 a.m., but that night all had gone by 11.15, and all very depressed.

Duke plays bagpipes on roof at midnight

The moment the last guest had left, the Duke summoned me to his room. "King, you might put out my kilt, will you?"

His kilt? At near midnight? I was naturally puzzled. Even more so when I saw him take his bagpipes from a cupboard.

After he had changed he took the lift up to the flat roof of the villa, and after a few minutes I could hear him marching up and down letting fly with a mighty "blaw" on the pipes.

It was strange indeed to hear the weird, wild notes of the pipes carrying across the water in the silence of the warm Mediterranean night. An eerie, flaunting challenge to our enemies, I thought — including the Hitler pictures on the wall nearby.

About three-quarters of an hour later, the Duchess, waiting near the lift, spoke to me. "Would you go to His Royal Highness, King. He never knows the time. You might just tell him, will you?"

Up to the roof I went. It was past midnight, and the Duke was still marching around the deck, blowing his pipes for all he was worth, and I felt how happy he was in doing so.

Before speaking to him, I walked to the edge of the roof and nearly fell over the guard-rail at what I saw in the garden below. Senegalese troops in their white burnous! The French had wasted no time in preparing against the chance of an Italian invasion. The next day they had a field-kitchen set up near the villa's swimming-pool.

When I finally gave him the Duchess' message, he said he would be down in a moment. He came in about a quarter of an hour. The following night he again asked me to put out his kilt and again he went up to the roof with his bagpipes.

The morning after war was declared, the Duke's valet and chauffeur, being Austrians, had to leave the country.

The Duke told me they would soon be closing the villa. "I shall be going to England almost immediately," he said. "I must do something. I hope I may get back in the Army. If possible, in the Northern Command."

One morning, a few days later, while he was dressing, he suddenly said to me, "I seem to have become very thin."

"I expect it's caused by all the hard work you do in the garden in the hot sunshine, your Royal Highness," I suggested.

"It's not that, King," he replied. "It's the worry of this war. I never would have believed that that man meant war. I still can't believe it now."

Not long before it became a certainty, Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, then Minister of War, and Mr. Harold Balfour, Under-Secretary of State for Air, were both staying with the Duke and Duchess at La Croe.

They were recalled from their holiday by the Government, and both made almost identically the same remark on leaving the Duke. "Goodbye, sir, and thank you very much, and I think you can rest assured it doesn't mean war."

Three weeks after war broke out the lovely villa was virtually empty and abandoned.

The Duke and Duchess, their three dogs, and Major "Fruity" Metcalfe, for long a friend and former equerry of the Duke's, travelled north by car. The English members of the staff had left earlier by train. We were to rejoin them at Lady Alexandra Metcalfe's home, Hartfield House, in Sussex.

It is well known what a methodical person the Duke of Windsor is. On his arrival at Hartfield House he had a book, an inch thick, containing an inventory of all his belongings, where they were, and giving the contents of each trunk, suitcase, and packing-case.

It was a most efficient ready-reference, for each package was numbered and the contents listed. All I had to do was to go to Windsor Castle and give the steward the Duke's list of what he wanted.

As he thought he might be going north a number of plaids and tartans were asked for, also several Sam Brownes, brown boots, and suede shoes.

The suede shoes had never been properly cleaned, that is to say washed first with a bristle brush, the cleaning mixture applied, then the shoes allowed to dry, and finally brushed again. Accordingly, I set to.

Two days after the Duke arrived in England he told me has was going to Buckingham Palace to see the King next day. "I'll wear a dark suit, a bowler hat, and black shoes. I needn't tell you, King, I want to be very smart."

While he was in London seeing the King and the Secretary for War, all he had requested from Windsor Castle arrived, and I set to work getting it in order.

Just as well, for the Duke inquired of it on his return, and said, "I'm going to London again in a day or two and I shall wear khaki."

When cleaning the suede shoes I used a trick I'd learned in America. With a fine brush and some home-made varnish, I added a glossy finish to the welt.

The evening before he returned to London, the Duke spotted the newly cleaned suede shoes. "I've never seen anything like that before," he said. "How did you manage to get the polish on the welt and keep it off the suede?" I had to confess it was varnish. Out came the Duke's pocketbook and he at once made a note of how it was done for future reference.

The following morning, as he was wearing khaki, I repolished a pair of brown boots. When he saw them he at once exclaimed, "I'm not wearing those, give me the suede shoes you cleaned."

I was shaken! Suede shoes worn with uniform! Suede shoes worn with a leather Sam Browne! Never before had I seen a Guards officer do so. I, a former officer's servant in the Irish Guards, was shocked to the core. It was as incongruous to me as though he were to set out wearing uniform and felt slippers.

New fashions, and a new way to put on trousers

Well, what happened? The Duke of Windsor was photographed entering the War Office and the next day's papers were full of the pictures. The suede shoes were hailed as a smart innovation!

For the rest of the war I kept my eyes skinned to see if this new style in military footwear spread. It seemed to me that every sixth officer had taken to wearing suede with his uniform, but never, so far as I saw, another Guards officer.

The Duke, of course, had always been a rule to himself in the matter of dress — his Windsor tie, his cut-away white evening waistcoats, his full trousers, his baggy plus-fours.

Even the material of some of his evening suits had a bold self-striped pattern and the jacket of his pyjamas was always of one color and the trousers of another.

He even had a somewhat unique way of donning his trousers. Normally a valet will just hand his employer his trousers, and that is that. The Duke liked me to hand them to him, with the legs folded up to the waist. He would take the waistband and I held each trouser-leg by the knee and hem until each leg was through. The reason for this was that he hated the bottoms of his trousers to touch the floor and pick up any dirt.

After his visit to the War Office, he told me he hoped to be reinstated in the Army with the rank of Major-General, and he again referred to the possibility of being sent to the Northern Command.

One day the Duke and Duchess slipped over to Fort Belvedere, his favorite home when he was Prince of Wales. Did this mean that the war had brought about a Royal reconciliation?

But no. On his next return from London and the War Office he looked rather crestfallen. "They want me to join the British Military Mission to the French General Headquarters," he told me. "I have to be out of the country in 48 hours.

"I would very much like you to accompany me, but you are a civilian and I can't take a civilian with me to the French Army. I'm sure you wouldn't mind joining up again."

I had no wish to return to the Army or to go to France. From the little I had seen there on the way back from the Riviera I had small faith in France's future.

So I spoke frankly. "I am sorry, your Royal Highness," I said, "but I do not want to rejoin the Army. For one thing I don't think they'd pass me as fit. I'm over 50, and if the Army wants me they'll have to send for me this time."

The Duke seemed vexed and hurt. He gave me an angry look, and from that moment until he left for France he hardly spoke to me again.

With my first service to the Royals over, I decided to try to return to the service of the rich — the very, very rich.

I had worked earlier for Mr. Philip Hill when he had rented Sunninghill Park for six months. Later he had bought it and had been living there for the past two years. So I applied to him.

"Ah, King," he said when I called, "I'm glad to see you. I've always wanted you to work for me again. I find there's too much whistling and shouting among the staff, too little discipline."

I suppose the name of Philip Hill is unknown today, though it is still a mighty power in banking and finance under the name of Philip Hill, Higginson, Erlangers Limited, controlling or dealing with nearly 100 companies, many of which Philip Hill founded. He left £3,000,000 when he died.

He held large parts of the patent medicine business of Britain in the palm of one hand. Names that are household words—Maclean's toothpaste, Beecham's pills, Eno's fruit salts—these and many more he gathered in a vast combine, as well as a chain of chemist's shops in which to sell them!

It was an extraordinary coincidence for me that when I joined him Mr. Hill was living at Sunninghill Park, where I had spent some of the happiest years of my life with Captain and Mrs. Alastair Mackintosh.

Mr. Hill bought it for £148,000, and he spent another £250,000 on it.

He built a 10ft.-high brick wall to surround the kitchen and fruit garden of six acres, and glasshouses for nectarines and peaches.

Peaches and carnations must have cost £40 each

One conservatory was devoted to carnations. Each week he took a dozen—claret-red—to London so that he could have a fresh one to wear by day and one by night.

Considering the vast amount he spent and the short time he had it, each peach and nectarine he ate — almost each carnation he wore—must have cost him £40 a piece.

Most people liked Mr. Hill. Behind the big, silver-haired, fresh-complexioned financier —he weighed 18 stone—there was a mixture of toughness, shrewdness, generosity, and kindness. He looked a little like a former prize-fighter.

I remember once his saying to his wife, "Poosie, if you want to live, don't bother with domestic matters; we pay trained servants to do a job in order that we don't have to do it ourselves.

"Interfere, and you just pour sand in the works, you have trouble. If our servants are not efficient, then we get rid of them."

I would take the morning papers into his bedroom punctually at seven, but it was only "The Financial Times" he wanted to read. His bed and the floor around would be littered with sheets of paper on which he had scribbled notes and figures.

WEARING suede shoes with his uniform, the Duke shocked Ernest King, but set a new fashion.

Between 3 a.m. and 7 a.m. he had done almost a day's work.

He read only thrillers, 15 or 16 a week. A double subscription to the Times Book Club was insufficient to keep him supplied, and I had to chase around to bookshops, trying to find some he hadn't read.

When finished, he'd hand them to me. "Snaffle 'em before Mrs. Hill gets 'em for Bob Mountain," he'd say. Sir Edward Mountain, founder and chairman of the Eagle Star Insurance Company and a multimillionaire, was delighted to buy the thrillers from her for a shilling each.

He never spoke to me of his early life. I have only been told that he was the son of a cattle auctioneer, born in Torquay, and that he started work with a firm of estate agents.

He had four wives. The first died and the second he divorced.

He then married the former wife of Lord Graves—"Tommy" Graves, the bookmaker. This marriage also ended, and in 1934 he married again, and this was the Mrs. Hill I knew. She had been a dance-hostess at a club quite famous in the 'twenties run by Mrs. Kate Meyrick, the widow of a doctor.

Mr. Hill can take some credit for building some of the aircraft which saved our country in 1940. He had merged the companies which became the Hawker Siddeley group that embarked in 1936 on the construction of 1000 Hurricanes.

He was largely responsible for making Sir Thomas Sopwith chairman of the combined companies. "And yet you know," he said, "Tommy used to be scared stiff of a shareholders' meeting. He wouldn't sleep for days beforehand. It wasn't the speech that worried him, but the questions that were likely to follow."

Twice, it will be remembered, Sir Thomas Sopwith tried to win the America's Cup with his two yachts, the Endeavours.

On the second one the steel mast broke. "He was so downcast about this I gave him a new one which cost me £15,000," Mr. Hill told me. "And d'you know what

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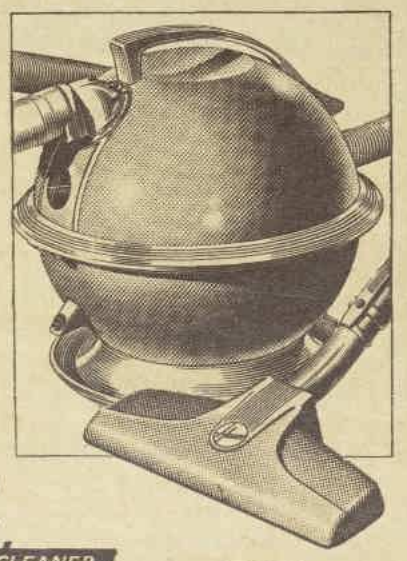

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Continuing— PRIVATE LIVES OF THE RICH

from page 50

he gave me for a present next Christmas? A Stilton cheese."

In 1942 the Air Ministry requisitioned Sunninghill Park for the American Air Force, and Mr. Hill bought Windlesham Moor, where five years later I was to serve Princess Elizabeth.

Like Sunninghill, it was alongside Ascot Racecourse. It was designed by the late Sir Edwyn Lutyens, with white walls, a steeply sloping roof, and five tall, rectangular chimneys.

Surrounded by some 60 acres of fir, grassland, gardens of rhododendrons, azaleas, and roses, small lakes and grottoes, it also had a miniature golf course.

When his valet was called up, he asked me to add his duties to my own, and one of the first was to valet and load for him when he was invited by Lord Fitzwilliam to stay at Wentworth Woodhouse to shoot grouse over the Yorkshire moors.

At the first five stands Mr. Hill never shot a bird. At the next it so happened that we were out of view of the other guns.

Looking around and seeing we were alone, he said to me, "I must be a damned bad shot, King. You shoot, don't you? I wish you'd have a crack and see what you can do." I managed to get a brace and a half, so he was able to join the others not empty-handed.

One curious custom Mr. Hill had was that of never sleeping in his pyjamas. Every night I would duly lay them out with his dressing-gown and slippers. The pyjamas were always ignored. No matter what shirt and vest he was wearing, he would always sleep in these. Only when he woke did he take off shirt and vest and put on his pyjamas and dressing-gown.

Why, having at least 60 pairs of pyjamas of the finest quality, should he always prefer to sleep in his vest and shirt? Having once been a trooper in the Army with only two shirts, one off and one on, I presumed that the early habit had stuck.

Six months before clothes rationing started, Mr. Hill knew it was on the way. "I'd like you to order a few suits for me," he said, "and what about shirts?"

I went to Izod's and ordered five dozen silk shirts, white and colored. I also ordered two dozen specially made heavy silk underwear at 11 guineas each for vest and pants—about £1000 worth in all.

He left everything to me. What I put out he wore. Suits, shirts, ties, I had to make the selection. "You blinkin' well dress me," he'd say. "It's part of your job."

Periodically he would pull out a drawer-full of some hundred ties and say, "I'm tired of these. Order me some more."

For dinner he always changed into the most immaculate blue vicuna suits that pre-war cost £80 each. They were so soft and fleecy the knees had to be lined to retain their shape.

For his evening shirts he had exquisite black pearl studs and rose-diamond cuff links, but he always said to me he regarded them as unnecessary trimmings and more as an investment against a rainy day. "My baubles," he called them.

He had a very valuable collection of Faberge boxes of gold and jewelled enamel, made by the Russian Court jeweller. Filled with cigarettes, one was always placed beside each guest at lunch and dinner. He had 50 of them, some valued at as much as £7000 each.

After the fall of France he became worried over the wine situation, and ordered 100 dozen of brandy and 100 dozen of champagne.

He drank little of this himself, and was buying simply to entertain his guests. The bulk of that brandy was still in the cellars at the end of the war.

Unknown to me, he had five 18-gallon casks of whisky which he had bought some years before. It must have matured for seven years before he purchased it, and he must have kept it for a further ten.

PHILIP HILL, who on his death-bed sold Sunninghill Park to King George VI.

Finally, he asked me to tap one of the casks. I found that all the metal bands round the casks were loose because the casks were lying flat instead of upright. All the casks were undrinkable.

As with his wine, so with his cigars. Mr. Hill bought them mostly for his guests. He liked them on the green side and we kept them in a special cedarwood cupboard against a north wall with a 20-watt lamp burning all the time.

He had as many as £11,000 worth in his house, but he only smoked three a day himself, one after lunch, one after tea, one after dinner.

Once, after lunch, not feeling well, he went to bed — in a flannel shirt. Like many a rich man he was a surprisingly untidy feeder, so after three days and nights in the same shirt you can imagine what it looked like.

On the third day he told me to summon his doctors. Half an hour before they were to arrive I went into his room and took out a suit of pyjamas.

"What are you doing that for?" he asked.

"To make you tidy before the doctors come," I explained.

"I'm not changing anything," he said.

"But your shirt, sir, it needs changing," I gently argued.

"I'm not changing," he repeated. "It's too much effort. Besides, what difference will it make? I'll still be Philip Hill."

Apart from his private doctor he had four specialists and a nursing sister always at his beck and call. He paid them munificently. "Like that, King," he said, "they'll know I'm worth more to them alive than dead. They'll come when I want them."

He preferred his doctors to arrive together, examine him, then go into conference, but on one occasion they came and left, one by one, which didn't please him. They were all planning to leave London for a long weekend.

Finally, the last one arrived, and after showing him in I heard him say, "Oh, Mr. Hill, you're looking very well. I doubt whether there is anything I can do."

After he left, Mr. Hill said irritably. "And when he told me I was going on so well and there was nothing he could do for me, I could have cut his blasted throat from ear to ear."

What riled him was the thought of their all going away. Instant — constant — press-button service was what he demanded for the price he paid.

After Mrs. Hill became chairman of the Red Cross Jewel Committee, Princess Beatrice presented some jewellery given to her by her mother, Queen Victoria. When Mrs. Hill discovered this she discussed with her husband the advisability of putting a reserve price on the jewels. In fact, he bought them and gave them to the Queen for the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret.

The Royal family usually accept presents only from close friends or public bodies, but a reply accepting them came from the Queen herself. "Dear Mr. Hill," it said, "I have great pleasure in accepting Princess Beatrice's former jewels for the two Princesses."

I expect someone will be saying, "What impertinence! Reading private letters! How typical of a servant!" I couldn't help reading the letter. Every weekend it was left prominently about where guests would be certain to see it.

Mr. Hill died in August, 1944, at the age of 71.

For some time negotiations had been on foot for the purchase of Sunninghill Park by King George VI. For the whole estate he was asking £120,000, which was quite a bargain-basement deal for the King.

On that last morning of Mr. Hill's life the purchase price had been agreed, and Sunninghill Park was about to become Royal property. While the two nursing sisters had their breakfast I sat with him.

He opened his eyes and they had a remote, glassy look. "Sunninghill Park, has it gone through?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I answered, "the deal was completed yesterday."

"Good," he said faintly, and closed his eyes. It was the last time he spoke.

When I left Windlesham Moor I thought it would be for ever. I little realised I should return, and that my employer would be a future Queen of England.

(Copyright Ernest King, 1962)

NEXT WEEK: Serving Royalty—the King of Greece, and Princess Elizabeth.

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HONG KONG vacation

A pretty girl in cheongsam. A waiting rickshaw. A familiar sight. Yet different. An adventure. A vacation in Hong Kong. This typical simple street scene means much to the tourist. It means Hong Kong. Hong Kong is a mixture of races, of paces, of feelings, of actions and of worlds. Gateway to the Orient, it is the only city in the world where East *truly* meets West, there is a complete co-existence of the old and the new, and the mysticism of the Orient comes face to face with the realities of the West.

It is 398¼ square miles of contrast, of British rule and Asian people, of glorious panoramic views and crowded streets. Numerous day and night tours fill the tourist's agenda from the time he or she disembarks until that touching moment of farewell.

And in between the time spent touring the sights there are so many shops to visit. Being a tax free port Hong Kong can offer you a wide range of goods often at cheaper prices than in the country of their origin. For the adventurous gourmet, Hong Kong offers delights of the palate beyond expectation. Over and above specialities such as Peking duck, the most tender sweet and sour pork in the world and Hong Kong's famous seafood (the unique Aberdeen floating restaurants are a must), one has a choice of Japanese, Russian, French, Portuguese and many other types of food. NB. Fresh oysters, meat and vegetables are flown in from Australia four times weekly.

The Chinese love festivals and many are held, in every season, throughout the year. At these times the streets, especially at night, are festooned with brightly lit lanterns, busy with people, and noisy with firecrackers. And of course almost every festival has its dragon dance. All are steeped in tradition, from the solemn Tin Hau celebrations to the more joyous moon or harvest festival.

Hong Kong, which extends from the actual island itself through Kowloon to the New Territories, will provide a fascinating study for the tourist. And for the sports-minded, there are golf, tennis and swimming with an occasional surf rolling onto the brilliant white sands of Big Wave Bay, only half an hour's drive from Hong Kong.

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possible. "Josh is right. It helps if you can look forward to something. Let's ask Bertie the next time we go in to say hallo."

But the next day Bertie was worse, and some days went by before we were allowed to see him again.

It was strange what a difference knowing about him made. We older children took to congregating on the stairs each morning waiting to find out how Bertie was. We started noticing how the delicacies, which once we had so unworthily craved, remained almost untouched upon his plate, and the atmosphere of strain and unease which pervaded the whole household lay over us like a pall, affecting our appetites and taking the zest from our normal activities.

Mama noticed our peaked looks.

"I'm sorry you are being neglected, darlings," she said. "But you can all help by being quiet and doing things for yourselves this year. You can help Bessie with the puddings and you shall be responsible for the decorations, including the tree."

But even this symbol of near-grown-up status did not help. Even when David was given the key to the high cupboard where the Christmas-tree ornaments were kept, it was not the same. The magic was gone from the pretty shimmering stars, the fragile bells and glittering tinsel.

ONE day when I was pacing the landing upstairs waiting to waylay Mama, I heard Aunt Kate, who was dusting in one of the bedrooms, say to Bessie with a sigh, "If only we could rouse him, Bessie!" And Bessie said firmly, "We must always hope for a miracle, Ma'am."

"What did I tell you!" Josh said triumphantly, when I confided this information to the others. "A miracle is only getting what you need, exactly when you need it. Think of the water into wine. Think of the loaves and fishes."

Our hearts lightened at his comforting words, and sure enough in a few days Bertie was feeling better again and asking to see us. It was not, however, until about a week before Christmas that we managed to find out exactly what he needed most.

Father was at church. Mama was resting, and, as Bessie had gone home for the evening, Aunt Kate left Josh, Thomas, David, and me alone with Bertie while she bathed the younger children and put them to bed. It was David who put the question first, but almost at once we all broke in excitedly.

"Ask anything you want. Whatever it is — and you shall have it," Josh declared boldly.

"Yes! Anything at all," Thomas and I echoed gravely.

Now Aunt Kate had been reading to Bertie the Christmas story about Joseph and Mary coming to Bethlehem to be taxed. It was his favorite story and perhaps something in the familiar and well-loved image of Mary riding upon the ass pleased his sick fancy and influenced his thoughts. Certainly there was no hesitation whatsoever about his reply.

"A horse, of course! That's what I want." He raised himself on his pillow and stared fixedly at David with big, brilliant eyes.

"Can't you see a horse is exactly what I need?"

Even David was taken aback. "But, Bertie," he said uncertainly, "you already have two horses; a rocking-horse and a horse and cart."

"They're not horses," Bertie

Continuing . . .

THE SPECIAL MIRACLE

from page 27

said scornfully. "I mean a real horse. Like Daisy." He turned his eyes reproachfully on David. "You don't know how lonely I get without Daisy. I'll get better if you bring a real live horse to see me. I know I will."

David went quite white and I could hear Josh suck in his breath and Thomas breathe heavily down his nose.

"Promise!" said Bertie. He leaned forward weakly. "Oh, David — I so need to see a horse!"

David swallowed. "All right!" he said huskily.

"For me to touch? Here in this very room?"

"Yes — in this room."

"And can I feed it sugar? Promise, David!"

"Yes," said David firmly. "You can feed it sugar."

He looked stern, I thought, and resolute. Almost grown-up. Bertie's smile was radiant.

"Oh, thank you, David!" He sank back on his pillows. "I shall be waiting," he said, beaming with satisfaction.

We thought he looked splendid, laughing and talking in his old way. "You see, he's better already just thinking about his horse," Josh whispered. But Aunt Kate, who bustled in at that moment, shooed us out at once and said we were over-exciting him.

We were much affected by his remembering Daisy, for Daisy had been sold more than a year before and it seemed almost miraculous that Bertie, who even now was barely seven, should so clearly and lovingly remember what we ourselves, although much older, for months now had scarcely given a thought to.

"He always loved Daisy the best," Thomas mumbled gruffly to me.

A little awed, therefore, by this touching instance of fidelity, we retired, dazed and somewhat chastened in spirit, to the schoolroom to talk things over. We'd found out what he wanted. Now all we had to do was to get it. We'd still almost an hour before bed-time: Thomas, Josh, and David got out their money-boxes and emptied them on to the table.

David was the most affluent. He'd wanted new skates for over a year and if you want something really important it's easier to sublimate all lesser desires to the one controlling passion. Now, solemnly, he counted out two half-crowns, three florins, five shillings and sixpence, writing down these amounts carefully in an old copy-book.

Josh, too, was rich, for he was careful with his money. His glittering heaps of small silver coins amounted to thirteen shillings and sixpence altogether. Even Thomas, with a red, important face, produced a five-shilling piece which he'd been given on his birthday, a florin, a sixpence, and three threepenny-bits.

Then the boys turned and looked expectantly at me. But I had never been able to hold on to my money long enough to justify owning a real money-box. Any small sums I managed not to squander I placed in the pretty work-basket where I kept my precious things.

Reluctantly now I drew from its quilted satin depths one small embroidered mat; a cluster of yellow silk bobbles I had begged from Aunt Kate; five pennies, still shiny and new-looking; a sixpence which had come out of the Christmas pudding last year (Father had really got the sixpence, but he'd slipped it on to my plate when nobody was looking); a thimble; three curlews' feathers, delicate as thistledown; and, my most precious thing, a thrush's egg wrapped in cotton-wool and kept for safety in an empty matchbox.

Ashamed, I added the pennies and the sixpence to the pile. The boys stared at me accusingly, but, observing my scarlet cheeks, for once forbore comment. With a sigh David turned to the special compartment in his money-box and withdrew the golden sovereign, carefully wrapped in tissue-paper, which Uncle Thomas had given him on his twelfth birthday. He unwrapped this now in silence, looked at it earnestly, breathed on it, polished it on his sleeve, then laid it reverently on the table among the other coins.

Fired by this sacrifice to yet further abnegation, Josh pulled out from his pocket a halfpenny, a piece of string, a two-bladed knife with one blade broken, and three glass marbles. Thomas, breathing heavily, produced a broken silver watch (his dearest possession), two plain marbles, and three shimmering ball-bearings which, he had found one day when Bessie was cleaning out the boot cupboard.

"Who's the emergency?"

But even counting everything, we knew we hadn't enough to buy a horse. We stared in silence at this sum total of our wealth and then Josh had an idea.

"If we can't buy a horse we'll just have to borrow one. That's all," he said practically. "Bertie didn't ask us to buy a horse; he only asked to see one, remember. If we just get a horse to visit him it should be enough, I think."

David's brow cleared. "Of course, Josh! The question is, whose?"

"Oh, God," I prayed frantically with my eyes wide open, "don't let them think of Rafferty's horse. Please, please God!"

But, of course, it was Rafferty's horse they thought of, immediately and all together.

Rafferty lived barely half a mile from us in a tumbledown old shack which he shared with a horse as grey and bent as himself and a few sad-looking hens. We, ourselves, were his only near neighbors, for the village lay in the opposite direction. Should Rafferty's horse be commandeered, no prying eyes would observe us as we went about our perilous task.

"Isn't it wrong — stealing other people's horses," I breathed.

"It isn't stealing when we intend to give it back again as quickly as possible. Besides I intend to pay him well for the loan of the horse, even though he knows nothing about it," said David judiciously. But Josh, who knew my secret heart, said, "It's a pity you are not more brave, Charlotte. You really are the most awful little coward!"

I hung my head. "I know," I whispered humbly. "I do try — but I'm so afraid of Rafferty."

Even at the thought of Rafferty my stomach turned over and my scalp prickled with fright. Indeed he was more to be feared than the Devil himself, for against the Devil and all his works the Holy Angels would guard you, but against old Rafferty there was no protection that I knew of, except to run as fast as you could.

He was a small man but devilish when the drink was in him. He made a precarious living hawking vegetables and fruit about the countryside and he got wildly drunk every Saturday night and spent the whole of Sunday sleeping it off. We would hear him regularly as he passed the house, roaring and singing on the way to his shack.

If he'd been drinking whisky, he sang "Sweet Genevieve," in a wavering falsetto, but if he'd been drinking brandy, he sang hymns with sad, wailing tunes. Next Saturday, being Christmas Eve, would surely be one of his brandy nights.

"It will be all right," said Thomas, seeing my white cheeks. "He'll be so drunk on Christmas Eve he won't notice, not if you up and jumped on him — you'll see."

"I wouldn't ask you to go, Charlotte," said David kindly, "but we do rather need you to carry one of the lanterns."

"Of course I'll come," I said. I felt secretly rather proud at being singled out by David for so important a task as lantern-carrying.

Next day it was snowing and Father would not let us leave the house. By next morning, the snow was almost as high as the hedges and higher yet where the wind had drifted it. The snow-ploughs were out day and night, and Jed told us that the canal was frozen for miles at a stretch, and that in some places people were skating to work. David helped Father to dig paths to the stables and outbuildings and then as far as the gate, but apart from this we were left very much to ourselves.

Father was busier than ever with a great sprawling parish to look after and all the extra services, and sermons to be preached. Besides, there was a lot of sickness about that winter and, since we had sold Daisy, he had to do most of his visiting on foot. Mama and Aunt Kate were, of course, preoccupied with Bertie, and Bessie, who took charge of the younger children, was far too busy to worry about us.

This meant that we were able to plan everything in comfort in the schoolroom with little fear of being overheard. Miriam, who was not yet four and cared only for her dolls, was content to stay with Bessie in the kitchen; but Eddie, now rising six, gave us anxious moments by showing a persistent and embarrassing interest in our affairs.

"Eddie, you are not to listen. You are too young!" I said severely, when, for the third time one morning we had dragged him out from under the table where he was pretending to be a train.

"It's a secret—for Bertie!" I added more kindly, "and you know perfectly well you are *not to* be trusted! You would only go blurting it out to Mama."

BUT, in spite of these minor setbacks, our plans began to take definite shape and the difficulties which had at first seemed insurmountable were smoothed rapidly away.

The success of the whole operation depended on our being able to carry it out in secrecy. Grown-ups, we knew instinctively, would never understand how Bertie needed to see that horse.

We were to pretend to go to bed as usual on Christmas Eve, but in reality we'd lie awake fully clothed, except for our boots. Immediately we heard the front door close on our parents, going off to Midnight Service, we were to rise quietly (Aunt Kate would be safe in the nursery at the other end of the house), steal noiselessly outside to the loft, and there assume our disguise with all speed.

We had decided, after some deliberation, that disguise was essential; for, as Josh had reminded us, though it was unlikely that anyone but ourselves would be abroad at that hour, it was important that, if we were observed, we should go unrecognised.

This would give us plenty of time to steal quietly to Rafferty's shack, appropriate his horse and get it up to Bertie's room while our parents were still in church. With reasonable luck we might even have the horse outside again before they knew anything about it.

As soon as the bitter weather gave over and we were allowed to go out, we spent the time marching up and down the lane as far as Rafferty's and back again, practising until we could do it there and back again in fifteen minutes easily.

The question of our disguise was a subject of much heart-burning. David, on whom the responsibilities of leadership were beginning to weigh heavily, laid down strict rules.

"Remember," he said, giving me a severe look, "this is not play-acting! We want no outlandish hats. No feather boas. You must all assume a sensible disguise."

So in the end we gathered together in the loft an assortment of suitable garments, with plenty of mufflers, worn-out jerseys and old socks — the socks to be worn over our boots to help us keep our footing on the icy roads and also so that we should make no sound. The question of socks for the horse worried us until David thought of Father's fishing socks. Rafferty's horse was small. Father's feet must surely be at least as big as the horse's. Thankfully we provided two of his thickest pairs.

During all this time I myself remained persistently troubled as to how we were to get the horse upstairs. "I never heard of a horse walking upstairs," I said doubtfully to the others. "I can't imagine it somehow."

"Dogs go upstairs, why not horses?" declared Thomas.

And David said, "Oh yes, it was frequently done in history books and also at famous riding schools where horses could dance as well as mount steps." And Josh said, why, walking upstairs was nothing to a trained horse. Think of circuses.

But Rafferty's horse had not, as far as I knew, had the benefit of such specialised training, so that, in spite of these assurances, the problem of getting him upstairs worried me to the end.

. . . .

Christmas Eve dawned cold and bright. We passed the day in a fever of impatience waiting for night to fall, and, had the grown-ups been less preoccupied, they must have noticed the air of tension and suppressed excitement which began to build up in us.

Evening came at last. We said goodnight to Bertie — all smiles, whispered secrets and meaning looks — and promised Father to be good. Mama kissed us goodnight, bade us say our prayers and reminded us to go to bed at eight.

"I shall pray for Rafferty to get very drunk tonight," Thomas confided as we ran down the passage to the schoolroom; but I was so shocked at the wickedness of such a prayer that I threatened to tell David.

"All right then," said Thomas giving me a dark look, "I won't pray. But I warn you, Charlotte, I shall think about it!" he added unrepentantly.

But though Thomas might remain unimpressed by the finer points of ethics, I myself had been wondering all day whether it was correct or not to pray about horse-borrowing, and was still doubtful as to the seemliness of asking God to be associated with so dubious an enterprise. I took the problem to Josh.

"Of course you can ask," he said firmly. "It says, 'Ask and it shall be given,' doesn't it? Father has preached about it often enough."

Coming from Josh, who was to enter the Church himself one day, these words bore a heartening conviction, and from then on Josh became our undisputed authority on all questions of dialectic.

Miriam was fast asleep when I got upstairs, her stocking hanging hopefully at the foot of the bed. Lucky Miriam, I thought as I knelt to say my prayers — sleeping the sleep of the young and carefree without any of the responsibilities that pressed so heavily on her brothers and sister.

I was not good at prayers. The little worldly thoughts crept so easily in to ruin my devotions. But tonight even Josh could not have matched my ardor as, after all the usual prayers, I added fervently — "Forgive all our trespasses and please help us to get the horse upstairs!"

Having thus prayed for the remission of our sins before they were committed, I now felt able to set about the rest of my preparations. My Sunday clothes, all ready for Christmas, were lying over a chair. I undressed quickly and then put on my best flannel

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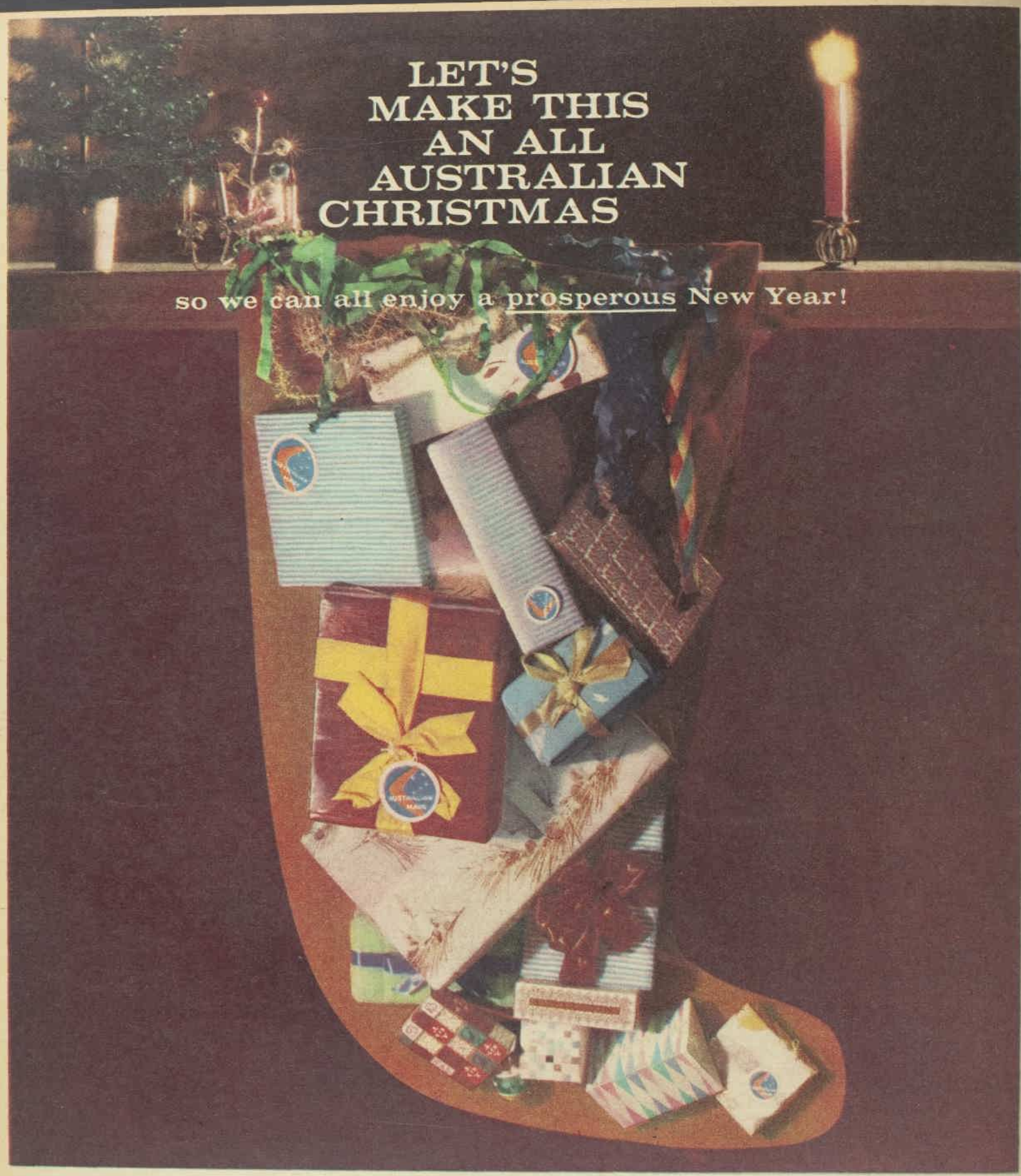

The glitter of tinsel ribbon, the gay and colourful stocking, the wonderful look in the eyes of a child . . . the joy in the *meaning* of Christmas. Let's make this Christmas the best there has been—let's make it an all-Australian Christmas by choosing gifts that are Australian-made. Never before has there been such a wealth of good things carrying the Australian-made label, nor such value for your money. Money spent on Australian goods helps to maintain our Australian way of life, too. It creates jobs for other Australians. It ensures a safe, secure future for our children. It works its way back to us in those precious little wage packets! This Christmas, think twice before you choose. Look for quality and value in goods that bear the Australian-made label before you buy. Then we all have an opportunity to enjoy a prosperous New Year! *Remember . . . the wise Australian buys Australian.*

AUSTRALIAN MADE

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Continuing . . .

THE SPECIAL MIRACLE

from page 55

petticoat with the silk embroidery, and my cerise bows.

It was difficult getting dressed again in the dark, but I was ready at last. David had promised to escort me to the loft, where Josh and Thomas were to join us, but I was so afraid he would leave me if I kept him waiting that I was already at the door with my boots on when he crept down the passage to tell me it was time. Thomas joined us on the landing and we stole quietly down the back stairs and reached the loft without mishap.

We were all three busily dragging the socks on over our boots when Josh appeared out of the darkness, a smaller shadow pressing close behind. "He would come!" said Josh laconically. He stepped aside and the shadow resolved itself into Eddie, his wistful flower-face hopefully upturned.

"He would come," Josh repeated. "He knows all about it. He got Bertie to tell him one afternoon when we weren't there!"

WE stared at Eddie appalled. Such duplicity in one so young shocked us to the core and was a serious setback to our plans. Still, to leave him behind now was to invite disaster.

"All right," said David sternly, "you can come this time. Only remember, whatever happens, make no outcry! If you so much as squeak — you'll be made to eat worms!" This was our deadliest punishment, like being thrown to the lions.

Eddie's presence made the question of disguise more difficult, for we had not thought to provide alternative costumes for ourselves. But in the end we robed him in an old fishing-jacket of Father's and a tasteful little poke bonnet that I had intended for myself.

David looked very dignified in an old clerical hat of Father's and a belted gabardine which swept the ground. Josh was quite resplendent in an old frock-coat of Grandpa's and a well-brushed top hat which settled neatly on his ears. Thomas was almost hidden within the folds of a voluminous greatcoat which he wore pouched to keep it from trailing.

Having given part of my equipment to Eddie, I myself had to resort to the hat with roses which, by great good fortune, was already in the loft. I tied it now firmly under my chin with an old muffler and pulled on a stylish jacket which had been Mama's.

At the last moment David had brought along Father's big umbrella with the engraved silver handle, so that, if it snowed, as seemed likely, we could muster some protection for the horse. Also we could hide behind it if we met anyone we knew. At the last moment, too, Thomas picked up Daisy's currycomb, for, as he pointed out, a horse likes to be smart. I took some scarlet ribbon to plait in its hair, and Josh took charge of the sugar lumps, which Thomas had thoughtfully provided. Eddie carried a fistful of hay. At last we were ready.

"'If God be for us who shall be against us,'" Thomas announced firmly at this point.

We stared at him in astonished silence and turned in a body and filed out into the night. Thomas rarely quoted the Scriptures at us, but, when he did, the effect was both penetrating and conclusive.

We didn't light the lanterns until we were some distance down the lane and hidden from the church. David went first, leading the way with the umbrella. I took Eddie's hand and followed, with Josh and Thomas walking close together, bringing up the rear. It had already started to snow and the stars which had been so brightly shining when we went to bed had disappeared. The silence was profound.

It didn't occur to any of us until later that we had not heard Rafferty go by that night. It was very dark; dark and different. The trees and hedges wore a secret look, their shadows filled with menace. I clutched Eddie's hand tightly and pressed hard on David's heels. The lane dipped and curled, then twisted sharply round a clump of trees where the rutted cart-track leading to Rafferty's house branched off.

We had just left the lane and were entering Rafferty's track when the night was shattered by the sound of bellowing laughter coming from behind. Rafferty! We froze where we stood. Rafferty had indeed been celebrating late tonight; now here he was coming up fast behind us at a stumbling, shambling trot.

"Quick!" said David. "Behind the tree!"

Like frightened rabbits we scuttled across the snow. "Down!" hissed David. "Remain motionless and he may not notice us! Whatever happens, make no sound."

Frantically we flung ourselves behind the sheltering bole of the immense oak which stood guard so providentially near Rafferty's gate. The handle of Father's umbrella was sticking cruelly into my stomach, but I bore it without a murmur. My face was crushed into the cold snow, yet I uttered not a sound. Rafferty came nearer. He was singing "Sweet Genevieve" and "O Come, all Ye Faithful" all mixed up together.

Small, grey, monstrous, and terrifying, he came on. My heart was hammering so loudly I do not know how Rafferty failed to hear; yet he appeared to notice nothing. Perhaps Thomas' unspoken prayer had been answered after all, for Rafferty was very drunk that night. Roaring, shaking his fists and cackling with wild laughter, he turned past us, disappeared down the cart-track and through the doorway of his shack.

For a little while the noise of his singing continued and then there was silence. For a few minutes longer we huddled where we were, and then, very cautiously, David got to his feet. He shook himself, brushed the snow from his clothes and straightened his hat.

"He'll be asleep by now," he said. "Come on — I'm going down!"

"Oh, David, no! Don't go! He'll kill you," I said, almost weeping in my distress.

"Nonsense!" said David. "He's properly corked. He won't move again until Monday. Anyhow," he added calmly, "if he does attack I shall beat him about the head with my umbrella! Now — make no sound and follow me."

He gripped the handle of the umbrella firmly and we crept slowly down the track. We hesitated for a moment at the door of the wooden lean-to, which served as a stable, then David unlatched the door softly and we went in. In the shadows the horse stirred and turned its head.

Apart from Daisy I have always been a little afraid of horses. Their teeth are so long and yellow. Their tongues so rough and long. But I had been given my instructions and I stood well back, extending my hand from arm's length and gave it a fistful of hay. The boys, of course, were used to horses and knew exactly what to do.

In no time at all, it seemed, its feet were encased in the thick woollen socks and an old jersey was tied upon its back. Thomas rubbed its nose and gave it a sugar lump. David took up the halter. "Come on, old horse," he whispered and stepped to the door.

IT was snowing quite heavily when we got back to the lane. We stopped for a minute while Thomas took off his muffler and draped it about the horse's neck and ears. The horse looked very sad and thin and old. Thomas gave it another sugar lump and over its head Josh held Father's umbrella.

We felt responsible for the horse and feared lest it should catch a cold. We stopped at frequent intervals on the road to pat it encouragingly or to give it lumps of sugar. The horse seemed happy to be with us and trod meekly at David's heels.

The way home seemed much shorter than usual, and almost before we knew it we were crowded into the narrow lobby at the foot of the stairs. It was dark and rather difficult in that narrow space, but we did our best in the circumstances and time available to smarten up the old horse and make it look as nice as possible.

At the last moment I remembered the little posy I had made for Bertie for Christmas — a beautiful arrangement of daphne, Christmas roses and wintersweet, the best I had ever made. I begged David to let me fetch this now and permission was granted.

At last we were ready. Now all that remained was to get the horse upstairs.

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He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty, or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.

— Thomas Stanley

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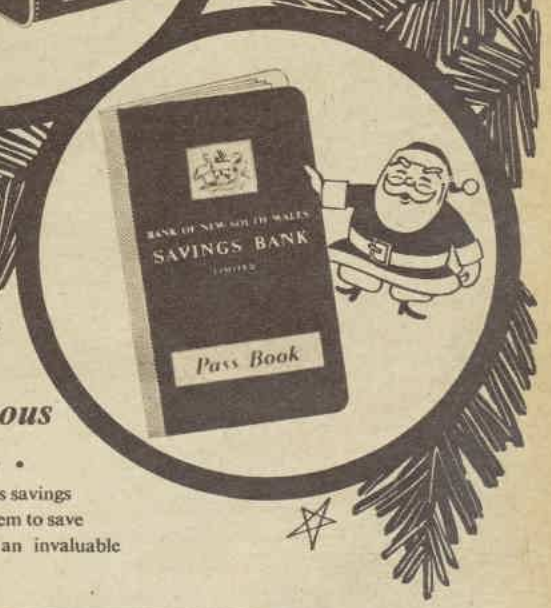

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Continuing . . . THE SPECIAL MIRACLE

from page 57

Eddie went up first, walking backwards and holding out a wisp of hay. David took the halter and Josh grasped its mane. I was in charge of the right back leg. Thomas had the left. "Come up, old horse," David whispered encouragingly and we were off.

It is astonishing where the strength comes from at these times. Had it been necessary, I know we would have hoisted up that horse on our very backs. But the horse came surprisingly quietly. In fact it seemed to know exactly what was expected of it, and we made the ascent with very little trouble at all. Indeed there were moments when the old horse seemed positively to float up the stairs.

We paused for a moment outside the nursery door to regain our breath, then, at David's nod, Eddie flung the door open wide, and solemnly, triumphantly our stately procession swept in.

I have marvelled sometimes since that Bertie should have been lying awake just then, ready and waiting for us. But there is a strange bond between children and, at the time, of course, we simply took it for granted. He had promised to be ready and he was. We had brought the horse to visit him, and it was natural therefore that everything should fall out as we had planned.

I think we had all forgotten about Aunt Kate until we saw her dozing by the fire. She started to her feet but, at the look of wonder and entranced joy on Bertie's face, she bit back the words I realise now must have been trembling on her tongue. Instead she packed up the pillows around him and arranged a shawl about his shoulders.

Gravely then, and moving to a precise and ordered pattern as though it had been rehearsed, we grouped ourselves about the horse. As though at some prearranged signal, Thomas spoke.

" 'Fear not!' " he said, chanting it as though he were in church, " 'For, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord!' "

I think it was Eddie who started to sing. All the boys had sweet voices and we had been brought up on the "Messiah," so that even he knew long passages by heart. Now we gave our own version of it, starting in the middle of the essential part.

"For unto us a child is born—" sang Eddie.

"Unto us—" sang David and Josh.

"A son is given—" Thomas and I joined in.

At some time during the performance we were joined by Jed and Bessie, who had come upstairs to find out what was going on. Later still Mama and Father came in; and Miriam, half asleep, trailing her wooden doll. They all joined in the singing, coming in at their proper parts, and we were scarcely aware of it. For, all of a sudden, it seemed that this was the very first Christmas and we had seen the Star ourselves and had found the young Jesus and come to worship Him. Even the horse looked holy. Throughout the performance it stood quietly, placing its feet together in a reverent way, its head down-bent, and on its face a look of great benignity and sweetness.

After the singing the horse went up to Bertie so that he could admire it more closely. Its back still held a dusting of snow. Through its mane the scarlet ribbon gleamed. It looked just like Christmas, and for years after that Miriam was convinced that it had come all the way from Bethlehem that night.

We all made much of it and Bertie rubbed its nose and gave it three sugar lumps. Then he said he felt hungry, too. Aunt Kate gave him soup with a hand that trembled and he fell asleep over the last spoonful. We knew everything was going to be all right, for it was written on their faces.

Then we led the old horse in triumph down the wide front staircase where the steps were shallow and easier for a horse to manipulate. Jed gave it a feed of corn and Father wanted to send it back with Jed, but David said No! There was something we had to do (for, of course, we still had to settle about the loan for the horse), and in the end Father gave in. Eddie had fallen asleep standing and had been carried off to bed, so that only Josh and Thomas and David and I went back again with the horse.

Everything was still as we walked back to Rafferty's. It had stopped snowing, and in the sky the stars gleamed tenderly. The trees held out their arms like thankful Christmas tree. We fastened the horse safely in its stall, then, still held in our miracle, we stole through the rickety half-door that separated us from Rafferty.

HE was sleeping peacefully and he looked older than anyone in the world; old and sad and strangely innocent. He hadn't any Christmas. There was no Christmas anywhere at all in Rafferty's house.

David set down the three florins which we had all considered to be a fair price for the loan of the horse. Then very slowly he pulled out his sovereign and placed it with the other coins. Solemnly, Thomas added his crown pieces and Josh his heap of silver coins.

I was still holding the Christmas posy which I had made for Bertie. It was my best work. I knew I could never again make anything so beautiful. But it was all I had. With a small sigh, and moved by an impulse I did not then understand, I laid it down beside the gold sovereign, the crown pieces, and the glittering silver coins.

. . . . .

Next day, of course, we had our usual Christmas things: the sherry in the trifle, the blue flames round the pudding, the carols, and the holly. Father gave me the sixpence in the pudding, and later on I handed it to David so that he could start saving up again for skates.

But somehow we all knew we'd already had our real Christmas. Because once you've had a miracle you've had everything. Because a miracle changes things. And a miracle lasts.

Only a few years later David was killed "somewhere in France" in the Kaiser's war. He was just eighteen. But it is the night of the Christmas Miracle that I remember; and David's face, as he, bent over old Rafferty and laid upon his pillow the gift of gold and frankincense. And myrrh.

Somehow, if you have had just one perfect thing, you can never feel quite hopeless again. Isn't that what a miracle is all about, anyway: when, if once only, and only for a moment, you see God.

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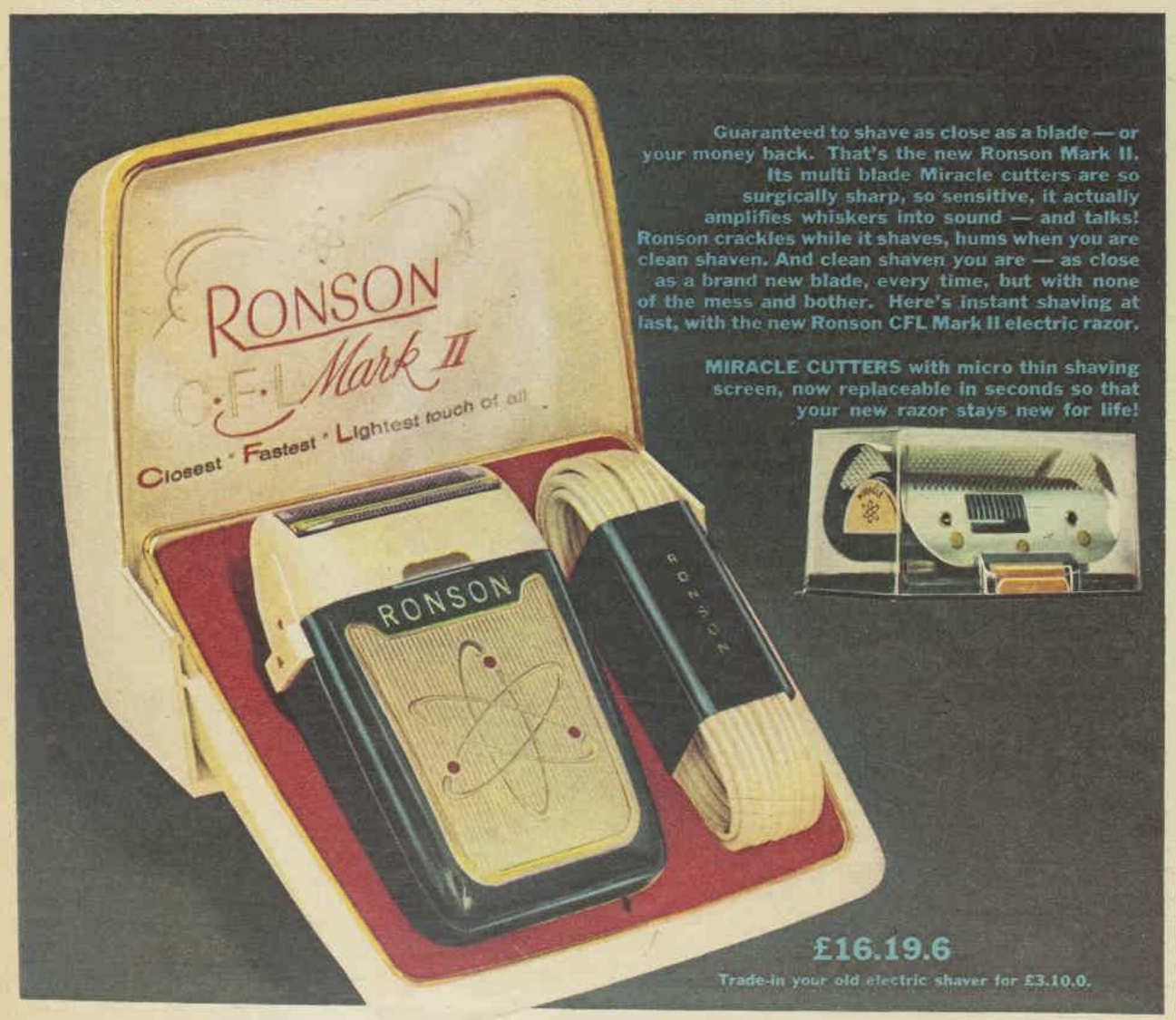

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Continuing . . .

CHRISTMAS IS FOR CHILDREN?

from page 29

"What do Sam and Sylvia provide —six appetites?"

"Of course, dear. Sam and Sylvia are desperately hard up. You can't expect them to buy seventeen-pound turkeys. It's going to make our Christmas Day, though. Don't you think?" She looked at him anxiously, seeking corroboration.

"I'm sure it will," he said reassuringly.

"Darling!" she said happily, "you're looking forward to it just as much as I am."

"Of course I am," he said. "I'll wear my armor."

On Christmas morning the sun sparkled on a thin blanket of snow as they drove north of the Hutchinson River Parkway.

"I can scarcely wait to see how the children like their things," said Mrs. Buckley dreamily. "Little Sam is going to be so excited over that rocking-horse."

"I hope he doesn't break his neck," said Mr. Buckley. "He's only four."

"I'm worried about that winter overcoat for Bruce," she went on, following her own line of thought. "It cost a fortune and I'm afraid it's going to be a little big for him. But they grow so fast. Besides that, he's getting a dump truck that works by remote control or something."

"That ought to fit him, at any rate. What are we giving Jill and Farnsworth?"

"Oh, all sorts of things. Jill's getting an immense doll. You can feed it out of a bottle and it wets its nappies and burps."

"Sounds devastating," said Mr. Buckley.

". . . and Farnsworth is getting all kinds of gadgets and a chemistry set."

"Good Lord, he's only eight," said Mr. Buckley. "He'll blow the place up."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Buckley. "You always think they're too young. Then they're all getting odds and ends like games — games are a wonderful way to teach children."

"Teach them what?" he asked.

"Now, Mort, please don't start being practical on Christmas Day: And stay in your lane, dear, you almost sideswiped that car."

THE Sam Buckleys lived in a remodelled farmhouse. It was in need of paint and nothing within its ancient walls ever worked quite right, but it contained the necessary number of bedrooms and neither Sam nor Sylvia was too particular about details.

Sam was editor of a new magazine which dealt with world affairs in a gloomily intellectual way. Sylvia was a frail, flaxen-haired girl who painted flowers on porcelain, read Keats, and bore children. The world was beautiful to Sylvia. She was as unmoved by confusion as a rock in a mountain brook.

It was fortunate that this was so, for order was not a fetish with either of them. As Sylvia said, they refused to be possessed by possessions. Time was too precious to be constantly putting things away that only had to be taken out again in a few hours.

Their oldest son, Bruce, was ten years old. He had been reared on the theory that a child should never hear the word "no." Such a child, they contended, would develop only positive characteristics. Bruce had.

After Farnsworth arrived, things became too hectic to concentrate on such niceties, and their second son was allowed to develop according to his own talents. The only one which he had shown to date was for taking things apart—a hobby which he had cultivated so assiduously that at the age of eight there were few objects strong enough to stand up against him.

Jill, now six, was the beauty of the family. She was the kind of child who was always being stopped by strangers overcome with an urge to lay their hands on golden curls. She was as unaware of her charms as a movie starlet. Given the centre of the stage she was ravishing, but . . .

Sam, jun., just rounding into his fifth year, was the youngest. He was a pale, wispy little boy with huge brown eyes, reminiscent of one of Charles Dickens' less affluent child characters. His parents, ever on the alert for a play on words, called him "Samson" and a more incongruous name was never bestowed on a waif.

As the Buckleys turned into Sam's driveway it was a quarter to eleven.

"Thank heaven we're good and early," said Mrs. Buckley. "It's going to take at least three hours to finish cooking the turkey."

Mr. Buckley's heart sank. He didn't feel strong enough or young enough to live through three hours such as he knew were awaiting him.

"Toot the horn," said Mrs. Buckley. She glanced at Mr. Buckley a little anxiously.

As they passed through the front door they stepped from the immaculate white world of a country winter

To page 60

"May we review the bidding . . . including that comment on my hat?"

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Continuing . . .

CHRISTMAS IS FOR CHILDREN?

from page 59

into chaos. The floors of the hall and the living-room were almost completely covered with toys, wrapping paper, cartons, muddy overshoes, and discarded pieces of outdoor clothing.

"I don't know how we can ever thank you," said Sylvia, helping them off with their coats. "There were so many presents we couldn't get them all under the tree. Jill, leave Grandfather alone so he can come in and see the presents."

Jill had taken over Mr. Buckley by wrapping herself around his right leg.

"Tell me a story," she said.

"Look, Gramp," said Bruce, pushing her away impatiently, "this is a real bow and arrow. The arrow's got rubber on the end that makes it stick to the wall." He demonstrated and caught Samson in the back of the neck.

"It won't stick on people," explained Bruce as Samson let out an indignant roar.

"Did you like your beautiful dump truck, dear?" asked Mrs. Buckley.

"Oh, he just adores it," said Sylvia hastily. "Keep quiet, Sam, you're not hurt."

"I got a guided missile an' an atom cannon that shoots real bombs," said Bruce. "They're hot." But Mrs. Buckley couldn't hear through the general pandemonium, and nodded happily.

"Brought some Christmas spirits," interposed Mr. Buckley, handing Sam a shopping-bag. "A little bourbon and a bottle of red ink to drink a Christmas toast."

Sam's eyes shone with pleasure. "Gee, Dad, that's great!"

"That's a twelve-year-old bourbon. Wonderful stuff. A client of mine gave me a case of it a long time ago. Don't let it trickle through your fingers." Something seized the bottom of Mr. Buckley's trouser leg and began shaking it vigorously.

"Hey, you, let go." Sam reached down and lifted a squirming ball of fur. "This is Rumpus," he said, "Sylvia's present to everybody. I'm afraid he tore your trousers a little. I don't think it's bad, though. He has sharp teeth."

"And now," said Mrs. Buckley, coming out of the kitchen with Sylvia, "we want to see Samson ride his new rocking-horse. Is he crazy about it, Sylvia?"

"Just wild about it. Come, Samson, show Grandma and Grandpa how you ride your new horsie."

IT was a big, cross-looking horse with flaring red nostrils and bulging, goitrish eyes. Samson looked up at it in horror and tried to retreat to the kitchen.

His mother caught him. "Come, darling. You know you love the big horsie." She picked Samson up and pushed his skinny bottom firmly on to the saddle. Samson lunged toward her, throwing his arms around her waist. "Lemme down," he screamed.

"Perhaps he's a little scared," suggested Mr. Buckley.

"See how the nice horsie gallops," cried Mrs. Buckley, seizing the animal's head and pushing it violently back and forth. "Gallopy, gallopy."

Tightening his grip on his mother's waist, Samson flung himself off the horse and slid down her legs to the floor, where he collapsed in a protesting heap.

"He's not quite used to it yet," said Sam apologetically. "He'll be all for it when he gets used to it."

"Don't force him," said Mr. Buckley. "It's bad to force them . . ." His eye was caught by Jill, who had twined herself around Mrs. Buckley's leg just as she was about to step over a rocket carrier. "Let's go play with your beautiful big dolly," said Mrs. Buckley, recovering herself with some difficulty. "Doesn't she like her doll, Sylvia?" There was a hint of pugnaciousness in her voice.

"Oh, she loves it, Mother, just adores it. It may be a little big for her — just at first, you know. I think she's a teeny bit scared of it. Where's your lovely dolly, dear?"

Jill looked at her mother with malice in her eyes. "I want to read," she said.

Mrs. Buckley sounded doubtful. "When I was a little girl," she sighed, "I . . ."

"I know, Mother," said Sam soothingly. "Kids today just seem to be different. Why don't you read to her for a while, Dad? It'll quieten her down."

"Read me," demanded Jill.

"Yes, for pity's sake, read her something," said Mrs. Buckley. "I'm going to straighten out some of this mess."

When Thales was asked what was difficult, he said, "To know one's self." And what was easy, "To advise another."

— Diogenes Laertius

"Now here's a good book," said Mr. Buckley, choosing one at random from under the tree. "It's called 'Three Little Girls' and it has a lot of lovely pictures in it. Shall we read that?" He seated himself in an armchair.

She nodded and crawled contentedly into his lap, putting her head against his chest. "I love you," she said, reaching up and patting his cheek. He felt a warm glow of pleasure sweep through him. She really was an adorable child. "Katy and Nancy and Alice were sisters," he read. "See, here's their picture — Katy and Nancy and Alice . . ."

Samson came over and leaned against his knee. Jill nudged him gently with her foot. "Go away," she said.

Samson started to climb up. Jill placed the palm of her hand in his face and shoved him down on to a pile of building blocks. There were screams of mingled pain and anger.

"For goodness' sake," said Mrs. Buckley, straightening up with an armful of toys. "Do we have to have a hullabaloo like this even when you read?" She hurried across the room and rescued Samson. "What's the matter, darling?"

"He bit me," said Jill."

"He did not bite you," said Mr. Buckley sternly. "You pushed him. That was very, very naughty."

Jill slid off Mr. Buckley's lap and kicked her way through the debris to Mrs. Buckley. "I don't like him," she said, indicating Mr. Buckley with a backward jab of her thumb.

There was a commotion at the front door. Sam burst into the living-room with two strangers. "Mother, this is Ella and Pete Cornwall. You've heard me speak of them. And this is my father." They all shook hands. "And now what about a little Christmas cheer?" said Sam, rubbing his hands together in the traditional manner. The Cornwalls agreed that a little cheer would be cheering.

Sylvia appeared with a bucket of ice-cubes. "I heard you come in," she said. "Merry Christmas."

"Can I help?" asked Cornwall, joining Sam, who was just about to pour from a bottle labelled "Old Plantation." He spied Mr. Buckley's Christmas bourbon. "Oh, come on, Sam," he said, "you can't do that on Christmas Day. The whole community's corroding from 'Old Plantation.' Let's try some of the Christmas present." He picked up Mr. Buckley's bottle. "This looks good."

"It is," said Sam. "It's an heirloom. You serve that with an eye-dropper."

"Nonsense. Loosen up, you tightwad."

"We missed you at Tom and Betty's last night," said Ellen, dropping on to the sofa and wriggling out of her shoes. "It was a scream."

The Cornwalls finally decided to leave at two o'clock. "Don't people ever realise it's time to eat?" said Mrs. Buckley. "Those children must be starved. I know I am. Where are the children, anyway?"

"Oh, they're outside. Don't call them, for pity's sake, until we're ready to eat. Come out in the kitchen, Mother, and give me a hand. There's no hurry. We eat any time round here."

Sam held Mr. Buckley's bottle of bourbon up to the light. "Gosh," he said despondently. He crossed the room and sprawled on the sofa beside his father. "You know, it's nice to have a minute to ourselves, Dad. We don't get a chance to talk together much any more."

"Not often enough," said Mr. Buckley. They considered the situation in silence.

"This Christmas business is getting to be a rat race," said Sam, gazing moodily around the room. As a conversational gambit this did not seem to lead anywhere.

"How are things down at the magazine?" asked Mr. Buckley finally.

"Oh, all right, Dad. You know. Nothing that a ten-thousand-dollar raise wouldn't cure."

They lapsed into silence once more. "How about you, Dad? How are you enjoying retirement?"

"Oh, fine. Your mother and I are going south right after Christmas. I guess I told you."

"Yes, you did. You're lucky."

Silence.

"You going to get away, Sam?" He knew it was a stupid question as soon as he asked it.

"How in the world could we get away, Dad? If we did we wouldn't have money enough to get back. And what could we do with the kids?"

Mr. Buckley felt guilty. "I wish we had room to take them off your hands," he said. Sam's face brightened. "But we haven't," he added quickly. Sam's expression relapsed.

Sylvia stuck her head through the kitchen door. "Sam, will you round them up? Dinner's almost ready."

Sam rose with alacrity. "Well, Dad, it's nice to have a little chat with you," he said as he disappeared through the front door.

Mr. Buckley put his feet up on the coffee-table and rested his head on the back of the sofa. He felt suddenly tired.

It was a fine, fat turkey. "That ought to last us for a week if you carve it carefully," said Sylvia appraisingly. "Cut it thin, dear. I sharpened the knife. People don't like big, thick slices."

Mrs. Buckley beamed. "Now isn't this nice," she said, "to be all together on Christmas Day. Just a big, old-fashioned family dinner." Jill and Farnsworth were sitting on either side of her. There was serenity for a moment and Mrs. Buckley's heart filled as she heard Farnsworth say, "I'm glad you and Grandpa are here."

NEXT, Farnsworth turned his attention to his sister, and glaring at her said, "You've got my chocolate milk."

"I have not," said Jill indignantly. "Mother gave me this and there isn't any more. She forgot to order it, so I'm the only one who gets it."

Farnsworth reached across Mrs. Buckley's plate and grabbed the glass.

"Farnsworth!" shouted Sylvia, but it was too late. "Oh, Mother, I'm so sorry. Just hold your dress up so it won't all spill out on the rug. We just had it cleaned. Come out in the kitchen quick before it drips through."

Farnsworth, noting the expression on his father's face, anticipated trouble by starting to howl. Sam rose from his chair, took the collar of his son's coat in one huge hand and pulled him to his feet.

"Now, young man, you go to your room and stay there," he said.

"Oh, no—not on Christmas Day," pleaded Mr. Buckley.

"But, Dad, are you going to let him get away with that sort of thing? Do you want him to be a juvenile delinquent?"

"Just on Christmas Day," begged Mr. Buckley. Farnsworth quietened down in order to listen to this important debate.

Sam relaxed his grip on Farnsworth's coat collar. "All right, young man, you can thank your grandfather, not me. Now sit down. If I hear another peep out of you, you can go upstairs. And don't you other kids look so smug about it."

Mr. Buckley was pouring the bottle of red wine. "Oh, come, come," he said. "This is supposed to be a jolly party. Let's see a smile." Nobody smiled.

Eventually Mrs. Buckley returned to the table in Sylvia's dressing-gown. "I only hope my dress is dry before we go home," she said. "I can't go loping around the country in a dressing-gown that's three sizes too small."

"It wouldn't be quite the right thing to do even if it fitted you," said Mr. Buckley in a feeble attempt to inject a note of levity.

There was a brief silence. Mrs. Buckley held out her plate. "I think I'll have another slice of turkey. I didn't get a very big helping."

"Me, too," cried the four young Buckleys in unison.

"I think I will, too," said Mr. Buckley.

Sylvia registered distress. "Of course, Mother, and you, too, Dad. But you children had great big helpings. This turkey has to last us, you know."

To page 77

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CAKE OF THE MONTH

● Simplicity and neatness of design are the outstanding features of this beautiful three-tiered wedding cake.

TULLE and narrow satin ribbon add a dainty touch to the design of this decorated three-tier wedding cake. It can be iced in all-white or a combination of white and pastels.

DECORATIONS of pale blue forget-me-nots, pale pink Cecil Brunner roses, and pink or mauve hyacinths help to accentuate the whiteness of the cake.

The pastel shades of these flowers could repeat the color scheme of the bridesmaids' frocks or bouquets.

Instead of the usual shell edging that joins the cake to the board, there is a series of piped scallops with a fine tracing of flower sprays inside them, to give a pretty, soft effect.

Other interesting features are a narrow band of satin ribbon tied round the sides of the cake and a series of fine lines piped over the sides and edged with "tatting lace" made of icing.

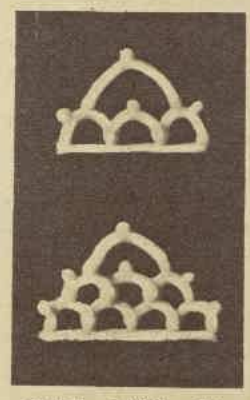
TATTING LACE

Use royal icing and a fine Number 0 or 00 writing-tube to pipe the desired lace pattern in a series of tiny loops on to waxed paper. When dry, carefully lift these loops off the waxed paper and attach them to the cake with an icing line or series of dots. Stand each lace section upright or on a slight angle, according to desired design.

Make extra lace sections to replace breakages.

A little liquid glucose added to the royal icing will help to give a free-flowing line and will not be quite so brittle when dry.

To obtain evenly shaped loops prop up the work board at its top edge under the waxed paper about 4in. above table level. Avoid eyestrain by placing dark paper underneath.



ICING LACE: Pipe designs in various sizes to suit size of each tier of cake.

TO MAKE FLOWERS

A soft, pliable fondant which sets quickly is best for moulding flowers such as roses.

Shape each individual petal from a marble-sized piece of fondant, then place it round a thin cone-shaped centre bud section. Overlap each petal slightly, as in the natural rose, and fold back the tips on either side, working from the centre bud to the outside section.

Make a number of roses at varying degrees of fullness so some will be tiny buds and others almost full-blown.

Make hyacinths by first shaping a marble-sized piece of fondant into a cone round the end of a knitting needle. Then work tip of needle in circular fashion so the mouth of cone is widened. Open back edge slightly, cut peaks with scissors to form petals, and mark groove down each petal with a knife-blade. Pinch tops of each petal to a point. When flowers are quite dry, tint as desired with diluted food coloring.

Make sprays of forget-me-nots by first piping, with pale blue royal icing, fine tiny dots on to waxed paper to form a flower. After drying, remove and attach to curved wire with dab of royal icing.

PROPORTIONS

A most important point to remember when planning a tiered wedding cake is to keep the size of each tier in balanced proportion so the finished effect will not appear top heavy or vice versa.

The actual size of the cakes will be governed by the number of people it is expected to serve.

Suggested diameter sizes are:

Two-Tier: Base, 10in. to 12in.; top, 5in. to 7in.

Three-Tier: Base, 11in. to 12in.; middle, 8in. to 9in.; top, 6in. to 7in.

Support each tier by pillars, through which is pierced a butcher's wooden skewer extending down through cake to touch base board.

Cover and ice each tier of the cake separately and plan it so the actual design and decorations are proportionate in size.

The top decoration can be small or large, depending on the overall balanced effect.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

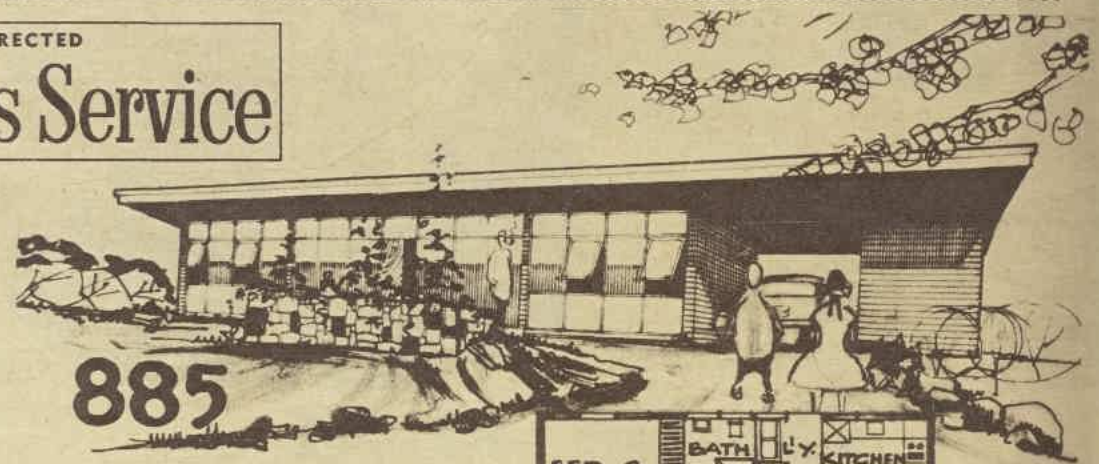
● A well-planned holiday house, which can be built in two stages, is this week's attractive Home Plan.

THE first stage consists of a large living-room, 21ft. by 15ft., two large bedrooms, a bathroom, laundry, and kitchenette.

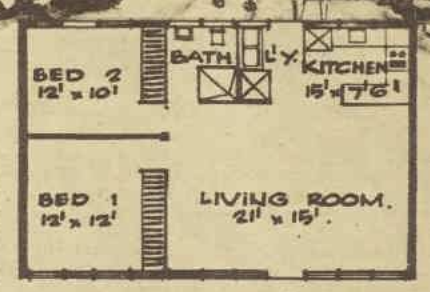
The second stage has two extra bedrooms (one could be used as a study or sewing-room) and a carport.

Plan No. 885 has an attractive exterior with a flat roof, front terrace, and plenty of window space.

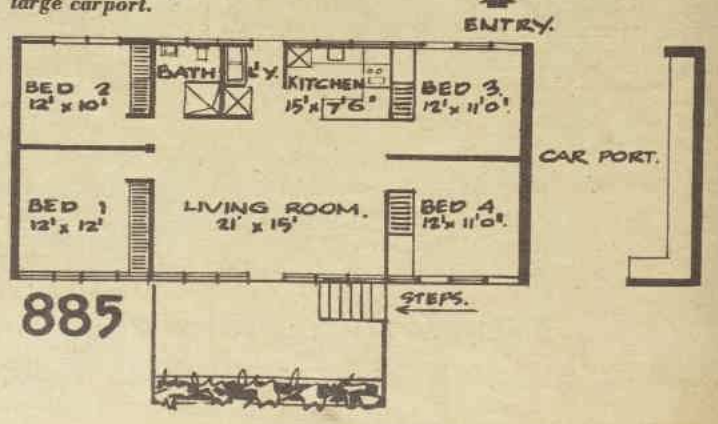
The house is suitable for brick or timber construction. The first stage in timber will be 8 squares; in brick, 8.5 squares. Second stage in timber will be 10.2 squares; brick, 10.9 squares.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows attractive exterior with spacious front terrace.



FIRST STAGE (right) shows the small nucleus of a holiday home with two bedrooms. SECOND STAGE (below). Note added bedrooms and large carport.



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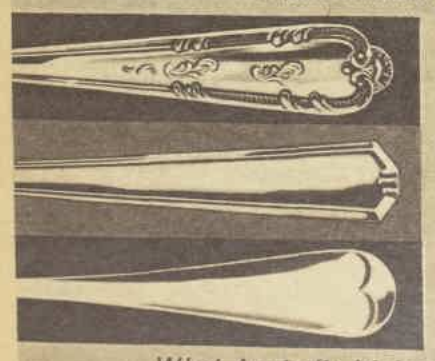

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PEDRO, the high-jumping dolphin, is rewarded with a fish by Jimmy Kline at the Seaquarium in Miami, U.S.A.

From page 43

TOURIST IN THE U.S.A.

A MUST for every visitor is America's most astonishing city — Las Vegas, where there are poker machines in the airport terminal, in the hotel foyer, and hundreds more in the garishly lit "downtown" casino centre, open round the clock (where that man was crouching in the ceiling).

The lavish hotels are comparatively cheap because the management makes its money from the gambling, and you can hear America's famous stars, like Judy Garland, for the price of a drink.

Cable car

In San Francisco ride the cable car up and down the steep hills to the outskirts of the city. The negro driver, wearing thick gloves to heave the levers and brakes, booms "Curve coming" as the car hurtles round the bends.

School was out on the return trip, and the children scrambled aboard or hung on the sides with the driver calling warnings.

Many of them were slender, black-eyed Mexicans and Puerto Ricans. We saw them again in the haunting pictures of Margaret and Walter Keane, husband and wife artists whose paintings and prints are in all the art shops.

In Honolulu a woman can wear a full-length muu-muu, aged 17 or 70, 6 stone or 16. Whether, sartorially, this is a good idea is debatable, but at least she is comfortable.

There are limits for men, though. In spite of the relaxed holiday atmosphere, there are areas in the big hotels where a man must wear a tie, and at breakfast in a main street cafe a man in floral beach shorts was lent a white shirt to sit up to the breakfast bar.

It is romantic to dine under the huge banyan tree in the patio of the Moana Hotel on the edge of Waikiki Beach, to see the Hawaiian dancers in the Hawaiian Village Hotel, and to breakfast under the umbrellas with sparrows and wood doves on the edge of the beach at the Royal Hawaiian.

But for the real "islomane" the surf rolling in on deserted beaches and the spired, rain-scarred mountains fn the north of Hawaii best convey the sense of being on a mid-ocean island.

You can go north by bus, through miles of tropical trees and vines, with giant-size versions of our fussed-over indoor plants.

The shops are filled with beachwear, sandals, skin-tight pants, and food, jewels, silks, and elegance from Paris, New York, and Japan.

In a new international shopping block there are shops and restaurants from all parts of the world. Australia is represented by the Down Under Bar, with kangaroo-skins and aboriginal carvings on the walls.

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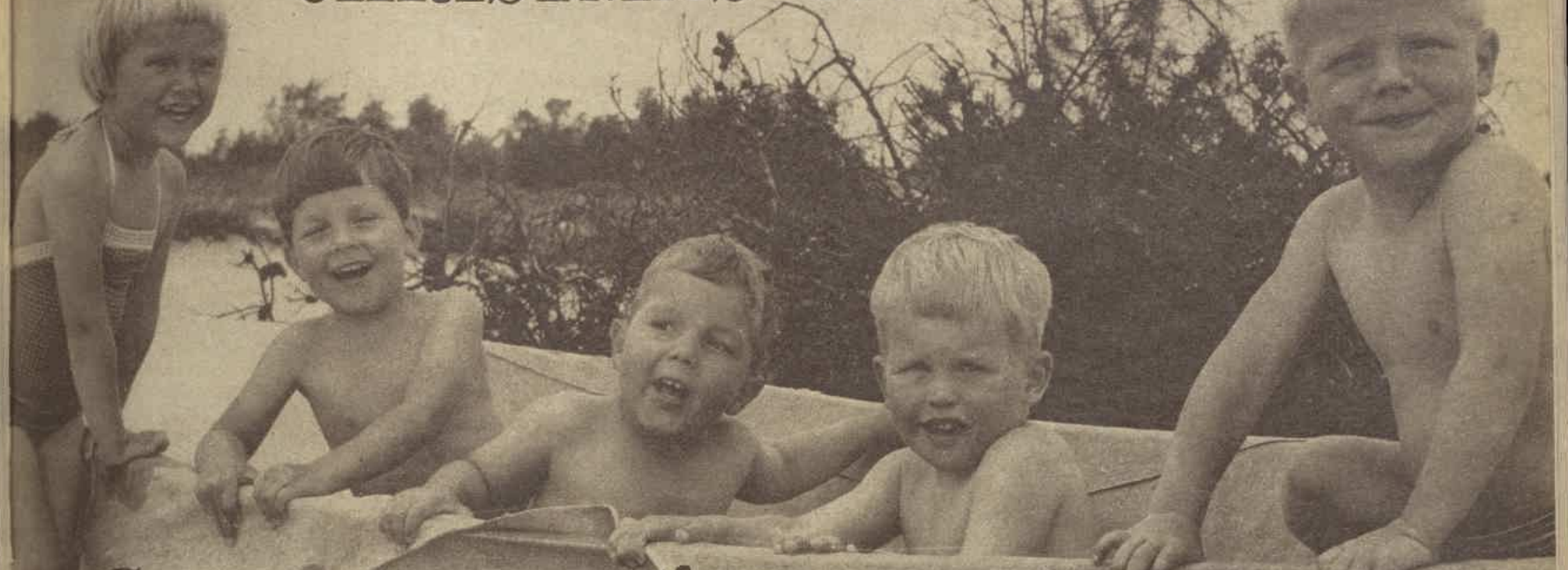
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS



Games, toys, outings will do them good

● It's a far cry from the traditional English "white" Christmas to the beach or picnic Christmas holidays which have become just as much a tradition in Australia, where there's a special accent on giving every child in the country a wonderful time, with many outings in the sunshine.

NOT that the special meaning of Christmas Day is forgotten. In most homes that day is still the highlight of the child's year, with a very serious side to it as well as all the presents.

But after last year's summer holidays, did you notice the difference in your child? Wasn't he bigger, browner, and sturdier?

And more alert? The open-air games, swimming, running, walking, mixing with other children had all done him good.

The fact is the holidays do expand a child's world and develop his personality and skills in a way that rounds off the more formal study and discipline of the school year.

Toys help

To help in this general development, a child's Christmas presents are best if they suit his age and interests.

Child expert Dr. Grace Langdon, who has made a special study of the right toys for the right child, has said:

"Choosing the proper toy is just as important to a child's development as correct foods are to his nutrition."

Perhaps you thought that when your child is playing he is just filling in time, merely amusing himself in a disjointed, haphazard way.

It's a good deal more than that, say child psychologists.

Play, they explain, is the way the developing child puts his growing abilities to use, the means through which he comes to an understanding of the world.

Play, in short, is a significant part of a child's daily living, and the tools of play are toys.

Yet a department-store official tells the story of a flushed young father rushing in to buy a football and football outfit for his son—who turned out to be 12 hours old.

Another bought a beautiful doll garbed in a French noblewoman's costume for his three-year-old daughter.

That evening he found that the toddler had ripped off the lovely brocaded dress and was industriously dunking the hand-sewn body in a sinkful of water.

"Doll dirty," she explained blandly. "Give her bath."

Dr. Langdon advises parents to note exactly what the child does, observe the kind of toys which intrigue him most.

This will guide them in choosing a present.

For example, a three-year-old is interested in sand play, using bucket and spade.

He fills the bucket, pats it carefully, dumps it out, makes many little mounds.

Now get him a sieve to sift the sand. Or a dump truck. Or a watering-can with which he can wet the sand and fashion differently shaped mounds.

In older children, of course, the problem is simpler.

Observation can be combined with asking straight out what they prefer.

Here is a list of playthings which, generally speaking, will suit children in each age group.

INFANCY

The infant's first muscular control is over his eyes, hence bright objects such as balls and rattles hung in the crib and carriage, or floating toys in the bath, hold considerable appeal.

At three or four months, the baby tries to grasp and hold plastic rattles, rubber balls, large wooden beads.

At this age, the infant tends to put things into his mouth, so make sure his playthings are too large to be swallowed and are smooth and non-poisonous.

At six months, babies will enjoy handling soft dolls or animals.

They want things they can watch, bang, bite, drop, push, shake, and hear — things such as squeak dolls, rattles, bath toys, balls, and washable stuffed animals.

ONE OR TWO YEARS

An infant now has good control over hands and fingers and enjoys simple wood or plastic toys.

Recommended are nests of blocks he can take apart and fit together, colorful peg boards, flat wooden floor trains, rubber toys, push and pull action toys.

Remember that the baby's hands are tiny, and his toys should not be too large for him to manage.

Most babies learn to walk by 14 months, so next come outdoor gadgets such as wheelbarrows, waggons, small doll carts.

Just before two, most children start developing a joy in rhythmic sound, and love phonographs with children's records, toy pianos, and simple story books with bright pictures.

TWO TO FOUR YEARS

Now the child becomes more skilful in play. He can put pegs into holes and screw and unscrew simple things.

He delights in toys he can manipulate, such as small boats, peg toys, simple puzzles, trucks on wheels.

He also enjoys scribbling with crayon or chalk on a small blackboard.

At this age, girls want realistic, but simply dressed, baby dolls.

At three, the child may begin to display astounding imaginative tendencies.

Boys often pretend to be animals, policemen, soldiers, cowboys. Toys can suit this.

Girls pretend they are mothers or nurses, putting dolls to bed, dressing and undressing them, feeding them, re-enacting their own experiences.

Physical activity should be encouraged. Inflated water toys and simple wheel playthings will be enjoyed.

FOUR TO SIX YEARS

Through the fourth and fifth years a child is probably happiest when playing in groups. Simple ball games are good.

The child can now complete picture puzzles, use crayons or paints, and cut paper dolls with scissors.

Depending on his skill and the ground available, he'll enjoy a toy car or scooter.

The tendency to imitate elders is much more pronounced. Girls want dolls, doll-houses, furniture, dishes, and housekeeping toys.

SIX TO EIGHT YEARS

Boys and girls now manifest marked differences in play interests. Boys enjoy watching and participating in sports, thus a simple football or cricket outfit will be prized.

Electric train outfits and metal construction sets have educational value and inspire practical interest in mechanics and electricity.

Girls now like elaborate doll-houses, prams, well-styled doll-house furniture and dishes, lifelike dolls with attractive wardrobes.

Other suggestions: domestic cleaning sets, cooking utensils, toy irons.

Both boys and girls will be delighted with simple parlor games that will stimulate their knowledge and help them with schoolwork.

EIGHT TO 10 YEARS

Now special interests, marked likes and dislikes begin to show. Be most careful to select playthings.

Most children of this age enjoy reading. Give them fiction, history, geography, but always within the field of their interest.

Advanced craft and construction toys, chemistry and electronic outfits, dressmaking and designing sets are recommended.

Hobbies come to the fore. Boys now are capable of understanding the principles of simple electricity. They enjoy laying out and operating miniature railways. Girls may like to sew.

10 YEARS AND OVER

Boys take great pride in painstakingly making intricate and exact models of aeroplanes, bridges, boats, trains.

Girls will often design or copy real dresses and accessories in detail, for themselves as well as their doll collections.

From ten on through teens, both boys and girls will want practical sports equipment, according to their talents and skills. Football, basketball, skating, swimming, tennis claim attention.

Hobbies now take on a greater importance.

All types of books, selected to appeal to his (or her) more highly developed mentality and tastes, will be appreciated.

That's the list, as recommended by experts, but there is one big caution:

A telegraph set for a 10-year-old might be fine, theoretically, but it'll be wasted unless he wants it.

"SANTA" TROUBLES

● Many shops will have a Santa Claus and many children will be taken to see the Xmas decorations and to see and talk to Santa Claus.

Some children will ask, "Why does Santa Claus in this shop look different from Santa Claus in the other shop?" (Children are very observant.)

Other children may ask if there are a lot of Santa Clauses or only one.

To the very little ones it is easy to say that is just how Santa Claus looks, but with the older ones (up to five years) it is more difficult.

I would suggest telling them Santa Claus is the thought behind the joy of giving, and nobody can see a thought.

Explain that if a child is making or buying a Christmas gift for somebody he is being a little Santa Claus. It is so nice to be Santa Claus' little helpers.

In this way you will keep faith with your children.

—Ethel Lakeman, of Sydney Day Nursery and Nursery Schools Association.

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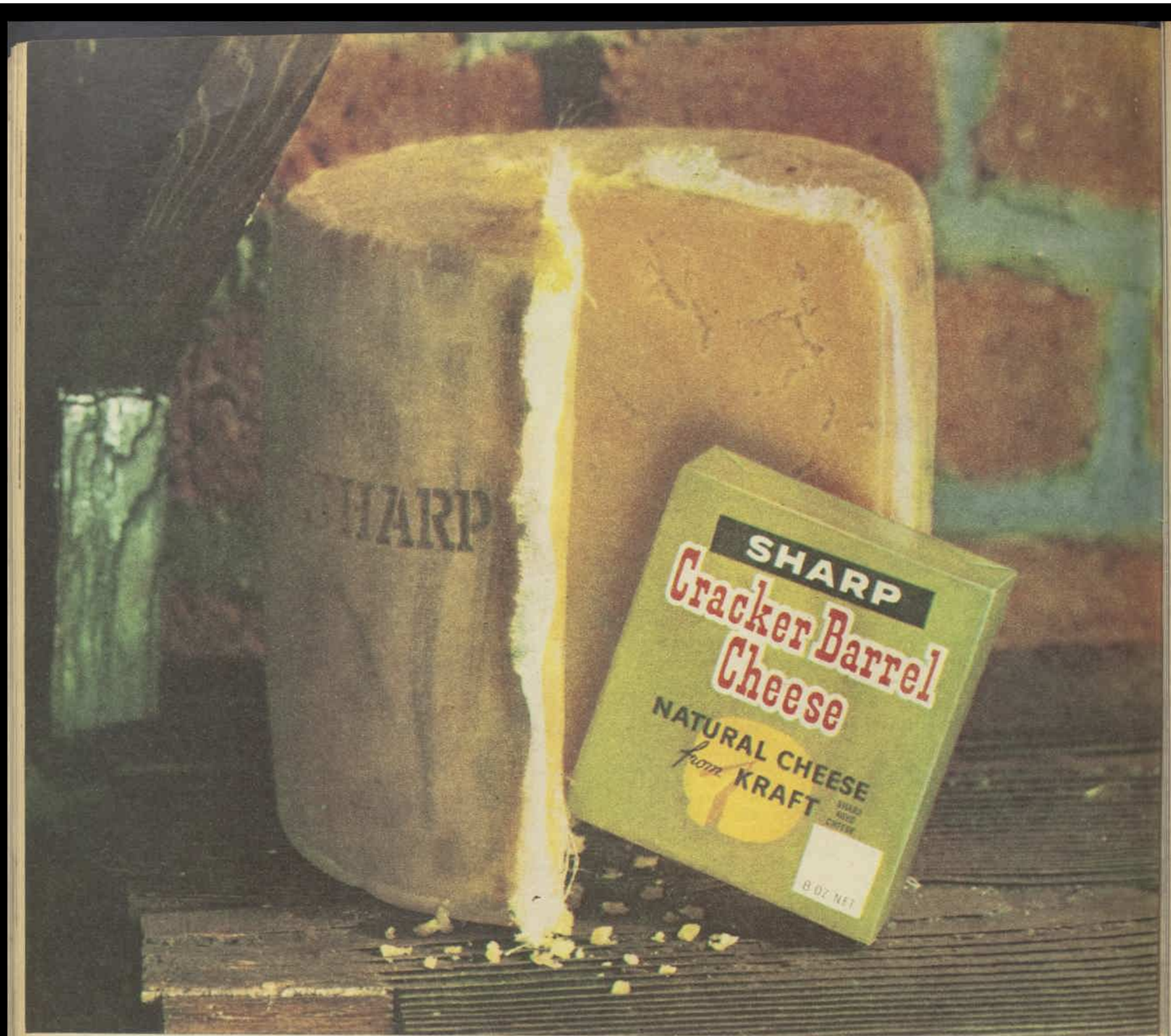

One brand, Cracker Barrel; three flavour strengths, Sharp, Medium and Mild.

At last! Old style cheese—now flavour sealed in foil

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Cracker Barrel Cheese

ANOTHER NATURAL CHEESE FROM KRAFT AUSTRALIA'S MASTER CHEESEMAKERS

Page 66

The Australian Women's Weekly – December 19, 1962

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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● At this time of year there's always a day or two when I feel that Christmas has got away from me and that I can't possibly cope with all the things I have to do in the next ten days (and should have done in the last 30!).

AT least it's comforting to think that, tough as Christmas is for the hostess, it's a lot easier than it was a few hundred years ago.

I've been reading an account of Christmas preparations in the fifteenth century in England, when the winter roads were dark and muddy and dangerous, and friends who came to share your Christmas dinner expected you to go on feeding them for a fortnight.

The hostess then had to be prepared to lay in oxen and pigs by the dozen, hens and geese by the hundreds, eggs by the thousands for her hungry guests.

As well as the 30 or 40 friends and relatives staying in her house, she had to be prepared to feed nearer neighbors on Christmas Day, St. Stephen's Day, St. John's Day, Childermas Day, St. Thomas' Day, New Year's Day, and the Twelfth Day of Christmas.

All the servants and tenants and the poor of the estate and its villages took it for granted, too, that they would "have their Christmas dinner from the lorde's table."

How would you feel about feeding a mob like that, remembering that you had no potatoes, tomatoes, bananas, pineapples, tea, coffee, watermelon, brandy, whisky, gin, champagne, or packet cake mixes!

Certainly the hostess had help on a monumental scale—she probably had five or six cooks and dozens of kitchen and cellar and pantry hands as well.

But they all had to be catered and cooked for, too, and it was her job to oversee all the provisioning.

Can you imagine cooking Christmas dinner without the help of a kitchen clock, or one of those little timers that goes "ping" to warn you that you're going to burn the bread-sauce or overcook the chicken?

Ye Olde Recipe said "Milk the cow rapidly . . ."

THEIR recipes were full of entrancing little instructions like "stirre over the fire for the time to say six Paternosters" or "beate the egs strongly while you sing Joly Jenkin thrice through."

One of my favorites is this recipe for Mulled Ale . . .

"Take some ale and make it quite hotte and add thereto some nutmeg and mixed spices. For eache quarte of ale breke six eyren (eggs) and beate hom welle in a vessel and a little cold ale withal. Then poure in the hotte ale into the vessel and empty from vessel to vessel that it quale not (that is, doesn't curdle) for the space of a Pater and five Aves. Stirre over the fire till it be thicke but lette it not boyle, and a faire piece of butter stirred in, and serve it for the while it be very hotte."

Without any coffee or tea, ale was the main drink at all meals.

Here's another recipe, which might be just a little hard for the city housewife to prepare. You will need:

One quart of strong ale or beer, sugar, nutmeg, and 1 cow.

Method: "Place the ale or beer in a large bowl, grate in a little nutmeg and sweeten it with sugar. Now milk the cow rapidly into the bowl, forcing the milk as strongly as possible into the ale and against the sides of the vessel, to raise a good froth. Let it stand an hour and it will be fit for use. The proportion of milk or of sugar will depend on the taste of the drinker, who will, after a trial or two, be able to make a delightful beverage."

I think this might be fun for a New Year party, if you happen to have a rumpus-room big enough to house a cow!

For a nobleman, a whole chicken

ONE of the most boring jobs of all in a medieval kitchen must have been to be the almond-cracker. Almonds seem to have been a part of every second dish—they used almonds with meat, almonds with poultry, almonds with fish, and, of course, almonds in almost every sweet dish they made.

If you want a new way, fit for a lord, of cooking your Christmas chicken, try this . . .

Checones For X Messes

"Take checones and make hom clene, and chop hom on quarters, and sethe (boil) hom up and when thai be half sethen take hom up and pulle of the skynne and frie hom in faire grese and dress hom up and cast thereon pouder of gynger ande sugur; then take three pounde of almondes and blaunche hom and draw up a goode thik milke with the brothe (crush the almonds and boil them in some of the broth from the chicken); and put therein whole cloves and maces and let it boyle altogedur and put thereto an ounce of pouder of gynger and medel hit with vinegar and serve it forthe and poure the syrip thereon and cast thereon pouder of gynger and sugur; and a hole chekyn for a lorde."

And no doubt the lord, along with his other more important guests, could eat that whole chicken as well as thirteen or fourteen other courses of roast meats and fish.

But alas! No plum puddings

PERHAPS what saved that "lorde" from dying of dyspepsia was that they didn't go in for plum puddings in those days.

Dinner would probably end with a dish of "Snow."

To make "Snow" you "take a pottle (half gallon pot) of thick sweet cream and the white of eyght Egs and beate them altogether with a spoone with a dishfull of Rosewater and a dishfull of sugar withall; then take a sticke and make it clene and then cut it in the end foursquare and therewith beate all the aforesaid things together and even as it ariseth take it off and put it in a Cullender.

"This done, take a platter and sette an apple in the midst of it and stick a thick bush of Rosemary in the Apple. Then cast your Snow from the Cullender upon the Rosemary and fill your platter therewith and if you have wafers cast some withall and serve it forthe."

Give him the nicest cigar in the world...

for husbands, fathers, uncles, brothers, grandfathers, boyfriends, and the boss there's no nicer gift than cigars, and Henri Wintermans are the nicest cigars in the world. You can buy a box of Henri Wintermans from as little as 7/6, and every box has a gay Christmas wrapper.

YOU CAN BUY THE NICEST CIGARS IN THE WORLD EVERYWHERE

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Two Christmas Dinners

● In this four-page section are two Christmas dinner menus—one the traditional dinner party and the other an informal buffet. There are also extra recipes for festive meals and a variety of savory stuffings for all types of poultry.

FORMAL DINNER
(For ten persons)

Minted Pineapple
Roast Turkey with Savory Stuffing
Baked Potatoes and Onions
Minted Peas *Glazed Carrots*
Giblet Gravy
Traditional Christmas Pudding
Hard Sauce or Creamy Custard
Glazed Fruit Medley *Assorted Nuts*

MINTED PINEAPPLE

One large or 2 medium-sized pineapples, ¾ cup maraschino cherries (cut into rings), 1 cup sweet sherry, ½ cup chopped mint, extra mint sprigs for decoration, 1 egg-white, green coloring, sugar.

Remove skin from pineapple, cut flesh into small cubes, discarding hard core section. Place in bowl with the cherries, sherry, mint. Cover and chill. Prepare glasses: Beat egg-white slightly and paint rim of each glass, dip into sugar (which has been colored with few drops of green coloring or use lime-flavored jelly crystals). Allow glasses to dry. To serve, spoon chilled mixture into glasses, top with fresh mint sprig.

ROAST TURKEY WITH SAVORY STUFFING

One large turkey, stuffing (see recipe right), butter or oil for greasing, potatoes and onions for baking, giblet gravy (see right).

To Stuff and Truss Bird: Stuff turkey just before roasting. Allow ¾ to 1 cup stuffing per lb. (ready-to-cook weight). Stuff wishbone cavity, skewer neck skin to back. Tuck wingtips behind shoulder joints. Rub large cavity with salt. Spoon in stuffing. Shake bird to settle stuffing. Do not pack too tight. Close opening by placing skewers across it and lacing shut with cord. Tie drumsticks securely to tail. (If opening has band of skin across, push drumsticks underneath and you won't need to fasten opening or tie legs.) Grease skin thoroughly with melted butter or oil.

To Roast: Place bird on its side on rack in shallow baking-pan; leave in this position for first hour of cooking. Cover with loose "cap" of aluminium foil, pressing it lightly at drumstick and breast ends, but avoid having it touch top or sides. Roast at constant moderately slow temperature for approximately 20 minutes per lb., depending on size of bird. After first hour reverse bird to other side and for last cooking period turn breast side up, removing foil to brown skin.

To Test When Cooked: About 20 minutes before roasting time is up, test doneness by pressing thick part of drumstick between fingers (protect with paper towel). Meat should feel very soft. Also move drumstick up and down (it should move easily or twist out of joint). When turkey is done, remove from pan, keep warm while you make gravy from pan drippings. Let turkey stand 20 minutes before carving. Carving will be easier and slices neater.

Vegetables should be placed in pan drippings round bird about 1 hour before end of cooking time. Bake with bird until browned and cooked through.

SAVORY STUFFING

Four cups slightly dry breadcrumbs, 1lb. sausage mince, 2 rashers bacon (rind removed and chopped), 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 2 finely chopped onions, 1 cup sliced celery, 2oz. butter or oil, 1 cup stock or water.

Combine breadcrumbs, sausage mince, salt, and herbs in a basin. Saute bacon in its own fat until crisp, add to bread mixture. Melt butter in pan, saute onion and celery lightly, mix into bread with stock or water. Fill into bird.

VARIATIONS

Mushroom: Add 2 small cans mushrooms or add ½lb. sliced fresh mushrooms to butter and saute with onion and celery.

Walnut: Brown 1½ cups walnut pieces in butter before adding onion and celery.

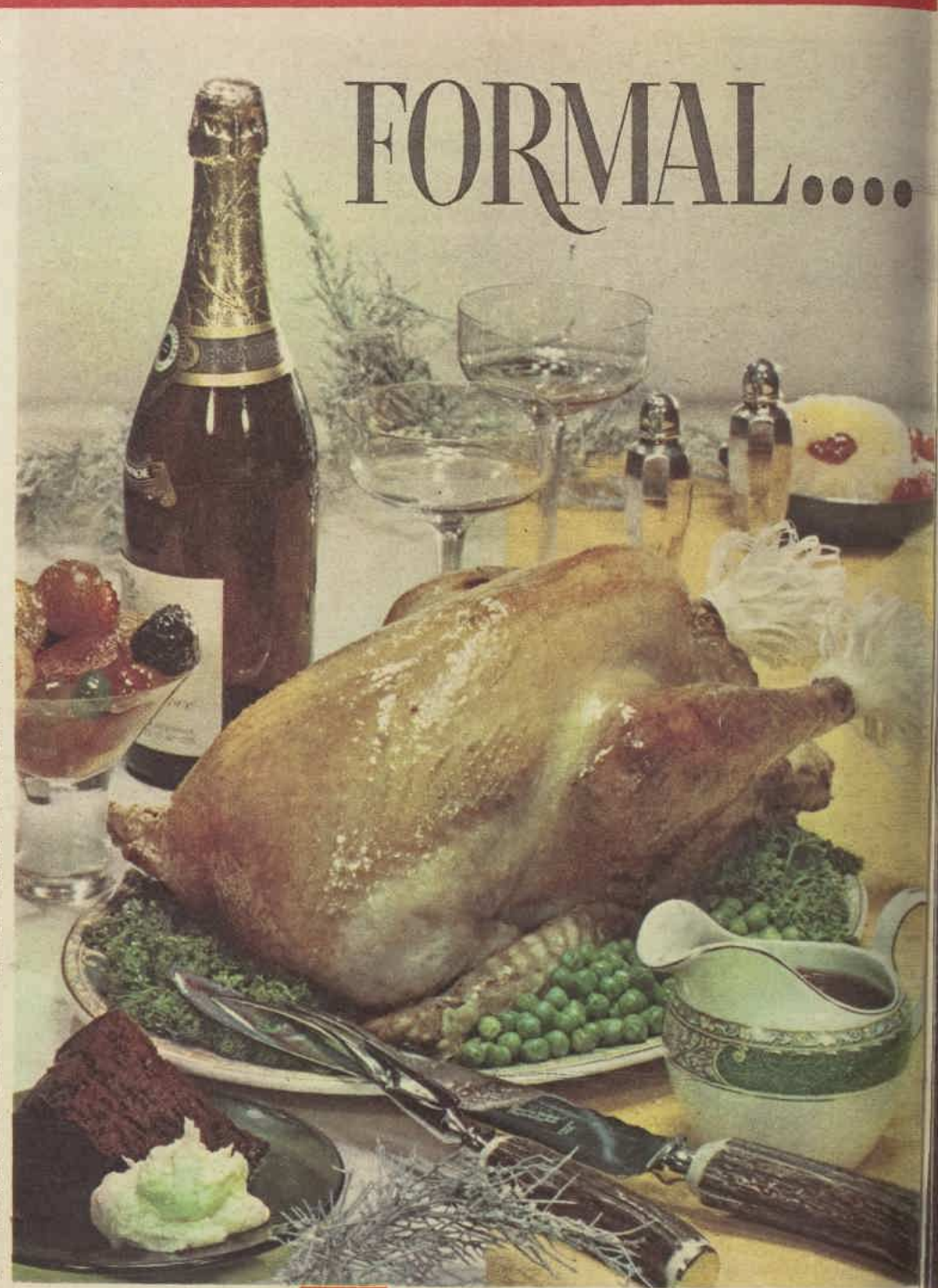
Giblet: Add diced cooked giblets to bread mixture and use giblet broth for liquid.

GIBLET GRAVY

Four ounces turkey drippings or butter, turkey giblets, 2 tablespoons brandy, 1 teaspoon meat extract, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 3 cups stock (or use bouillon cube in water), ¾ cup red wine, 2 tablespoons red-currant jelly, salt, black pepper.

Heat turkey drippings or butter in the pan, add giblets, cook until browned. Pour in brandy, allow to heat, then flame. Remove giblets, stand aside. Add to pan the meat extract and cornflour; mix until smooth. Add stock, stir until boiling, add red wine, red-currant jelly, chopped giblets, simmer 3 minutes. Taste, season if necessary with salt, black pepper.

● Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all these Christmas recipes.



MAIN ATTRACTION of the celebration is the piping-hot roast turkey complete with aromatic stuffing, gravy, and vegetables, and accompanied by all the traditional foods of Christmas.

TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS PUDDING

One and three quarter pounds mixed fruits (made up of raisins, currants, dates, peel, cherries, etc.), ¾ cup sweet sherry, rum, or brandy, ½lb. butter, ½lb. brown sugar, 5 eggs, 2 carrots, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, ½lb. fine white breadcrumbs (soft), 1oz. finely chopped walnuts or almonds, 3oz. flour, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ¼ teaspoon each cinnamon, ground ginger, 1 teaspoon salt.

Prepare fruits by chopping finely and mixing with sherry. Stand, covered, overnight. Next day cream butter and brown sugar together, add eggs one at a time; beat well. Fold in fruits, grated carrots, golden syrup, breadcrumbs, and walnuts. Lastly fold in sifted flour, spices, salt. Mix very thoroughly. Fill into large greased pudding-basin, cover with greased paper, then aluminium foil (or use pudding-cloth). Lower into boiler and make sure the hot water comes halfway up basin. Boil 3 to 4 hours, adding more boiling water as required. When cooked allow to cool, cover with fresh paper and wrap well. On day of serving re-boil 1 hour. Serve with hard sauce.

Note: If desired small coins or trinkets can be folded into mixture before cooking. Wrap in small pieces of foil for surprise packages.

HARD SAUCE

Half pound butter, ½lb. sifted icing-sugar, ¼ cup brandy (more if desired).

Cream butter until soft and white, then gradually add sifted icing-sugar and continue beating until mixture is consistency of whipped cream. Work in brandy a little at a time, fill into serving-dish; chill thoroughly before serving. Cut into squares or spoon on to pudding.

CREAMY CUSTARD

Four eggs, 2 egg-yolks, ¾ cup sugar, 2 pints warm milk, 2 teaspoons vanilla essence.

Beat eggs and egg-yolks with sugar in basin and slowly pour on the warmed milk. Transfer mixture to top half of double saucepan and stir over simmering water until mixture coats a silver spoon. Remove from hot water immediately and add vanilla. Serve either hot or cold.

Note: A little brandy or rum could be stirred into the custard after cooking for additional flavor if desired.

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.....and Informal

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

INFORMAL BUFFET-SPREAD is the best type of meal for those with limited table space and seating. It is made gay with colorful Christmas decorations. Pictures by Don Cameron.

INFORMAL DINNER
(Buffet Style, to serve ten)

Yuletide Punch

Festive Salad Bowl

Celebration Chicken Casserole
or
Chicken in Red Wine

Chilled Fruit Puddings, Cream

Snow Cake

Fancy Fruits *Olives* *Cheese*

YULETIDE PUNCH

One bottle Riesling, 2 large bottles chilled lemonade, 2 sliced oranges, 1 cup peeled black grapes, 1 cup peeled white grapes (or use the tiny seedless variety), 1 large can crushed pineapple, sugar syrup, ice-cubes.

Place in large punch bowl or jug the orange slices, grapes, and pineapple, pour over the Riesling; allow to stand 30 minutes. Sweeten to taste with sugar syrup. Just before serving pour in chilled lemonade and add ice-cubes.

FESTIVE SALAD BOWL

Half bunch young shallots, 3 or 4 tomatoes, 1 large green cucumber, 1 lettuce, few sprigs parsley, 1 large green pepper, ½ cup your favorite french or other salad dressing.

Cut off roots and outer skin of shallots; trim tops, leaving on half darker green top section. Cut tomatoes in quarters. Leave skin on cucumber, score with fork if desired. Separate lettuce, use crisp young inside leaves. Slice pepper into rings or chop in pieces. Place all salad ingredients into large glass bowl or wooden salad bowl and just before serving add dressing. Toss and serve.

CELEBRATION CHICKEN CASSEROLE

One large boiling fowl (about 3½lb.), 1 sliced onion, sprig parsley, few peppercorns, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 stick chopped celery, water, 8oz. butter or substitute, 1 extra onion (chopped), 6oz. flour, 1 cup white wine, salt, pepper, 1 medium-sized packet frozen peas, 1 medium-sized packet frozen corn (or use canned peas and corn), 1lb. cooked ham (cut into small cubes), ½lb. mushrooms (sliced), juice 1 lemon, ½pt. cream.

Place fowl in large boiler or saucepan, cover well with water. Add sliced onion, parsley, peppercorns, salt, celery. Bring slowly to boil, skim off any scum. Cover, simmer gently 1 hour or until chicken is tender. Remove from boiler; allow to cool. Strain stock, reserve 2½pts. for sauce (if not sufficient stock make up to required amount with water). When chicken has cooled remove all meat, chop into pieces. (If desired, chicken carcase can be returned to stock and cooked further ½ hour for extra flavor.)

Melt 6oz. butter or substitute in large saucepan, saute chopped onion until softened but not brown. Add flour and little salt and pepper, stir until smooth, then pour in reserved stock and wine. Stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 5 minutes. Fold in peas, corn (if using canned varieties drain off liquid brines), chopped ham, and mushrooms (which have been sauteed lightly in the reserved butter or substitute with addition of lemon juice). Lastly, fold in chicken meat and cream. Taste, if necessary season again. Fill into lightly buttered ovenproof dish, cover. Reheat in moderate oven when required.

CHICKEN IN RED WINE

Two large roasting chickens, 10 small whole onions, 4oz. lean bacon or ham rashers, 6oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons brandy, 3 cups burgundy, 2 cups stock, salt, pepper, 1½ cloves garlic (chopped or crushed), bouquet garni made up of 3 sprigs parsley, 2 sprigs thyme, 1 sprig marjoram, and a bayleaf (tied together with fine string or white cotton), 12 whole small mushrooms, white roux (2 tablespoons butter blended smoothly with 3 tablespoons flour).

Cut chicken into portions for serving. In heavy pan lightly brown onions in heated butter, add diced bacon. When both are lightly browned, remove. Add chicken, brown lightly on all sides. Add brandy and flame it. Pour in burgundy and stock, add salt, pepper, chopped garlic, and bouquet garni. Bring slowly to boil, add onions and bacon and peeled mushrooms. Cover closely, simmer gently approximately 1 hour or until chicken is tender. Remove bouquet garni; when sauce is cold remove set fat from surface. Reheat sauce, blend in the white roux. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly; simmer 3 minutes. Pour over chicken pieces, serve hot.

CHILLED FRUIT PUDDINGS

Two and a half pounds mixed fruits, 4oz. red and green glace cherries (cut in halves), 4oz. thinly sliced or chopped brazil nuts or almonds, 1½lb. sweet biscuits, 1 teaspoon each ground ginger and mixed spice, ¼ teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, 1lb. butter, 1lb. plain marshmallows (bought or homemade), ¾ cup sweet sherry, ¼ cup orange juice or mixture of orange and lemon juice, cream for serving.

Chop mixed fruits finely, place in large bowl, add cherries, nuts, and biscuits (which have been crushed finely between 2 sheets of greaseproof paper with rolling-pin). Add ginger, spice, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Chop butter roughly, place in top half of double saucepan with marshmallows. Stir over hot water until melted. Add to fruit mixture with sherry and fruit juice. Mix all ingredients thoroughly together, press into 10 small greased pudding-basins or moulds. Chill overnight or longer in refrigerator. To serve, unmould each on plate, serve with whipped sweetened cream or ice-cream.

SNOW CAKE

One 8 or 10in. fruit cake, 3 egg-whites, 2½ cups sugar, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 tablespoons water, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar, little vanilla, grenadine or almond essence, Christmas decorations as desired.

By now you will have made your Christmas fruit cake, so it will be necessary only to add the frosting

Continued overleaf

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Extras for festive menus

● These tasty extras will augment the menu at meals served during the Christmas season.

FRUIT MINCE ORANGES. This novel way of serving fruit mince could replace the traditional pudding for dessert.

FRUIT MINCE ORANGES

Six navel oranges, 12 dates (stones removed and chopped), 12 dried figs (chopped), ½ cup raisins (chopped), ½ cup currants, ½ cup sultanas, ½ cup blanched slivered almonds, ¼ cup brandy, drained pulp of oranges, ½ cup shredded coconut.

Cut tops from oranges, scoop out and reserve pulp. With small sharp knife cut fancy edge round top of each orange. Combine in basin the dates, figs, raisins, currants, sultanas, almonds, brandy. Drain off liquid from orange pulp (use in drinks), fold pulp into fruit mixture; mix well, add shredded coconut. Pile back into orange cases, place on greased oven-slide. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve well chilled. Serves 4 to 6.

CHERRY FREEZE

One 4oz. packet cream cheese, 1 small can crushed pineapple, 2 cups bought or home-made marshmallows, 1 cup pitted red cherries, ¼ cup maraschino cherries, 1 cup cream, extra cream and cherries.

Soften cream cheese, fold in drained pineapple. Add chopped marshmallows, chopped cherries, maraschino cherries, and lastly cream (which has been whipped until thick). Fill into shallow tin or refrigerator tray, freeze until firm. Cut into squares, top with extra whipped cream and cherries. For fruit salad serve plain or with ice-cream. Serves 4 to 6.

BAKED HAM SLICE

One large ham slice (cut at least 2in. thick), 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup fine soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 cup pineapple juice.

Cut fat in several places round edge of ham slice, place in greased baking-dish. Combine remaining ingredients in saucepan, heat to boiling and pour over ham. Bake uncovered in slow oven about 1 hour, basting occasionally. Serve hot. Serves 4 to 6.

FROSTED ALMONDS

One cup whole blanched almonds, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, ½ teaspoon salt.

Heat almonds, sugar, and butter in pan over medium heat, stirring constantly until almonds are toasted and sugar golden brown color. (It should take about 15 minutes.) Stir in vanilla. Spread nuts on sheet of aluminium foil; sprinkle with salt. Cool, break into pieces.

COLD MEAT RELISHES

Apple Spice: Two and two-thirds cups sugar, 2 cups white vinegar, 2-3rds cup water, 2 teaspoons whole cloves, 6in. stick cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, 6 drops yellow food coloring, 6 large apples.

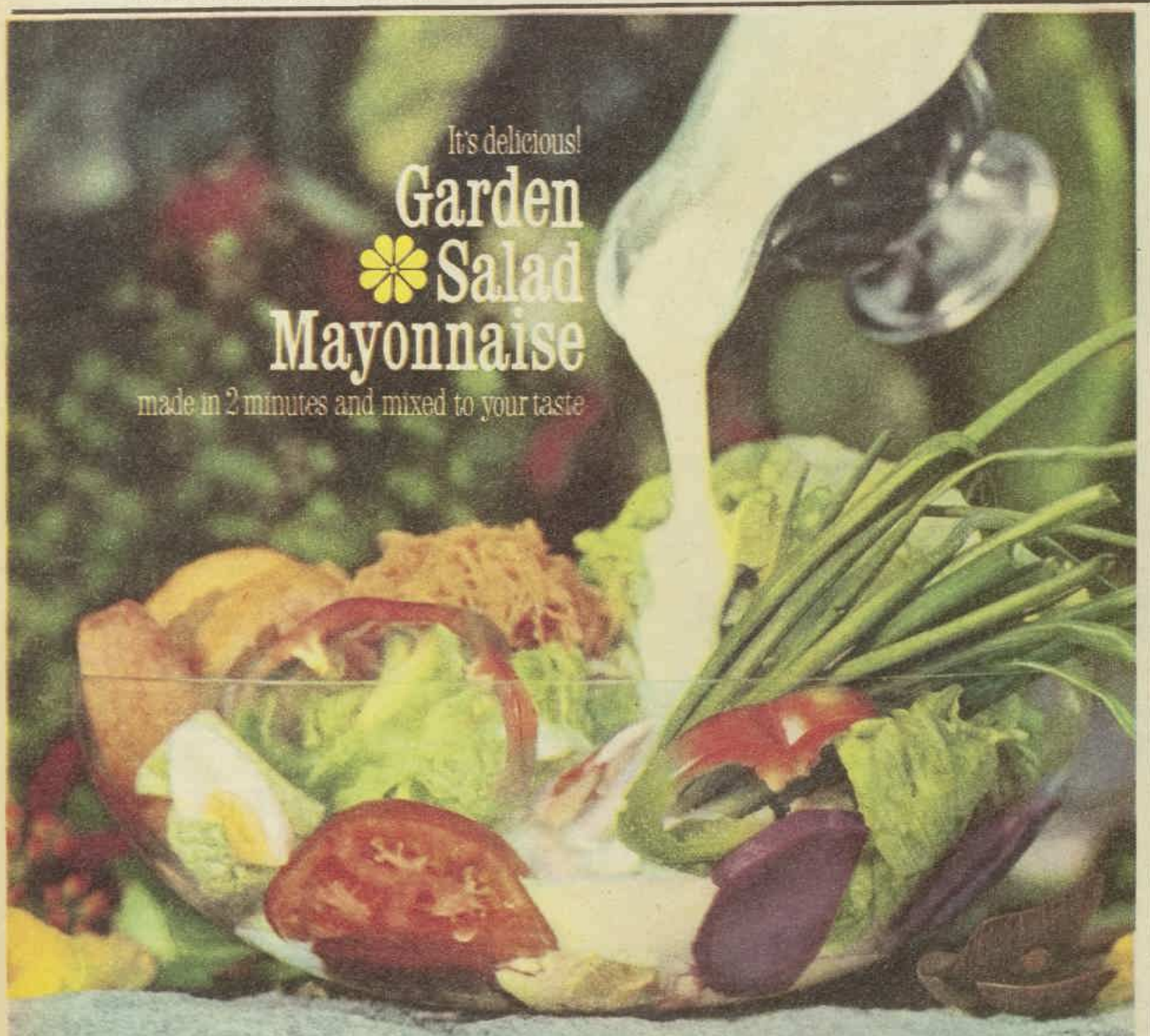
Combine sugar, vinegar, water, cloves, cinnamon, salt, food coloring. Bring to boil. Peel, quarter, and core apples. Slice each quarter in thirds lengthwise. Add to hot syrup; cook until apples are transparent. Pack in hot sterilised jars, cover with boiling syrup. Seal. Makes 2 pints.

Summertime Relish: Three cucumbers, ¼ cup grated onion, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ cup cider vinegar, 1 teaspoon dill seed.

Put cucumbers through food mincer; drain. Add remaining ingredients, mix well. Before using chill in refrigerator several days to let flavors blend. Makes about 2 cups.

Onion Pepper Chop: Three and a half cups minced onion, ¼ cup coarsely minced green pepper, ¼ cup coarsely minced red pepper, 1 cup sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 cup white vinegar.

Combine onion, green and red peppers; cover with hot water. Stand 5 minutes. Drain well, add sugar, salt, vinegar; mix well. Simmer 25 minutes (do not boil). Pack in hot sterilised jars, seal at once. Makes 2 pints.



So easy! with
Nestlé's Milk
*Keen's Mustard
& Vinegar

1. Easy 2-Minute Recipe

½ tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk; ½ teaspoon Salt; ¼ cup Vinegar; 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard. Mix all the ingredients thoroughly and stir until mixture thickens. Allow to stand for a few minutes to stiffen, then test for your individual taste. Unlike factory-made mayonnaise, you can vary it to your own taste as much as you like. Deliciously different! And so economical!

2. Delicious Party Recipe

½ tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk; ½ pint Salad Oil; ½ pint Vinegar; 2 Egg Yolks; ½ teaspoonful Salt; 1 teaspoonful *Keen's Mustard; and a dash of Cayenne. Place ingredients in a bowl and beat well until mixture thickens. That's all. And it can be stored in a cool place for a very long time.

RECIPE LEAFLETS AT STORES EVERYWHERE.

*Colman's in South Australia.

Snow cake

from previous page

and decorations. The cake shown on previous page was encased in a snowy-white frosting that pleases the eye as well as the palate.

Decorate the cake the day before it is required as follows:

Place egg-whites, sugar, lemon juice, and water in large heatproof basin and heat over saucepan of boiling water with an electric beater on medium speed for 20 minutes or until all sugar grains have dissolved and mixture is thick and shiny. Add flavoring and cream of tartar; beat in. Remove from water, quickly spread all over the cake, using knife to give a rough snow effect. Arrange small decorations on cake and place a string of tinsel round base.

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Forcemeat and stuffings

● **Below are a variety of recipes for stuffing the Christmas turkey, duck, or chicken.**

BASIC CHICKEN STUFFING

One ounce butter or substitute, 1 large onion (finely chopped), ½ cup sliced celery, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped fresh herbs or 1 teaspoon mixed dried herbs, salt, pepper, 1 egg-yolk or ¼ cup milk

Melt butter in small pan, saute onion and celery until softened. Mix into breadcrumbs, add herbs, salt, pepper, egg-yolk or milk; mix well. Sufficient for 2½ to 3lb. chicken.

BASIC DUCK STUFFING

Four cups soft breadcrumbs, 2oz. melted butter, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon sage, 2 finely chopped onions, salt, pepper, 1 beaten egg, milk.

Mix all ingredients together, adding beaten egg last. Mix in enough milk to make good consistency. Sufficient for 5lb. duck.

FORCEMEAT

One pound lean minced veal or sausage mince, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 2oz. chopped ham or bacon, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 small chopped onion, ½ teaspoon chopped thyme or marjoram, pinch nutmeg and grated lemon rind, salt, pepper, 1 beaten egg, milk.

Combine all ingredients together in basin; mix well. If necessary add little milk to moisten. Sufficient for small turkey.

WILD RICE STUFFING

Half cup chopped onion, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, ½ cup chopped ham, 2 cups cooked wild rice (or use long-grained rice), 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon sage, ½ teaspoon thyme, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, ¾ cup oysters, 1-3rd cup evaporated milk, ½ cup fine breadcrumbs.

Saute onion in hot butter until golden. Add ham, cook 5 minutes. Add all remaining ingredients, toss lightly. Sufficient for 5lb. duck.

KING ALMOND STUFFING

Six cups dry breadcrumbs, ¾ cup blanched almonds, 2 cups diced celery, ½ cup chopped celery leaves, ½ cup melted butter or substitute, 1 and 1-3rd cups water (or enough to moisten), 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, 2 eggs.

Mix together breadcrumbs and almonds. Add celery, celery leaves, butter, water, seasonings. Add eggs, mix. Sufficient for 10lb. turkey.

WALNUT RICE STUFFING

Two onions (finely chopped), 2oz. butter, 1 small can mushrooms, 1½ cups long-grained rice, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ cup walnut pieces, ¼ cup snipped parsley.

Saute onion lightly in butter until tender. Cook rice in boiling salted water until tender (about 20 minutes). Drain if necessary, add mushrooms, onion, salt, walnuts, parsley. Sufficient for 5lb. duck.

CORN STUFFING

Giblets from 2 chickens, ½ cup chopped celery, ½ cup chopped onion, 4oz. butter or substitute, 5 cups dry breadcrumbs, 1 can whole kernel corn (drained), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, pepper, 2 eggs.

Cook giblets in small amount of water until tender; reserve stock. Cook celery and onion in heated butter until soft and golden, combine with breadcrumbs. Add remaining ingredients, mix. Add stock to moisten and the giblets (if desired). Sufficient for 2 chickens.

PINE-NUT STUFFING

Six cups dry bread (cut into ½in. cubes), 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup canned pineapple pieces (drained), ½ cup chopped walnuts, 2 teaspoons salt, 1½ teaspoons paprika, 1-3rd cup melted butter, 3 eggs (slightly beaten).

Combine bread cubes, celery, pineapple, nuts, salt, paprika. Mix butter and eggs, add to bread mixture. Toss lightly. Sufficient for 5lb. duck.

CORNISH CELERY STUFFING

Three cups soft breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon sage, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 finely chopped onion, ¼ cup melted butter, ½ cup warmed stock (or use chicken bouillon cube and water).

Combine breadcrumbs and herbs, mix in celery and onion. Combine melted butter and stock, pour into mixture, toss to mix. Sufficient for 2½ to 3lb. chicken.

SPANISH RICE STUFFING

Three cups hot cooked rice, 1 cup tomato puree, 2 teaspoons worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, ½ cup chopped onion, ½ cup chopped pepper (red or green), 1 tablespoon brown sugar, good pinch chilli powder, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1oz. butter.

Combine hot rice in basin with tomato puree, sauce, paste. Lightly saute onion and pepper in butter, then mix into rice. Add brown sugar, chilli powder, and lastly season with salt and pepper to taste. Sufficient for 2½ to 3lb. chicken.

PACK the stuffing loosely into the cavity in the bird to allow for expansion in cooking.

You may have the fussiest family, but don't worry, they'll say "more please . . ." to the rich fruity flavour and home cooked quality of Big Sister Christmas Cakes and Puddings. Make it a merry Christmas for you and your family, and remember, Big Sister Cherries for Christmas decoration.

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EVERLASTINGS

● There's quite a wide array of colorful, often fragrant, flowers which last, when cut, beyond a flower's ordinary life-span. All would be worth growing for normal garden display even if they didn't give a valuable bonus of decoration when cut flowers are scarce.

IN most of the popular everlastings the colorful parts are not real petals but showy straw-textured bracts which protect tiny flowers inside.

Some are annuals, some perennials, a few are shrubs. All can be grown with very little attention. They are particularly resistant to insects, which find their papery texture unappetising.

Pick the blooms in the middle of a dry, warm day, when the flowers are fully open and free of dew, and hang them upside-down in a cool, dry place so they can dehydrate without the stems rotting.

This will take only a few days, and then they can be used in arrangements either on their own or with dried ornamental grasses, leaves, driftwood, etc. You do not, of course, put water in the vases with them, as that would undo the drying action.

Gardening Book — page 63

STATICE, the old-fashioned sea-lavender, is probably the best-loved everlasting flower. There are many varieties now, all with lasting colors: Australia (yellow), Sinuata (blue), and Gmelinii (purple) are good ones. Statice is mostly sown in autumn for spring and summer flowering. It is a biennial and the botanical name is Limonium.

Some of the everlasting flowers will retain their natural colors for quite a while—others fade quickly but retain decorative shapes. However, they all discolor and gather dust in time, so it is best to plan on growing a fresh supply every year or so.

MOLUCCA BALM, or bells of Ireland (catalogued as Molucella laevis), thrives in poor or sandy soils. The stiff green bracts last for months.

EVERLASTING DAISY, or acroclinium, comes in a brilliant range of shades (pink, cerise, apricot, and white) and makes a gay display all through the warm months. The colors last well.

SEA HOLLY (Eryngium amethystinum) is a strange spiky perennial. The flowers somewhat resemble exotic thistles and are particularly noted for their unusual blue or violet stems.

Gardening Book — page 64

PROTEAS are South African shrubs with gigantic flowers. The chocolate and pink variety, Protea neriifolia, grows on stems 2ft. long.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Holidays with baby are happier with Heinz

Wonderful to know you can take baby away without disturbing the balanced diet that's so important to his well-being. If he's on solid foods he's almost certainly on Heinz (nine out of ten Australian babies are) and you can buy Heinz Baby Foods anywhere in Australia. Or — just as easily — you can pack complete daily menus for baby to enjoy, straight from the can, wherever you happen to be.

So, plan a real family holiday — with less work and worry for you, and more pleasure for baby because he'll enjoy the same nourishing food on holidays he thrives on so happily at home.

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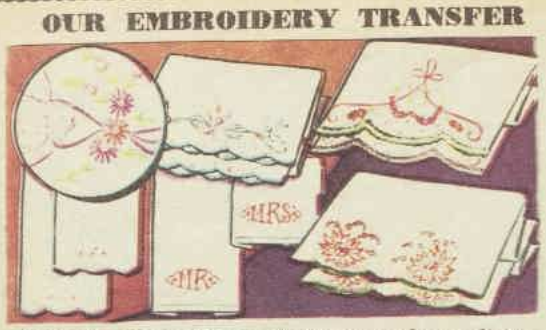

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Readers' Christmas Hints

● Hints that will help you with your Christmas decorations and cooking were sent in by readers. Each wins £1/1/-.

BURNT-OUT light bulbs are economical Christmas tree decorations. Paint them with left-over paint of any color and sprinkle on tinsel, glitter, sequins, gold and silver stars, shells, or beads before the paint dries. — Miss Helen Brown, 24 Garrick Terrace, Herston, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Stand a saucer upside down in the bottom of the boiler or saucepan when boiling the plum pudding. Set the pudding on it, then if the pan boils dry the pudding will not burn. — Mrs. F. L. Monaghan, "Karingal," Private Bag 74, Hamilton, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Use a small watercolor paintbrush dipped in ink to address Christmas parcels. It gives a clearer, more lasting outline, and parcels won't go astray. — Mrs. G. B. Thomson, Box 62, Biloela, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Edible snowman: Slip three marshmallows on to a new pipe-cleaner; stick a colored jube on top; paint features with a toothpick dipped in food coloring. Then bend the pipe-cleaner at right-angles at the top and he won't disintegrate. — Mrs. Amy L. Gale, 9 Coventry St., Newtown, Maryborough, Qld.

★ ★ ★

To make realistic "snow" mix a pound of cooking-salt, a teaspoon of plaster-of-paris, and a little water into a thick paste. Spread it over the tree and watch it sparkle when the light goes on.—Mrs. Barbara Stankovic, Robe Rd., Penola, S.A.

★ ★ ★

For a colorful decoration children can eat on Christmas Day, thread popcorn on to a long piece of cotton and wind it round the tree. — Mrs. D. R. Whyte, Private Bag No. 4, Condah, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Stir a few spoonfuls of fruit mince through your next tray of ice-cream, then freeze firm. It makes a rich dessert with the flavor of Christmas pudding. — Miss Elsie Morley, c/o Lady Lawley Cottage, 8 Gibney St., Mosman Park, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Miniature Christmas trees: Collect small dried branches about 12 to 18in. high with oddly shaped twigs attached. Fill some low bowls or vases with sand and fix the branches firmly into the sand. Tie tiny Japanese lanterns (which can be bought cheaply at chain-stores) on to the twigs.—Mrs. J. Pollard, 13 Galway Grove, Tranmere, S.A.

★ ★ ★

To glaze baked ham, combine ½ cup honey, ½ cup orange juice, and 1 cup brown sugar. Apply the glaze 30 minutes before the ham is ready to serve.—Mrs. M. Matheson, 178 Cox St., South Windsor, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Here's an easy method of cleaning ducks for Christmas. It was handed down by my grandmother. Kill the birds, allow to cool, then dip into cold water and souse thoroughly. Finally plunge into boiling water to which one cup of cold water is added at the last minute. Leave for 60 seconds and the feathers will almost drop off. Cool again after cleaning and the birds will be white and firm.—Miss Gwen Tanner, 52 Walker Ave., Haberfield, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Use Christmas cards to decorate home-made party caps. — Miss Carol Dalton, 51 Holbrook St., Invermay, Launceston, Tas.

★ ★ ★

Waxed cartons that have contained honey, jam, cream, etc., can be converted to hanging baskets for the Christmas tree. Cover the cartons with crepe or Christmas paper, tie them round the centre with ribbon, tinsel, or Christmas tape, attach colored cardboard handles with paper fasteners. Fill them with nuts and sweets and hang them on the tree. — Mrs. C. W. Turner, 97 Vermont Rd., Launceston, Tas.

★ ★ ★

Make pork crackling crisp and crunchy by pouring olive oil over the skin and rubbing with salt before cooking. — Mrs. H. Smith, 57 Farmborough Rd., Unanderra, N.S.W.

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with maximum sunburn protection . . . love that Coppertone! Coppertone's special scientific screening agent has a selective double action . . . lets in the ultra-violet tanning rays that activate deep-set skin colouring pigments and shuts out the fiery burning rays. Thus your skin tans *naturally*. Rich in lanolin and other moisturizing ingredients, Coppertone *conditions* your skin . . . keeps it so soft and smooth. Use America's No. 1 favourite . . . get a deep rich Coppertone tan this summer.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about antiques.

• *Wrought-iron cradle.*

This cradle, which rocks, is wrought iron with the bassinet of lattice-like wire. — Mrs. J. E. Dowe, Frankston, Vic.

Your charming cradle (above) is possible Edwardian or might be earlier. I would date it about 1890-1910.

• *Porcelain figure.*

How old is this china ornament and who was the maker? It has been in my family for many years. — Mrs. B. Young, Chester Hill, N.S.W.

Your pretty 19th-century figure (above) is German porcelain, made about 1875 at the Konigliche Porcelain Manufactory in Dresden.

• *Carved cabinet.*

Can you tell me the period of this cabinet? — Mrs. M. Sommerlad, Lindfield, N.S.W.

The lower section of your cabinet (above) has linenfold panelling and the upper cabinet has door carved in Gothic style. It is late 19th-century, about 1880, and evidently was made to the specification of a client, at a time when the prevailing taste was for oak in the "antique" manner.

My pink vase with seven prisms hanging from the bowl is one of a pair. How old are they? — Mrs. M. E. Jansen, East Albury, N.S.W.

The vase (right) is English lustre, of translucent pink glass, and was made about 1870.

• *Lustre vase.*

My heavy crystal salt-cellars came from England. There are no markings that I can see. — Mrs. L. E. Wilson, Gisborne, N.Z.

The salt-cellars (one is shown at right) were made in England about 1830-40. This type of heavy pressed cut-glass salt-cellar was fashionable in the early-Victorian era.

• *Old English salt-cellar.*

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Russian dessert wins £5

RUSSIAN TORTE (above) is a colorful and delicious addition to any table. See recipe.

● A Russian dessert wins the main prize of £5 in our recipe contest this week.

RECIPES for an unusual boiled pumpkin fruit cake and peanut popcorn win consolation prizes of £1 each.

Spoon measures are level.

RUSSIAN TORTE

Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cream, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt, 4½ cups self-raising flour, cream filling (see right), icing-sugar, strawberries, extra cream.

Beat eggs in basin 5 minutes, add sugar. Continue beating 15 minutes longer. Fold in cream, vanilla, sifted self-raising flour, salt. Mixture should be soft consistency for rolling. Add more or less flour as required. Roll out thinly on floured board, cut into 12 8in. rounds. Place on oven-slides, bake in relays in moderate oven until lightly browned. Remove from oven, loosen, and allow to cool and crisp on trays. Carefully transfer to cake-cooler. Sandwich rounds together with cream (see below). Top with icing-sugar, extra cream, strawberries.

Cream filling: Half pint cream, sugar, vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon boiling water.

Beat cream until thick, sweeten to taste with sugar, vanilla. Fold in lemon juice. Dissolve gelatine in water, cool, fold into cream.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Oberhardt, c/- Campbell's Company, Yandilla, via Millmerran, Qld.

BOILED PUMPKIN FRUIT CAKE (NO EGGS)

One pound mixed dried fruit, ½lb. butter or substitute, 2 cups brown sugar, 2 cups water, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 1½ cups freshly cooked pumpkin (finely mashed or pressed through sieve), 2 cups wholemeal self-raising flour, 2 cups wholemeal plain flour (or ordinary flours if preferred), 2 teaspoons mixed spice, ¾ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, pinch salt.

Combine in saucepan dried fruits, butter or substitute, brown sugar, water. Bring to boil, simmer 10 minutes. Cool slightly, add bicarbonate of soda. When nearly cold add mashed pumpkin, sifted dry ingredients, golden syrup; mix well. Fill into 8in. cake-tin or 2 loaf-tins lined with 1 or 2 thicknesses paper. Bake in moderate oven for loaf-tins 1 to 1½ hours, or in moderately slow oven for 8in. tin 2 to 2½ hours.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Bartram, Box 386, Bowen, North Qld.

PEANUT PARTY POPCORN

One packet home-popping corn, 1 cup sugar, ¾ cup plus 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1-3rd cup water, 1 teaspoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 2 cups shelled, skinned peanuts.

Prepare corn to instructions on packet, set aside. Combine sugar, golden syrup, water, vinegar. Cook to very hard ball stage, testing drop in water. Remove from heat, gently stir in soda. Combine popcorn, peanuts; pour syrup over. Toss and spread on greased baking-slide to cool. Break in chunks to serve.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. Peg Light, 99 The Bulwark, Castlecrag, N.S.W.

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this week's **SUNDAE**

Sea Jewels

One 15oz. can Golden Circle Pineapple Pieces, 2 trays ice-cream (one orange flavor, one chocolate), 1 pint orange jelly, marshmallows, wafer biscuits, whipped cream, cherries, and chipped toffee to garnish.

Surround scoop of chocolate ice-cream with mixture of chopped marshmallows, pineapple pieces, chopped orange jelly. Top with scoop orange ice-cream. Place wafer biscuits in fan shape as shown, top with swirl of cream, cherries, dusting of chipped toffee. Quantities above serve 6.

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Continuing . . .

CHRISTMAS IS FOR CHILDREN?

from page 60

"But I just had a piece of an old wing," complained Bruce.

"They're growing," said Mrs. Buckley quickly. "They're always hungry when they're growing."

"I'll cut it thin," said Sam.

Mr. Buckley examined his slice ruefully. Sam had cut it so thin that there was a hole in the middle of it. "If you had started a chain of sandwich shops instead of a magazine you would have been a millionaire," he said. But nobody paid any attention to him.

"There are plenty of mashed potatoes and string beans," said Sylvia apprehensively. "Where are you going, Jill?"

"The puppy's whining to get in," she said. "We forgot him."

She opened the front door. The puppy staggered in, shivering and wagging his stump of a tail — and immediately misbehaved.

"Good heavens, it has been housebroken in reverse," said Mr. Buckley.

"It doesn't matter," said Sam. "That's the old rug out of your library, Dad."

"Oh. Well, then, of course it's all right," said Mr. Buckley. "But you ought to explain to Rumpus so he won't feel badly."

Bruce slid out of his chair, followed by Farnsworth and Samson.

"Look here, kids," said Sam. "Who excused you?"

"Can we be excused?" said Bruce from the doorway.

"We've finished," explained Farnsworth.

"All right, you can be excused until dessert," said Sylvia, "but no rough-housing. Grandmother and Grandfather like a nice, quiet meal."

They tiptoed into the living-room. A sinister silence fell over the house.

"When I was a little girl . . ." said Mrs. Buckley.

There was a crash, followed by howls of distress from the living-room. Mr. Buckley suddenly found himself alone. "Good Lord," he said to nobody in particular. Placing his napkin beside his plate he hurried to the disaster area.

The Christmas tree was lying on its side. In the corner where it had stood Samson was trying to make himself smaller than he already was.

"But what were you doing behind the tree?" asked Sam.

Samson remained silent. "He was trying to shoot balls off the tree with his bow and arrow," said Jill. "That's what he was doing. And his arrow went behind the tree. I told him not to go after it."

"Good heavens," said Mr. Buckley.

NOTHING seemed to bother Sylvia. She picked up the tree and set it back on its pedestal, while Samson, still howling, edged unwillingly from his corner into the room.

Sylvia examined the tree critically. "I don't see what's so awful about that," she said. "I think maybe it looks prettier without so many ornaments hung on it."

"What these children need is quietening down," said Mrs. Buckley. "They're over-stimulated."

Sam, to whom this was all normal house life, looked at her with surprise. "Now let's play one of those new games," Mrs. Buckley said. "Where are all those games? Oh, here they are. Still under the tree. Now here's one called 'Flags.' That looks interesting. Did you ever play a card game, Farnsworth?"

Farnsworth admitted that he never had and started to ply the hood off a truck. Bruce sprang at him. "Hey, you! Leave that alone. That's mine. Break your own trucks, but don't touch mine."

"For goodness' sake," said Mrs. Buckley.

Sam snatched the truck away from them. "Now, you two boys sit still and play the game with your grandmother and behave yourselves."

"Each one of these cards has a flag on it," said Mrs. Buckley. "Here's the American flag, and there's the French flag and there's . . . I don't know what this one is, myself. Why don't they put the names on them? Now we must read the directions. 'First, deal each player ten cards.'" She dealt the cards. The children stared at them uninterestedly. "Now pick them up and don't let anyone see what you have. Let's see . . . 'The player next to the dealer is called the Flagbearer. He puts a card in the centre. That's called the Flag Locker. The player next to him . . .' Let's see, now . . ."

"I don't like this game," said Farnsworth.

"'. . . the player next to him covers his card with a similar flag if he has one. Otherwise, he picks up all the cards out of the Flag Locker . . .'"

Bruce had dropped, exhausted, on to his back and was examining the underside of a missile launcher.

"Now, if you're not going to pay attention it's no fun," said Mr. Buckley. "Sit up, Bruce, and listen to the instructions."

"If you're so tired I think it's time for you to go to bed," Sam said to Bruce, closing in menacingly.

The word suddenly caused Mr. Buckley to feel helplessly drowsy. He was sitting by himself in an armchair near the door. Getting up, he tiptoed from the room unnoticed and went upstairs. The door to Sylvia and Sam's bedroom was open. He entered and, sweeping the assorted clothing from one of the beds on to the floor, he flopped down on it and was asleep instantly.

He was still groggy when they turned into the Parkway an hour and a half later and joined the stream of traffic on its way back to the city, but he was conscious of an unfamiliar sense of peace and contentment. Mrs. Buckley was driving.

"Christmas without children just wouldn't be Christmas, would it?" she said, jamming on the brakes.

"You know," said Mr. Buckley, sitting up suddenly, "I'm not as old as I thought I was."

Mrs. Buckley smiled. "Mort, I was glad to be of some help to Sylvia and I'm so glad they wanted us."

"Sylvia could use some help and we provided our share." There was a hint of smugness in his voice. He leaned back again. "I think the kids got a kick out of it, don't you?"

"We all did," she said. "I'm only sorry it's all over. It was a lovely Christmas."

"A lovely, lovely Christmas," murmured Mr. Buckley drowsily.

He knew there would be others just as hectic and, what was more, he knew he would be young enough and strong enough to cope with them.

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Safe for delicate skins — harmless to all fabrics!

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

from page 33

Pat bluntly. "But — Anna? You must know you're committing a crime — you can be sent to gaol for this. Anna, you know that if she doesn't! The woman's mad—"

Incredibly, Anna did not even look at her.

"You must be brought to see the truth, and this duty is laid on me, for Stephen's sake, as I have explained. Do not struggle against it, Patricia. When I spoke with you before I saw that in your blindness you would use physical force against me, and at once I thought of Mr. Trefoile's firearm. Providential. One must fight fire with fire."

"You can't keep her in this room," said Anna sullenly. "I'm not goin' to fetch water and all that for her."

The little blue pistol was quite steady in the old woman's hand. "No, quite true. It will be the closed-up room—Mr. Trefoile's room. I have told Hector to unseal and unlock the door. We may take her there now."

"You're both mad!" said Pat incredulously. "Anna, why are you doing this? You can't—you must realise what ——"

The woman snapped out at her with something like a snarl: "None o' my idea, but no choice!—think I want to see my man back in t' Moor for life? Ten year she's held us on that; you think we'd stay else? I got no choice—" And one rough hand went to her mouth. "Oh, now you know——"

"I don't know anything," said Pat. "I'll forget I ever heard it, Anna, if you go into the village now, right now, and tell the constable about this."

"Anna knows better than to do that. We will take you to the other room now."

"You can try," said Pat, losing her temper as Anna's hand fell on her arm. She fought quite instinctively, kicking and biting and scratching.

The moment she struggled against that grasp on her arm, struck Anna the first wild blow, the other woman's grip tightened and she fought back. This was a thing she understood, physical force: her instinct was working, too, to protect herself. And she was the stronger: taller and heavier than Pat, and all her muscles toughened by a lifetime of hard work.

IN five minutes Pat was in gasps. She felt herself being hauled up to her feet, and being pulled out, along the hall, half-carried, feet dragging. Then she was pushed forward, fell, and heard a door shut behind her and a lock snap.

She was lying on a carpet somewhere, a carpet that smelled very dusty, as if it hadn't been cleaned in years. For the moment she hadn't the strength to get up; but after a while she felt a sneeze coming on from the dust, and turned on her side.

She was just inside the door, and as she sneezed the door was thrust halfway open and her suitcases and handbag were shoved in and the door pulled to again.

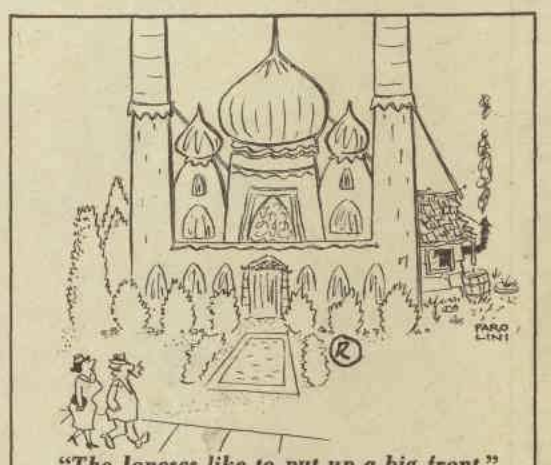
. . . . . .

Anna Fields went into the guest bedroom again and leaned on the marble-topped dresser, still breathing hard from the struggle. Little fool, if she hadn't gone all out like that I'd never have hurt her, she thought. She didn't like this much, the old woman'd never done nothing like this before; Anna reckoned the girl might be right to say she was mad. Or going that way.

But there wasn't no choice. Cross her any way, she'd go and tell the police about Harry — Hector — she never could remember to say Hector instead—and they'd come and fetch him back inside. And no asking parole now, even after fifteen-twenty years, when he'd broken out and stayed out eleven years, after serving only one.

A lifer, he'd got, just for knifing that fellow when he was in whisky. Because they made out he'd threatened him afore, sober.

Out eleven years — and much good had it done them! How clever they'd planned it — get off somewhere quiet, take a job awhile as servants in the country—somewhere right off the map. Well, that they were anyhow: Anna's old village, that she'd got away from as soon as she was grown. But safe, they'd thought. Quiet. Because nobody knew here that her husband was the Harry Fielding as broke out of the Moor.



"The Joneses like to put up a big front."

She'd never been much of a one for writing, and there was only her sister Marian left anyways. She'd let Marian know when she got married, fifteen years back, but Marian died a couple of years after and the kid, Gloria, wouldn't remember names. Hadn't seemed to think nothing of it. Gloria hadn't, her dead ma's sister turning up as Mrs. Hector Fields eleven years back — still just a kid then, acourse, only nine. And Gloria's dad Jim Llewellyn had married again and wasn't interested. Gloria was a nice girl, kind of girl Anna'd like to have had—a pity—

They'd been that pleased, getting the place at Llandudno with this funny old woman! Only her and the boy, fifteen he'd been then. Easy work. Stick it a year, they'd said, until the heat cools off—

And then when they went to leave, her coming out so cool that she knew. Seen a picture in the paper awhile back, when they'd still been hunting him. Some of her crazy religious talk, how she didn't believe in prisons, there wasn't any attempt made to reclaim criminals, way she put it, and he'd be a deal better off here at honest work, and getting instructed in religion by a godly woman. But they must realise that if they ever tried to go away — doubtless back to more sin and wantonness — she would be compelled to inform the police.

No question she'd got queerer since the boy had left home. These five-six years. Funny he ever got up the courage to do it. But she'd not been the same since. She'd stopped reading any papers on account they were full of sin, she said, and there'd been the fuss with the rector—she'd got a lot more religious even than she'd been before. And trying to get Davies the publican to stop selling drink to Harry. About the only little pleasure he had left . . .

Anna hadn't anything against the girl, except that she was pretty and young and Anna Fields wasn't any more; but she hadn't any especial liking for her, either. And fighting her like that, it was like a chance to fight all the injustice and frustration she'd known the last eleven years—almost like fighting the old woman.

She saw that there was something extraneous beside her hand on the dresser. It was a big ring, looked like a man's ring, silver with a big dull green stone. Suddenly the ring was to Anna all that Patricia Carroll had and was that Anna had ever wanted and now could never have, and thus an object of hate. She walked across and threw it out of the window.

. . . . . .

After a long while Pat sat up, and felt pain here and there. She had wrenched one ankle, there was a long scratch down one arm, her head ached, she had runs in both stockings and a rip up one seam of her skirt.

It was a larger room than the other. One wall was panelled in dark wood, and on it hung six hunting prints.

There was a solid high walnut bedstead against the opposite wall, with an ugly walnut commode standing beside it. On the same wall as the door, a big walnut highboy; the walls were papered in an ugly dark-red Victorian paper, and over the tallboy was a large lighter-colored rectangle where obviously a mirror had once hung.

In the panelled wall were two windows, velvet-hung, with a small solid-walnut desk between them.

In the near wall of the room was an inner door and a long low chest. The carpet she was sitting on was a drab faded brown.

She realised, looking about the room, that everything here had been neglected for a very long time. She remembered the old lady saying, "Mr. Trefoile's room." He had been dead since Stephen was a baby—over twenty years. Had the room been shut up and never entered since?

Pat dragged herself up and she went across to the door in the rear wall and turned the knob. It resisted, and then opened with a long squeak. A bathroom. Old-fashioned, a claw-footed tub like a coffin, a queer-shaped washbowl. She wondered if the faucets worked, and tried one. It was very stiff to turn, but turned at last and a rusty stream of water began to flow. She watched it until it began to run clear.

There were no towels or face cloths; she washed her face with her hands and let it dry of itself. The water was cold; probably she'd have to let it run forever to get warm. She took off her torn skirt and the cardigan and sweater, substituted the dark-green cotton frock and a brown cardigan. Stripped off the ruins of her nylons and put on fresh ones. When her face and hands were dry she applied new make-up, covering the scratch and bruise with foundation cream, taking pains with rouge and mascara and lipstick. She slapped on cologne. It was surprising how much better she felt.

PAT came back to the bedroom and found an honest-to-goodness ashtray on the desk. Rummaged for cigarettes and lit one, and sat down to think.

The situation was fantastic, but there it was. It was no good wasting time and energy thinking. Impossible. Wondering why and how Anna and Hector could be coerced into conspiring—— Anna had implied some crime Hector was guilty of and Mrs. Trefoile blackmailing them, which did not fit with Mrs. Trefoile's earnestly pious character, but let it go. For this or that reason, incredible as it seemed, the servants were aiding and abetting in this ridiculous kidnapping.

Presumably the woman intended to keep her here until she was convinced that she was saved—probably, then, no actual physical harm was contemplated. Shouldn't have attacked Anna like that . . . all the more difficult now to win her over, if that was possible?

This house was, she knew, a good three-quarters of a mile from the village, counting the long drive to the road. Apparently the two sane servants were prepared to go along with the madwoman in whatever she did. The other nearby human being, Joseph, couldn't be relied on for anything. She couldn't yell loud enough to be heard in the village, and doubtless Mrs. Trefoile and Anna would take care to approach her together now.

She stubbed out her cigarette and went to look at the door. It was an ordinary inside door, finished in dark walnut, with a brass knob (long unpolished) and a simple-looking keyhole. The only unusual thing about it was that it had a bolt on this side. She tried it; it was stiff and immobile.

The bolt told her, amusedly even in the midst of her own unenviable situation, something about the late Mr. Trefoile. It struck Pat as a little pathetic.

However, she wasn't concerned with the character or personal troubles of a dead and gone Mr. Trefoile. The lock. In books it was always a hairpin you used. She didn't have any hairpins but she did have some pin-curl things, two-pronged, for putting it up. She got one of those from her dressing-case, and, kneeling before the door to try it, hesitated.

But if the lock could be finangled, the sensible time for it was late tonight. When everyone was in bed.

So she waited. For two hours she waited. By three

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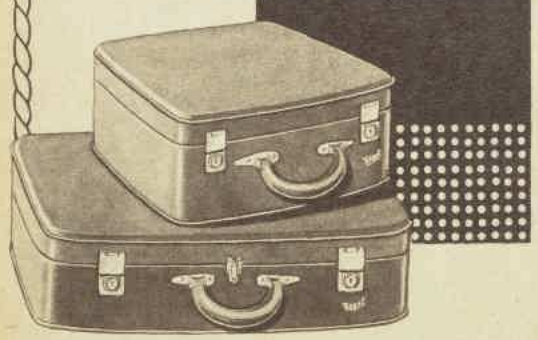

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Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

from page 78

o'clock Pat confessed to herself that she'd be very pleased to see anybody, providing they brought her some food.

But it was a quarter past three before there was a sound at the door. It took her unawares; she was sitting on the bed smoking, and had no time to get to the door, try another desperate push past them, before they were in.

Mrs. Trefoile still clutched the little pistol, incongruously. And Anna did not carry a tray.

Mrs. Trefoile stood just inside the shut door; for the moment she did not look at Pat, but around the room. Her thin, shrunken little mouth worked slightly. "So odd," she murmured. "So odd. After all these years. I have not been in this room for twenty-four years. Julian's room." Literally and visibly she shuddered.

"What I—what we have come here to do . . . Patricia? Patricia—you are—you use this devilish narcotic of tobacco? I might have suspected! So sunk in deep error . . . Anna! Go and look —find it all—all these damnable artifacts of Satan she has with her!"

Pat had thought she hadn't any more physical fight in her, after that bout with Anna before and the hunger gnawing at her now, but when she saw Anna opening her case a righteous wrath possessed her. "Leave my things alone! Take your hands—"

The first thing Anna brought out was the scarlet nightgown with the lace. Even in the midst of her fury, Pat saw how those hands turned it and felt it, wonderingly, caressingly.

"The devil's very color! I knew there would be such things — I knew she would possess much of sinful vanity! Destroy it, destroy it — all such vanity and vexation of spirit!" the old lady said.

The other woman reached into the pocket of her dress and brought out a large pair of shears.

"Don't you dare!" cried Pat. "Take your hands off my things!" She forgot the pistol, everything but the prying hands and those hideous gleaming shears; she lunged across the room at Anna just as the metal slashed into the shimmering cloth, and caught her arm.

Anna jerked back, and the nightgown tore between them, all crooked down its length where the cut was begun.

Pat tore the poor ruined things from her furiously, made a grab for the hand holding the shears; Anna did not step back, but unbelievably, snake-sinuous, the pointed shears came up and almost of themselves entered the flesh.

PAT thought numbly, I will not faint. She turned and with immense effort got across to the door of the bathroom, and pushed it half shut behind her. She collapsed on to the stool and fumbled at the buttons of the dark green dress. It buttoned all the way down: easy to get in and out of, but it was a little struggle to get the cardigan off first. She got both off at last. There was blood on both dress and cardigan. Nothing to do about the latter, but the dress . . . Cold water to take out bloodstains. Painstakingly she arranged the stained part under the faucet in the bowl and turned on the water.

The shears had made a fairly deep puncture midway between her shoulder and breast. Nothing to bandage it with. She leaned over the bowl, slapping on cold water with her hands. It had almost stopped bleeding

She did not know how much later it was that she leaned on the door of the bathroom and looked out at the havoc in the other room. Mrs. Trefoile still standing there rapt — yes, the very word—and Anna ripping and cutting and tearing insanely.

With dim surprise Pat saw that Mrs. Trefoile had been so rapt in the destruction, she had not realised that the subject of it had ceased obstruction, had gone from the room. But now she looked up.

"Patricia," she said. And the hand holding the little pistol was lax; the pale eyes were glazed. But Pat hadn't the strength to seize any opportunity there was. "You are hurt—you are bleeding."

"Her make-up stuff somewhere," muttered Anna. "Her perfume and all that—" She reached out and pulled Pat away from the bathroom door and shoved past her.

"I do not want to hurt you," said Mrs. Trefoile, "that way. Indeed, no. But you must be brought into the fold. Cover yourself immediately, Patricia! You cannot go about like that! Anna!"

The other woman came out of the bathroom clutching Pat's dressing case. "I've got it all, madam."

"We have done what is needful thus far. Now I must pray to receive insight as how best to save her."

They went out and the key snicked in the lock.

Pat examined the cut again; it wasn't bad, but she'd lost a little blood, and it hurt. It had stopped bleeding now; it would heal. She lay in the dark and thought very coldly and calculatingly of what her chances might be between these two women. The man Hector was an unknown; she must discount him.

Pat realised that her situation was more serious than she'd admitted. In half an hour she meant to have another try at the door; she'd tried it once, after they'd brought her food at six o'clock. A serving of the synthetic meat loaf, a lettuce salad, a thin wedge of cheese. She'd eaten every scrap, knowing it was needed strength. When the tray was taken away she waited, listening, and tried the pin-curl thing on the lock; it had been in the pocket of the green dress, and overlooked. Patiently she'd worked at it. Entirely without success.

And then she had heard steps on the stair and the faucet turned on in the main bath, out there along the hall; and she'd stopped, lest she be heard, to try again later.

In a sudden nightmare of despair, she thought: Why, they could keep me here for years. Nobody to ask; nobody to suspect.

There were a few people in the village of Abervy who knew that Mrs. Trefoile had a young lady visitor from America. That Mrs. Evans. And the publican had seen her, and the little boy. But she'd told Mrs. Evans that she was leaving at once—oh, fatally Mrs. Evans was the village gossip, wasn't she? — and there was no possible way for anyone to know she hadn't. She was gone; they'd assume she'd driven off the other way. She wasn't even sure that anyone there knew her name.

No relatives. She dimly remembered saying that, "Our family doesn't seem to acquire them"—quite true.

BUT there was one person who'd miss her quite soon. That was Alan Glentower, met casually by chance, in a rainstorm, his car breaking down. She'd promised to meet Alan Glentower in Newcastle next Thursday. When — if — she didn't turn up he'd know something had happened to her.

Would he? Wouldn't he just think she'd decided to skip it? That she'd just been polite and never meant to meet him at all? Alan Glentower was the only person who knew where Pat Carroll was. And that only by accident. And actually, now she thought about it, Pat reflected dismally that he didn't know. She'd told him she was going to the village of Llandudno. And she didn't think she had mentioned Mrs. Trefoile's name to him.

. . . . . .

On Tuesday morning Joseph found a Good Thing.

Joseph had a Place of his own for keeping Good Things. It was in the little hollow of the fourth oak from the gates on the right side. He kept the Good Things carefully wrapped in a piece of cloth that had once been a shirt, only it got torn and dirty.

He had had ten Good Things. But this was the best Good Thing he'd found in a long while. He found it right in the middle of the clover bed.

He turned it round in his hands admiring it. It was a ring, a ring you were supposed to wear on your finger. It was silver, part shiny and part not, and it had a big green stone.

The latest Good Thing he found, he always carried it around a while, for the luck and feel of it; and he felt that this was a Best Thing, a lot of luck in it, and he might like to carry it around a long while.

After a few minutes' earnest frowning thought he tore a piece out of the bottom of his shirt, wrapped the ring in it, and put it carefully in his shirt pocket.

. . . . . .

Garry Evans picked his way through the trees on to old Mrs. Trefoile's land very cautiously. He didn't go there very often—none of the kids did, though it'd be a good place to play in all those trees. Some people didn't care if you played on their land, but old Mrs. Trefoile didn't want anybody coming on her place. She'd run you right off, or that Hector would.

The reason Garry came now was not to play. It was that Joseph, the loony. He knew Joseph picked things up sometimes; he'd seen him, mooning along the village street or the road, stoop and pick up a pebble or a lost button or something. Garry's ma said you couldn't expect loonies to know what stealing was; you did ought to be sorry for them was all; but if Joseph had picked up his new compass Garry sure would count it stealing and get it back somehow.

It wouldn't be any good asking him, of course. He'd just look silly and not answer, or say something crazy. But if Garry watched him, maybe he'd see Joseph playing with it.

He came up toward the house through the trees, silently; and around the side of the house, still keeping to the shelter of the trees. Presently he saw Joseph sitting on the grass, half-turned away from Garry, looking at something in his hand.

Garry couldn't see what it was, and he couldn't get much closer to see.

In a minute Hector came up, and Joseph put whatever it was into his shirt pocket, quick. Looked like something he wanted to hide, all right. Even Joseph'd know good and well it was wrong to steal something good like a compass. He wasn't that loony. Hector said something to him, and Joseph got up and shambled off behind him. Gone to weed or cut grass, some job.

If you asked Garry, they were all loonies at this place. Old lady sure looked it, and Hector and Anna not much better. Even that young American lady come visiting in the sports car—a liar, she'd been.

He'd wanted to see that car again, and he'd watched like she said, but she never come out of the drive. Not before he had to go home to supper, anyways.

Oh, well. He'd just have to keep watching Joseph, that was all. If it was possible, Garry meant to get back his new compass.

. . . . . .

Pat sat on the bed, with her face turned toward the windows. She thought by the sun it must be about three o'clock. This was the west side of the house, and she could watch the sun go down.

As prisoners go, she supposed she was a good deal better off than many. She was being fed, she was reasonably comfortable, with a bed and blanket, she had clothes — of a sort — and even her own private bath. Luxury. But shut up.

Right now she was thinking about the British Post Office. Whether it was going

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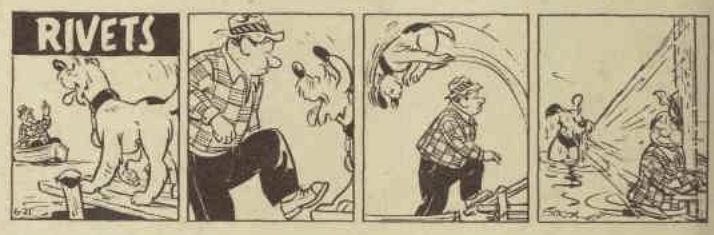

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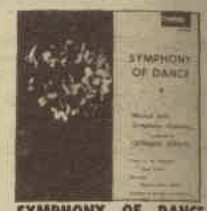

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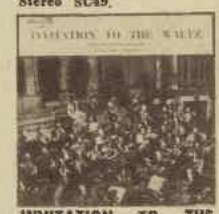

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Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

from page 80

to be the key to unlock the door. It seemed a very unlikely one, but maybe — maybe. She could hope, anyway, couldn't she.

There was a bolt on the other side of the door now. Since Saturday night. In sudden panic she wondered: This is Tuesday, isn't it? She hadn't lost count of the days so soon, had she? No: Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and today.

One of the worst things, and that was quite irrational, was being without decent clothes and make-up. She felt she could have borne it all better if she had so much as a lipstick and some way to put her hair up in its loose waves.

Ridiculous to mind, when so much worse could happen.

After the bolt was put on the door she had thought first of the windows. They both overlooked another strip of side garden, and all of it she could see except the actual flower beds was the path round to the kitchen door. She was on the second floor, and she thought not more than twenty-five feet from the ground . . . She had waited until the middle of that evening, when the women had come and gone . . . For Mrs. Trefoile now conducted four services a day instead of two; with a dumb, sullen Anna beside her to guard the tray of food until the reading was finished. That it was stone-cold by then, presumably, was all to the good.

"And you shall fast one day a week, Patricia; it is excellent for strengthening of the spirit." Quite a bit of Pat's days was taken up with Mrs. Trefoile now. She was with her morning, noon, and evening, exhorting, praying aloud, demanding confession, listing all the sins according to her own gospel.

A mistake, was it, trying force again the once Mrs. Trefoile came alone? With the little pistol, but nevertheless Pat had tried. Waiting until she seemed off guard, lunging for the hand that held it. Luckily she'd got the wrist, and turned it, or the bullet might have gone into her instead of the wall. But the old woman was surprisingly strong; she'd struggled calling for Anna in a high shrill voice, and Anna had come in before Pat had got away to dash for the door. All she'd got out of that was a wrenched wrist and another slap, and Mrs. Trefoile had never come in alone after that.

The day after that was fast day. Even one day without food, she found, was weakening, even to a young healthy woman.

Anna, dumb and sullen . . . When they'd come in the evening of that day Pat had said instantly, cutting across the other woman's opening stiff greeting: "Anna, I'll give you a thousand pounds if you can get me out of here."

ANNA looked past her, expressionless and silent. "I've got it, you know," said Pat. "I promise you'd have it. On any terms, Anna."

"Anna knows better than to listen to you! Stop talking and sit down." And Anna had never opened her mouth.

But there must be active steps she could take herself to get out. She had thought: Listen for the postman, for callers; but the old woman was there so much of the time and faint steps on the drive an unknown distance away . . . At no time had she heard the bell or the knocker. The added difficulty there was that both windows were tight shut and all her strength could not move them. The only air she got came from the tiny window in the bathroom, a casement opening inward, scarcely bigger than an arrow-slot.

But windows could be broken. If she had something to get down by . . .

She looked at the bed. In books you knotted sheets together. It would take time, and she mustn't risk being interrupted. So she had waited, that night, until the house settled down, a couple of hours after the old woman had left her. Then she'd got the sheets off the bed and began knotting them together as securely as she could. She'd have to tie one end to something here. The desk between the windows; any other heavy piece of furniture might be pulled across the room by her weight, and make a noise. The window-breaking would do that, all right; she'd just hope against hope that everybody here slept sound. Wait until just before to break the window; the small chair would do for that.

She had just got the sheets knotted to her satisfaction and was about to begin tying one corner to the desk leg when there was the rattle of the bolts . . .

"I see," said Mrs. Trefoile from the door. "How providential I could not sleep for my thoughts of you, and saw your light still on. You persist in your obstinacy — you do not realise that I mean you only good, only good."

The other woman was with her, a shabby dressing-gown huddled about her, heavy-eyed from sleep. It was no use at all to protest or struggle; Pat knew what it would earn her. She only said steadily to the servant: "A thousand pounds, Anna. It wouldn't make any difference what she said about you or your husband — she's quite mad, and nobody would believe her. Think about that, Anna." She got up from where she knelt over the knotted sheets, and went into the bathroom.

To fail before she'd even tried . . . But they shouldn't see her humiliated or crying. And it was only the first of many tries.

When she came out, hearing the outer door close, the sheets were gone. They had not brought in others the next morning.

So she had looked at the curtains speculatively. They might serve the same purpose. And last night she had waited again and tried the curtains. But at the first tug the left-hand curtain almost dissolved under her fingers. They would not support a child's weight.

It was not the only way. Think. Get in contact with someone outside . . .

A message. An S.O.S. It was a melodramatic idea, and seemed quite impractical at first thought.

She had sat up in bed in the dark, last night after the abortive attempt on the curtains, shivering a little under the one blanket, which would not be long enough to let her down that long drop, and thought very hard about it. The standard procedure of scribbling an S.O.S. and dropping it out a window was just silly—no one here to find it, who'd act on it: Joseph probably couldn't read. It had to be something much subtler.

She could send no message of her own volition. There wasn't a chance. But—but suppose she were forced to send a message?

One thing she realised at once. This was a desperate and very long chance, but if it should work out as she hoped, not only must the actual message be subtle, but it would need to be apparently scribbled off very unwillingly at once. She must have the message worked out in her mind, ready to be scrawled down if the chance was allowed her.

The message, if there was to be one, had to go to Alan Glentower; and the little she knew of him, Glentower was a thoughtful and intelligent man, but receiving a brief note or postcard telling him that she was unavoidably detained, he would have no reason to look beyond the surface meaning. He certainly wouldn't suspect it of containing a code.

He didn't know Pat Carroll well. They'd spent about six hours together. And it seemed

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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a very long time ago, now . . . She had liked him, there had been a certain instant feeling of friendship, of understanding; they were, as the phrase went, the same kind of people. But he didn't really know her.

But, she thought, that morning I left he was so — urgent. Serious. I knew it at the time, I knew he really wanted to see me again, that he was attracted, as they say. He was looking forward to it. Would he casually toss away a note of excuse? He'd be disappointed . . . He knows, for instance, that I'd be polite about it: if I was very rude in making some flimsy excuse, would he think, that's not in character, and . . .

No. And suspect something as fantastic as that she needed help, that she was a prisoner? It had to be some kind of concrete message. Help imprisoned Abervy Trefoile, something like that.

It was then she had her inspiration. Not a code but a directive. A reference. If she could write, say, something like "I have been enjoying Ise of Gramarye, especially chapter fourteen" — when there was in that chapter a direct reference to a damsel in a dungeon—Oh, a crude example, but that sort of thing.

If she had time to think—and, she thought ruefully, a library at her disposal! She had only one book. A Bible. No matter what edition, what number of pages, Bibles were all the same in text.

And she had not slept at all this night; light was beginning to come in the window, the pale light of dawn. On Tuesday. In a while she would be able to see to read without turning on the light. Not that it would matter if she were found peacefully reading the Bible.

Pat got out of bed and went across to the desk, where she'd put it. Her handbag was there, too; they'd left that, after ransacking it of all cosmetics and cigarettes . . . She took up the Bible hastily, and knocked the bag on the floor, spilling its contents. With an annoyed exclamation she gathered them up. Not much. A couple of handkerchiefs, old sales slips, her address book, her fountain pen. And two postcards. The postcards she had bought in Mrs. Evans' general shop on Saturday morning.

Whatever message it was, it wouldn't be any longer than would go on a postcard.

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

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The light was growing by the minute. Pat looked down absently at the card in her hand. The back was uppermost. The few lines of printing across the top said: "At the southern border of Cardigan runs the Teifi. Its origin is in several small lakes, the delight of fishermen, called the Teifi Pools."

She laid the cards on the desk and sat down there, oblivious of the dawn chill, to catch all the light on the Bible. There ought to be some very appropriate quotations.

It was nearly eight-thirty, the sun long up, when the two women came in that morning. Pat said to Anna, "Have you been thinking about that thousand pounds?" and got no reply.

"You must also learn manners," said the other woman. "That is rude, to make no greeting. You will—"

"I don't speak with mad people any more than I can help. And I shan't be speaking to you much longer — or be here to speak to you, Mrs. Trefoile." She made her tone contemptuous, turning back to Anna. "And you can stop thinking about the money, if you have. I don't know why I offered it, when it's not necessary. I just wanted to be out of here sooner, that's all . . . You've probably forgotten, Mrs. Trefoile, that I told you I have an arrangement to meet a friend in Newcastle Emlyn on Thursday. When I don't turn up, he'll know there's a good reason, and he'll come here to find out why."

Perhaps characteristically, the first thing that seemed to penetrate Mrs. Trefoile's mind in that little speech was the pronoun. "A man," she said. "You were going to meet —"

"Yes, a man," said Pat mockingly. "A big strong young man, Mrs. Trefoile. He'll come straight here looking for me. I'll be away from here in two days, when Alan comes looking.

I don't know why I worried about it, really — except that I don't exactly appreciate your idea of hospitality!"

"Be quiet. I will read from Second Kings." The expressionless voice began to read. Pat flung herself down on the bed, ostentatiously paying no attention, smiling to herself.

There were twenty-five chapters in that book.

"'And changed his prison garments—'" came the steady voice, drawing to a close.

"Which is what I will do," said Pat, "in two days. It's a long time in this house, but it'll come eventually. And all of you will be arrested on a criminal charge and you'll go to gaol."

Mrs. Trefoile read the few words to end the book, and said, "You may have your breakfast now."

Pat was starving, even for the grey gelid mass of cold oatmeal and the nauseating weak tea; but she contrived to eat slowly. And once in a while she looked up to smile confidently at them. She didn't think she had to be very subtle with Anna, and she was putting faith in Anna, somehow, to be her unwitting conspirator in this.

"I don't think I'm very vindictive as a rule, but, you know, I'll take great pleasure in seeing you all arrested and sent to gaol. And you may be sure, Mrs. Trefoile—" the locked-up larder and so on, she could guess the woman was a miser, too — "I'll put in a bill for damages to collect the cost of all my things you destroyed. It'd come to around five hundred pounds, I think. Of course, they'll send you to a mental home, not prison." There had been a quiver of emotion in Anna's expression. "And as for you," said Pat, looking back to her, "as soon as you're arrested they'll take Hector's fingerprints and find out he's a wanted man, won't they? Very gratifying."

"You are speaking very foolishly and obstinately," said Mrs. Trefoile, rising. "Anna, take the tray."

Would they believe her, believe in her new confidence? When she'd made several such desperate attempts to escape on her own?

To page 87

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Blessed be the name of God for ever and ever: for wisdom and might are His."***

— Daniel 2.20.

Daniel, the captive in enemy territory, can still worship the God he has been taught to love and serve.

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At one o'clock they came back. They had brought her no food.

"Patricia. I do not know whether you are lying to me, but it will be better to have no trouble over it. So you will write a note to this man making some plausible excuse that you will not keep your assignation," Mrs. Trefoile said.

"You're madder than I thought! I'll do no such thing!" They were not so shrewd at all; the fish had risen.

"You will do it—by force or otherwise." There was sudden, frightening, real madness in the pale eyes. "Anna!"

The remembered rough hand on her arm. She had invited this, expected it. Anna caught hold of Pat's left arm and began to force it back cruelly, wrenching the shoulder. "You got to! You got to do like she says . . ."

"Stop — you're hurting." She must hold out, to make it look as if she resisted to the limit of her strength. She waited until the pain was just short of unbearable, and then screamed convincingly. She who never screamed, "Don't . . ."

"You!" panted Anna. "Come here—make trouble—you, as never wanted or suffered aught—fine clothes an' scent an' paint on your face . . ." It was grotesque, irrelevant, random fury. "Folk like us less 'n dirt to you, I know your kind! No odds! You do like she say, see—you got to . . ."

Too soon—too soon to give in. Sickly she thought, must not make it too soon—they'll suspect—how I want to write it.

Keep her mind clear, remember the message she'd worked out, word by word, so when the time came . . .

"All right—all right, I'll—stop, please, for pity's sake . . ."

PAT felt faint and sick, but one part of her mind told her coolly that she'd made it look plausible, all right. She shut her eyes and leaned back in the chair. She heard them vaguely.

The old woman, vexed over a trifle. "But how could I be so forgetful? No paper—no pen—I meant to bring . . . I—I am upset. That was the most necessary—I cannot conceive how I should have forgotten . . . This terrible affair has so disturbed me. Stop. The desk. Nothing was taken from here. Julian's—Julian's desk. I cannot touch it—any of—his possessions. Go and look, Anna. Paper—a pen."

It was there, waiting, in the left-hand top drawer, Pat knew. She had found it early this morning; she needed paper to work out her message, see how it would look written. She had flushed it down the drain afterward . . . But no sound of a drawer opening.

"There's—postcards here," Anna's voice curiously muffled. "And her fountain pen."

"That will do, that is good. Get up!" A smaller hand on her arm, but strong. "Get up, go to the desk and write!"

"All right . . ." She pretended to be much weaker than she was, let them half-drag her to the desk, head down, as if thoroughly cowed and beaten.

"It will be—listen to me, Patricia! —it will be an ordinary message, do you understand? There will be nothing in it that may arouse this man's suspicion. He knew you were here, you said—you will tell him you have left this place. Do you understand?" Pat had reckoned on that condition, allowed for it.

Pat waited a moment, to control the involuntary shaking of that hand, bent and addressed the postcard. And she took a long chance there, too. She did not know where he'd be staying. He'd recommended that place, but he might be staying with friends for all she knew. But Newcastle wasn't a very big town, and if it was his home country surely someone would know him, where he was, and deliver it. Especially as his name was well known now, and probably more so in his home place . . . Mr. Alan Glentower, The Black Lion Inn, Newcastle Emlyn, Carmarthen.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

from page 86

Pat bent lower over the desk and wrote her message.

That had been four hours ago. She sat here now, watching the westering light out of the window and wondering if that postcard had been mailed as yet, was perhaps even now being collected from some pillar-box by a deliberately efficient postman — or was on a sorting table. Postmark. She put some faith in that; but did Mrs. Trefoile have enough cleverness to send Hector or Anna to post it somewhere away from Abervy?

If the card was to be posted away from Abervy, it might not be collected until tomorrow. But he must have it by Thursday.

The British Post Office was very efficient.

. . . .

The man known as Hector Fields came back to Abervy late on Wednesday morning, off the bus from Devil's Bridge. He went into the inn and bought himself a whisky. The publican Davies said genially, "Take a day off, eh?" The bus stopped at the door; he'd seen Hector alight.

"Not likely. Errand for the madam," said Hector. "Women—arrgh!" He drank. He and Anna had never been very communicative with the village folk; first for fear someone'd seen the police picture, later from habit. Except for that niece of Anna's, Gloria Llewellyn; and Hector didn't approve much of that.

"I know what you mean," said Davies with a wink; but there was covert curiosity in his eyes. Hector was aware that the village surmised that the old woman had promised them a substantial sum in her will. The village speculated with amusement as to whether the canny old lady was having them on and wouldn't leave them a shilling. Well, let them talk; that was safe enough.

He was neither overfriendly nor rude to Davies, but left the inn and started for home. Opposite the general store he met Gloria.

"Hi, Uncle Hector. The old terror let you off the lead once in a ways?" she asked cheekily. Gloria had a good deal of ash-blond hair, a pert, pretty face, a film-star figure, and a collection of random Americanisms, but was possessed of far more common sense than you might expect.

"Just an errand," said Hector.

"Same as me — matching yarn for Mrs. Morcombe. Uncle, you tell Auntie I'm ever so much obliged for my birthday present, will you? She said to save it, so I did until yesterday. Likely, I won't see her till the weekend, so you tell her. She didn't ought to've spent so much; it must've cost a lot, it's imported."

"I'll tell her," said Hector, and went on. He wondered what Anna'd given the girl: didn't recall her saying, or saying she'd taken money from their joint savings in the steel box under the bed. Anna was honest, she'd say if she had.

To page 88

Canned peaches pears & apricots

It's true! The very best greengrocer simply cannot supply fruit as fresh as canned peaches, pears and apricots. Why? Because the fruit in cans is picked and canned within a few short hours. None of the healthy goodness is lost. Enjoy your favourite fruit all year round — simply open a can of perfect peaches, pears or apricots. *For goodness sake eat more canned fruit-*

SPRINGTIME DELICE

INGREDIENTS: Crust: 1½ cups semi-sweet biscuit crumbs, ½ cup melted butter. Mix well, press firmly into a greased oblong tin and chill. **Topping:** 1 tablespoon gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 3 eggs (separated), 1 can peach slices (drained), 1 cup cottage cheese, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¾ cup sugar, whipped cream and cherries to decorate.

METHOD: Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine egg-yolks, half the peach slices, lemon juice, lemon peel and ¼ cup sugar. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. Add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Remove from heat and add cheese, beat until smooth. Chill until partially set. Whip egg-whites until stiff and gradually add ½ cup sugar. Fold into gelatine mixture and pour onto remaining peach slices; fold through lightly. Fill into prepared tin and chill until firm. Cut into squares to serve and top each square with cream and a cherry.

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who will each receive
a nest of three craftsman-built Coffee Tables.

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NESCAFÉ

NE955/62

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

from page 87

But he was a little troubled about her, all the same. Way she'd looked two-three times lately, since this business: sort of wild and heated up. She hadn't said as how they'd got the girl to do the postcard, but not being a fool he didn't reckon she'd have wrote that for the asking.

He trudged up the drive, went round to the kitchen door. "Home again, girl," he said. Anna was at the stove; she turned quickly. They were not demonstrative, but he knew she was glad to see him.

"Where'd you go?"

"Up to Welshpool on the bus. Too late to get another un back, like I figured, so I stopped the night an' got first one back 's morning. You got a cuppa for me?"

"Kettle'll boil in a minute. You—posted it."

"What I went to do, certain. I met Gloria just now. She says tell you thanks ever so for her birthday present. What'd you get her? She said must've cost a deal."

"Oh, not—s' much," said Anna. "Liddle bottle o' scent, 's all. Not much."

His mind wasn't really on that. The kettle boiled, she made the tea and poured him a cup, good and black and hot. "I been thinking. I don't half like this business."

"There's no way get out of it," she said, back turned at the stove.

"What I'm gettin' at is what we shoulda done years ago. Get away," he said.

"There's no way," she said flatly.

"Maybe not," he said. "But there's that girl's car—in the garridge." He jerked his head. "I got the keys. I figured it, we could get off at night, 'n' go straight up to Lunnon. I used to know a chap'd take a car off your hands, even if you didn't have papers—we'd try that, but if he's gone, we can't — just have t' leave it. Anyways, we got almost two hundred fifty pounds saved. Get ourselves all smartened up like, wouldn't know either of us, see, an' get passports 'n' that in another name, take ship for Canada or Australia."

She stared at him. "An' what's t' old lady doin' all that while? They'd be on us . . ."

"Not if she was dead," he said harshly.

ANNA'S eyes widened and she made a smothered exclamation. "No —Harry, you couldn't! Harry —you're crazy yourself, think o' such a thing! Listen . . ."

"It's got t' be finished somehow," he said desperately. "I got the feeling that this crazy thing'll do for her in the end, Anna—bound to—an' they'll take us, too, any old way it finishes. Damn the odds, we oughta try make a break."

"Not that way."

"Well, all right, you tell me how, then!"

"I dunno," she said miserably. "I dunno, Harry."

. . . . .

Pat had wakened very early as usual. The lack of exercise lessened her need of sleep. And she was desperately hungry. She lay for a while half-waking, thinking vaguely that there was something she meant to do today. Presently she remembered what it was, and forced herself out from under the blanket. She had to sleep in her slip; she felt dirty and dishevelled, though she did her best with the trickle of lukewarm water in the bathroom.

That locked drawer, she thought; was it really? And she'd given up too easily; just because one drawer was locked, it didn't mean everything was. She should have looked before—there might be something here, in this room, to help her escape.

It would not be easy to search, with two women intruding on her so much of the day; she must use what time she had.

She splashed her face with cold water and quickly slipped into the wreck of her dress and the cardigan. It was just dawn. She decided to start with the desk.

Pat went through each drawer methodically, putting everything back before attacking the next. She stared at the first two she opened, the middle and bottom left-hand drawers. They held a cache of liquor, at least a dozen each of brandy and scotch whisky, and in the bottom drawer wine—mostly Burgundy. She lifted out a few. All but three were full, seals unbroken.

"Well!" she said to herself. "If things get too bad I can always get drunk and try to forget this mess!"

The top right-hand drawer was filled with books.

In the middle drawer were a few more books and a rusted stiff old dog collar with a brass name tag dangling from it; the tag was inscribed, "Dandy, Capt. J. Trefoile, 10 Stowe Square, Shrewsbury." So he hadn't come from around here.

A dog whistle. A pack of cards in a leather case. A larger leather case with more cards, poker chips, a dice cup. A tarnished silver whisky jigger with his initials on it. And that was all.

In the last drawer she found a box of very dry cigars, an old pipe, and a fat black book stamped Diary. She riffled through it disappointedly and had time to see that it was filled in only here and there before she heard a sound at the door. She dropped it back in the drawer, shut the drawer silently, and got quickly to her feet.

When they came in she was leaning on the desk facing the door.

The thought of that liquor was demoralising. A little something to warm her internally—the house was very cold, though she could see that the sun was out and perhaps it was warmer outside. A little something to cheer her up, however falsely and temporarily. But she must be careful, on a practically empty stomach. The temptation wasn't to be resisted.

When she was alone, near noon, she got out a bottle of brandy—French brandy it was —and after a struggle succeeded in opening it with the aid of the single pin-curl-holder left to her.

The brandy was grateful fire in her stomach. She put the bottle back and turned to the long chest. The chest held folded suits and odd trousers neatly laid out to hold their press. She lifted them all out and went through the pockets, but found nothing more useful than an odd sixpence and several handkerchiefs. There was a long drawer in the bottom of the chest; this held several pairs of shoes, low boots, dress pumps. Nothing of any use to her. She shut the last drawer disconsolately. All she had found was the ghostly image of Julian Trefoile. And some explanation of his widow? A hearty straightforward masculine man, earthy and simple; and—her. How had they ever come to marry?

Which was of no consequence to Pat Carroll a quarter of a century later.

And very soon the old woman would be coming again. Pat had maintained her pose of cool contemptuous confidence before her this morning, but it hadn't been easy. Afterthoughts had told her just how very dry a chance that little postcard was . . . Gamble on it against the odds that he'd decipher the message: then what? He didn't know where she was. Very likely it had been posted in another own, maybe a distance away: and it said in surface meaning she had left Llandudno. Llandudno village, Llandudno house; he didn't know there was any difference. Oh, why hadn't she put in a return address?

Her hands were dirty from grubbing in the dusty furniture; she went to wash them. They had belatedly brought her a small cake of kitchen soap and a thin towel. In the bathroom she tugged the little window wider for more air; she had to stand on tiptoe, for it was above the wash-bowl, its lower sill on the level of her chin.

The sun had come out; it looked to be a pleasantly warm summer day, and a very faint scent of stock drifted in. Wistfully she leaned over the bowl, pulling herself up by the sill, and looked out. The window overlooked the rear of the property. She hadn't noticed when she drove in, but evidently the drive branched somewhere to reach the garage; she could see just a corner of that from here, off to the right. About a hundred feet away from the house was another belt of trees, and in the foreground was what looked like the kitchen garden.

Hector was working at some job along the edge of one plot, and Joseph was doing nothing, sitting in the grass beyond. Everything looked very still and peaceful.

Suddenly she exclaimed in excitement. There had been movement out there in the trees. From this higher vantage point she could see where Hector and Joseph probably wouldn't; neither seemed to have noticed. But there was someone else there and moving furtively, too . . .

A MOMENT later she saw him plainly. A boy. Just a boy. He darted from the shelter of one tree to another and was almost lost to sight, but she could still see a little edge of his tan jacket showing. Could she make him hear?

She heard the bolt rattle behind her on the bedroom door, but ignoring that she shouted lustily, "Help! Help!"

And heard the desperate cry drowned in the overhead thunder of a low-flying plane.

In another moment Mrs. Trefoile had grasped her arm and pulled her roughly around.

"—Until you understand fully, and accept God's laws. I cannot conceive how anyone finds them difficult to understand—"

And of course that was a way: was it? Pat thought about it drearily, trying to shut her mind to the thin old voice talking at her. Yes, Mrs. Trefoile, I understand, you have explained it to me; I believe and will do all as you say, I promise. Now let me out! A fine idea.

It couldn't be done quite like that, after this rebellion and contempt. Just out of the blue. Even mad little Trefoile wouldn't be taken in by any sudden capitulation. If it came to that, all other resources closed to her, it would mean a long time of acting and pretence before the woman was convinced.

. . . . .

Thursday. Perhaps not this morning, but by this afternoon. Glentower wandered around the town a little, killing the morning, never too far from the Lion. Came back and had lunch. And then it was one-thirty.

Then it was two-thirty. She hadn't come. But soon, now. Three o'clock. He gave up the pretence of trying to read the paper on his lap and just sat there, inwardly tense, outwardly relaxed, waiting. There in the comfortable public lounge.

The hands of the mantel clock crawled to three-thirty, and he heard the house door open and got up, dropping the paper. He went out to the hall. Burley the landlord stood there with a thin sheaf of letters in his hands, sorting them, before

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HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key

"You know how far he's walked today?"

(Hazel can be seen on Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Mondays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m. Thursdays.)

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Christmas party dishes with a deliciously festive air

① Sardine Christmas Pie

Shortcrust pastry for pie crust. 6 oz. flour, 4 oz. butter or margarine, ½ teaspoon baking powder, squeeze lemon juice, water, pinch salt.

METHOD. Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in butter until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add sufficient water (to which squeeze of lemon juice has been added) to make a firm dough. Turn onto a floured board, knead slightly, then roll to the size and shape required for pie.

Filling: Two 3¾ oz. cans Norway Sardines, 2 oz. sliced onions, 4 oz. sliced mushrooms, 2 tomatoes, peeled and cut, 2 green peppers, sliced, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup water, 1 cup dry white wine 1 lb. boiled potatoes, sliced, dash pepper, ring of red pepper and watercress for garnish.

METHOD. Melt butter in a pan, add onions and mushrooms and cook for a few minutes. Add green pepper and flour, mix well. Add the tomatoes, water, wine, salt and pepper and cook for 5 minutes. Reserve 7 whole sardines for garnish, mash remaining sardines and add to mixture. Pour half this sauce into a casserole-dish and spread the potatoes on top. Cover with remaining sauce. Place pie crust over this and bake in a hot oven until pie crust turns a golden brown. Garnish top with the whole sardines, a ring of red pepper and watercress. Serves 4.

② Sardine cucumber roundels

Canned Norway Sardines, bread slices, butter, thin cucumber slices, mayonnaise, pimiento strips and watercress.

METHOD. Toast the number of bread slices desired. With a biscuit cutter, cut the toasted roundels about 2½ inches in diameter. Lightly spread each roundel with butter; place a thin slice of cucumber on each and dab with mayonnaise. Top each with a whole Norway Sardine. Garnish plate with pimiento strip and watercress for an attractive arrangement.

NORWAY

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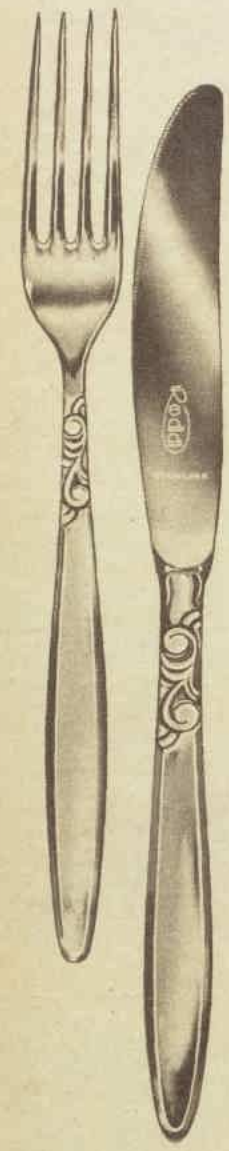

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For addresses and service details turn to our Home Plan page in this issue.

Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

from page 88

the mail rack. "Afternoon post, Mr. Glentower. Half a minute, sir, I'll see is there aught for you. . . . One card, sir, here you are."

Glentower took it. He looked at the too highly colored photograph on its face with absurd care: the Teifi Pools. Slowly he turned it and read the message.

"Bad news, sir?"

"No . . . No, nothing." Glentower put the card into his inside breast pocket and started for the stair.

He shut himself into his room and paced it awhile. But that was cover-up—even alone, cover-up. He wasn't angry, except at destiny. He was sick at heart, savagely sick and bitter and hurt. She couldn't know what this meant to him, of course. She couldn't have any idea that this—this absurd and violent thing had happened to him, so that this casual putting-off of their appointment was like a little death.

Because he could never find her again, now. She had gone on—somewhere. In her new gleaming red car, blithely on holiday—somewhere. Anywhere. Sidestepping him neatly, driving away from him without a back look.

ALAN took off his jacket and tie, lay down on the bed. For a while he felt appallingly sorry for himself. That was senseless. He tried to summon a righteous, healthy anger that this girl only six hours known should have such terrible emotional power over him. He tried to summon hope that it would go as quickly as it had come. Now it was irrevocably finished.

And awhile after that he tried to tell himself that it was as well; because—those flip airy phrases, the bold "Darling"—they sounded like a girl he wouldn't really like much. Americans tended to scatter "darling" around, didn't they? She hadn't, in talk; she hadn't been that way. . . . So, he'd seen and heard her in a rosy haze of infatuation, he hadn't seen her true. . . . She'd gone. There was no way to find her.

All right, be a damn fool. The postmark on the card. Go there, wherever it was—he hadn't noticed—and ask, find where she'd stayed, where she'd been making for. If anyone knew.

But he did not get up to look at the postmark on the card; he didn't want to look at the card again. When he got up, a long while later as the dusk came down, it was to ring for the maid.

"Tell Mr. Burley I don't want dinner until later — maybe not at all. I'm — I've got a bit of a headache. Ask him to send up a bottle of whisky, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

Whisky usually relaxed him, loosened all those inhibitions and shynesses so that something nearer the real Glentower showed through. This didn't. He sat brooding over it alone, drinking too quickly. He finally stumbled into bed.

. . . . .

The voices beneath the little casement were Hector's and Joseph's.

"I'm—I'm goin' town."

"You're goin' t' weed out this bed afore you go anywheres, see. Oh — reckon I forgot — Thursday, so 'tis. You got your pocket money, eh?" The man laughed.

Pat's mind began to work very cool and fast. Joseph—like all his kind—was childishly unable to concentrate very long or hard; like a child, his interest might be caught momentarily by the bright-colored, the unusual. He couldn't be trusted to take a message in the real sense—but he might carry one in the literal sense.

She ran out to the bedroom, to her handbag on the desk, and tumbled its contents out hastily. . . . Last night she'd been in the brief grip of the dark despair that had seized her again just now; she had known with awful finality that her silly little postcard with its secret message would never be understood or acted upon, that she was lost unless she could help herself or get out a real S.O.S.

In the first flush of the idea, Pat had actually addressed the other card to Glentower. . . . The first card still in her mind, her hope that he understood it; he was still her highest hope.

That didn't matter now, that the space on the back of the card for the address was filled in with his: or that she'd even got her stamp book and put on a stamp, ready. She'd got that far before impulse and enthusiasm died. The card was important now only because its face bore a very highly colored photograph of the Lake of Berwyn at sunset, which might—just possibly might—catch Joseph's simple eye.

She uncapped her fountain-pen hurriedly and bent to the card, meaning to write something like "To the Abervy Police" to begin with.

The pen was dry.

She shook it frantically, knowing it was no good. She disliked ball-points and never used them; this was her pet old-fashioned, side-filling fountain-pen, reliable — but the best of pens needed refuelling. It must have been nearly empty when she wrote the first card; now it had dried up completely.

The only bottle of ink in the desk had also dried up years ago.

Pat heard herself sob once in frustration more angry than self-pitying. Suddenly it seemed more important to try this terrifically long chance for freedom and safety. She had to try — but it would be no good if it did come off and someone in the village saw the card, if it was just a postcard with nothing on it —

And any minute Joseph might finish that bed and go away.

She snatched out the little two-pronged pin-curler from her pocket. Its prongs weren't very sharp; but she jabbed it cruelly, again and again, into her third left fingertip. Hardly feeling the pain, she gave a little gasp of relief when she saw a tiny drop of blood well up. She squeezed the finger hard, collected blood on the little prong held upright, and began to write on the card.

She wrapped her handkerchief round her left hand. Money. Joseph liked peppermint creams. They hadn't touched her traveller's cheques or cash purse; oh, no, she thought almost hysterically, they were quite honest! She opened the purse and scooped out all the change. The blood on the card wasn't dry, but she couldn't wait.

She went back to the bathroom. Was he still there? She listened, and heard the tuneless humming. She stood on tiptoe and dropped out the card first, unable to see it fall: waited a second, and dropped the handful of copper and silver. She heard that fall, some of it at least, on paving.

It was a chance, another chance, and she had taken it.

. . . . .

Garry had worked his way round to the back of the house and saw Joseph on his knees by a bed up against the house wall, a hundred feet away. Garry couldn't see what he was doing, but he wasn't moving much. Like he was just kneeling there looking down at something.

When Anna called from the kitchen door and Joseph got up and went in, Garry waited. This was Thursday, and every Thursday—the whole village knew—Joseph got some money, and he always came to Garry's mum and dad's store to buy chocolate peppermint creams. Likely after his noon meal Joseph would be off to the village.

Half an hour later Garry was rewarded with the sight of Joseph coming down the drive. But before he passed Garry, Joseph turned off among the trees.

After a moment's debate Garry got up and started after him.

It wasn't easy to be quiet in the undergrowth and dried leaves, but he was quiet as he could be. Up ahead he heard Joseph stop, and stopped himself. Pushing aside branches carefully, he saw Joseph there by an old tree, and he was reaching his arm inside a hollow in it . . .

Garry felt an upsurge of righteous indignation at the thought of his good solid brass compass maybe inside an old hollow tree, and he ran out at Joseph openly. "What you got there? Show me!"

"I—I—I won't! You can't make—'Tain't fair!" The big simpleton was almost blubbering to have his secret place found out.

"Oh, don't take on!" said Garry, impatient. "I just got to see if there's somethin' o' mine. It's O.K., nobody's goin' to hurt you, I know you don't mean t' go thievin', but I just want t' see. Show me what you got — what's that in your pocket?" For Joseph's hand had gone to his shirt pocket protectively.

SLOWLY Joseph emptied his pocket. There was something wrapped up in a piece of cloth, and Garry pounced on that eagerly and then dropped it in disgust. Only an old ring, the stone wasn't shiny a bit. A postcard. A grimy handkerchief. A lot of money in coin. He whistled. "You been savin' up, Joseph?" There were a lot of pennies, but silver, too. But he wasn't interested in that; the compass wasn't there. "Orl right, lessee what's in that hollow."

"No—no—"

"I ain't goin' take nothin'," he repeated, fishing. His arm wasn't as long as Joseph's and he had to scrabble up the trunk a way to get it all out. He looked at the stuff in contemptuous disappointment while Joseph stuttered and cried and protested. Lot of dirty old stuff nobody'd want. And no compass.

"Orl right," he said disgustedly, "you can shove it back — I just wanted t' see. I'm sorry, Joseph, didn't go to scare you."

The simpleton was muttering tenderly over his treasures, wrapping them up again carefully; and last of all he picked up the picture postcard to add to the bundle. "Hi," said Garry idly, "you don't want t' put that there, I reckon some'n give you that to post. There's a stamp on it, see. You give it here, I'll

To page 93

Fashion FROCKS

● ***Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.***

"MELISSA."—Sleeveless sheath with round collar and two hip pockets on skirt. It is available in plain poplin in white, pale pink, polar-ice, and royal-blue; or in striped cotton in pink, aqua, and red, all with white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/7/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/10/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/16/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/19/6.

Postage 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 95. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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"You can't beat RINSO's richer suds!"

"Washing is an every day job with an active family like mine," says Mrs. Rogers. "But I don't mind because with Rinso's richer suds it's no trouble to get even the biggest loads *thoroughly* clean and white!"

"You need good rich suds to get the best results on sheets and towels. And I know Rinso has the richest suds of all — they last and last. No washing job is too big for Rinso."

"Rinso-washed shirts are wonderfully white — and nappies are not only clean but *soft* too, just the way babies like them. Rinso's lovely rich suds get fabrics fresh and bright and they have a nice soft feel to them."

"My two 'boys' give Rinso plenty of ground-in dirt to deal with! But those suds just whisk the grime out of everything — no trouble at all. And my coloured dresses seem to thrive on Rinso. I couldn't ask for anything brighter!"

RINSO IS THE ONLY PRODUCT RECOMMENDED BY THE MAKERS OF ALL WASHING MACHINES

... Rinso has the richest suds of all!

The richer the suds, the whiter and brighter the wash

If you want extra whiteness, extra brightness in your wash, you need plenty of good rich suds. The richer the suds the whiter the wash — and Rinso has the richest suds of all. They work harder, last longer. So take a tip from Mrs. Rogers and most other Australian women. Use Rinso — Australia's largest-selling washing powder. Next washday, hang out a wash with whiteness and brightness you can't improve on. It's easy with Rinso's suds — the richest suds of all.

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Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

from page 90

do it. You can't have it, Joseph, it's s'posed to be posted."

Joseph let it go with unexpected willingness after a stubborn moment, and Garry stuck it in his own pocket and tramped off moodily.

He didn't remember the postcard until he passed the box at this end of the village, and then he stopped and took it out, dropped it in the box, and went on his way.

. . . . . .

It was noon when Glentower came downstairs. Burley, who had never known Mr. Glentower to overdrink but once or twice, was cautiously and curiously sympathetic.

"Hope you're feeling better, sir. Oh, there's summat in the rack for you."

"All right." Glentower looked under his room number on the rack, and took down the postcard.

He stared at it for a full minute before it registered, then made for the stairs at a run, nearly knocking the man over.

He didn't take time to shut the room door, but plunged across to the chair where he'd draped his coat, groped in the breast pocket. The card, the other card . . .

There must be something, there must be. It wasn't right. Dimly that had penetrated his mind, but the surface sense of it had so — so demoralised him, the subtler thing had been overshadowed. Now he read it with desperate concentration, still clutching in his left hand this thing just come to him, this incredible other thing. He read it over and over, searching for some inner message it held—that it must hold.

THIS other thing that said she was in trouble, in danger. Somebody had tried to write Help on that card, and in blood, but the address in ink was in the same pointed thin script as that on this other card signed Pat, and she was in some danger . . .

Steady. Think. Use your mind on it. She'd been watched when she wrote this first card, she wasn't allowed to say anything directly — was that what the second card told him besides? So she'd have tried to write a secret message, and that was why the surface meaning was wrong — odd; yes, for the terms they had been on.

He read the words over again, and started violently as someone behind him asked timidly, "Is—anything wrong, sir? Shouldn't I do up the room now?"

He had not noticed the maid, half through making up the bed. He carried the card across to the window for better light. There was something — maybe just a slip of the pen—

The girl jumped as he swung around on her. "A Bible! — I want a Bible! Is there such a thing in the house? Hurry, go ask Burley —any Bible—"

"Yes, sir, I will." She fled.

Was that it, was it? He paced the room impatiently, stopping to reread the card.

In thin pointed script it said, in the little space reserved for a message:

Darling, I've left my charming hostess and wandered on. So desolated I can't meet you Thursday! You know I'd be singing Psalms if I could, and you promised to show me those 3' fascinating Teifi Pools, too, and all sorts of things. But I'm unavoidably prevented as the saying goes! Maybe see you in Town later, darling. Love, Pat.

The Teifi Pools. There were more than three — and the figure was used, not the word, and there was a mark right after it, a downstroke just a bit longer than an apostrophe. To the first glance, it might be just a place the pen had slipped, touched inadvertently: look at it again, and it made that 3 into 31. And there weren't thirty-one Teifi Pools either.

He went to the door. Burley himself was coming up the stair. "Now what in the world might you be wanting with a Bible, Mr. Glentower? Getting religion in your old age? I've had to fetch you my own . . ."

"Yes, thanks very much," said Glentower, and took the Bible and shut the door on him.

Psalms, Psalms—he leafed through it impatiently before he found the page, hunted on from there for Psalm 31, and found it.

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed: deliver me in thy righteousness.

Bow down thine ear to me; deliver me speedily: be thou my strong rock, for an house of defence to save me.

For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.

Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me: for thou art my strength.

Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.

I have hated them that regard lying vanities: but I trust in the Lord.

I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy for thou hast considered my trouble; thou hast known my soul in adversities;

And hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy: thou hast set my feet in a large room.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble: mine eye is consumed with grief—

He stopped there, skimming over the words again. *The net that they have laid. Deliver me. I am in trouble.*

The postmark was plain as print on that card. Welshpool. The other—the stamp had slipped, or there'd been too much ink on it—it was only a blurred mark, indecipherable.

Welshpool.

He thrust both cards into his pocket, began feverishly throwing his clothes in any order into his bag; interrupted himself to shout for Burley out the door. By the time the man came in he was ready to leave.

"What do I owe you? I'm leaving. Oh, don't bother to reckon it—here, this should cover it—"

The car park where he'd left his car was only round the corner. He thrust another banknote at the attendant, tossed his bag into the boot, and switched on almost in one motion. He had just enough common sense left to look at the gauge and see he'd better fill the tank before he got on the road.

. . . . . .

The inspector of police sighed. "If you want my opinion, there's a perfectly natural explanation of everything you've told me."

"But this card—are you going to tell me it isn't blood? It . . ."

"Now just think about it, sir," said the inspector patiently. "You say this little red mess here is blood, and you make out that somebody's tried to write 'Help' in it—though I'm blessed if I can see it. But whoever sent this card had a pen and ink to write the address plain enough. If they wanted to write 'Help' or anything else, why not use the pen? It doesn't make sense, sir."

"Maybe the pen went dry," said Glentower, and it sounded foolish even to himself.

"Excuse me, sir, how well did you say you know Miss Carroll?"

Glentower sighed and raised his head. He'd had time to think on the way here to Welshpool, and the inspector hadn't said anything he hadn't expected. "I know," he said. "I know exactly what you're thinking and going to say. I met her by chance about five o'clock in the afternoon a week ago yesterday, and I spent the evening with her and had breakfast with her the next morning. That's all. You're going to tell me she had—second thoughts—about meeting me in Newcastle and sent that card to get out of it. So I ask you if that's the message a—a respectable girl would write to a man she'd known just a few hours, and you say to me . . ."

"Well, yes, sir, she's American, you said." The inspector coughed. "They're apt to be a bit free and easy in manner, you know."

"And you think I'm woolgathering to find any reference to the Thirty-first Psalm . . ."

"Well, I do, sir. You've reached for that one, if you'll forgive me, sir . . ."

"Don't bother to say it," said Glentower bitterly. "The young lady wasn't impressed with me, and has brushed me off, and I'm making up fantastic stories to get out of admitting it to myself. You said that before. You should have been a psychiatrist, Inspector. All right, I'll go away quietly and stop bothering you. Thanks at least for checking all the hostels."

He came out of the police station, seething, but not as hotly as he had an hour before. It was ninety miles from Newcastle up to Welshpool; he'd made it in something under an hour and a half, but that had been time to do a lot of thinking.

Everything the inspector had said he'd thought out for himself before.

Just what, had asked the inspector, did he think had happened to the young lady? Well, what? In this peaceful rural countryside, in this well-protected civilized day and age?

HE ought to have some theory to work on. Well, consider the possibles, keeping what he thought was evidence in mind. She'd been allowed to write that card, to put him off — or — the appalling possibility suddenly occurred to him—forced to write it, as an excuse for not meeting him. They had known about that, and — feared he'd come hunting her?

Glentower looked at his watch; it was after four o'clock. He was not sure what to do or where to go, but he thought he'd better have a meal. He found a cafe, went in and ordered at random.

He ate absently, not knowing what he was eating, and drank very strong overboiled black tea.

It came to him that he'd have to backtrack her, that was the only chance. Go where he knew she'd been, and follow on from there. People would have noticed that new bright-red sports-car, and a pretty American girl in it, wherever she stopped.

She had been going to Llandudno up north in Cardigan, to stay with this old woman, the mother of the man she'd been engaged to. She hadn't meant to stay long: a couple of days. Say to last Monday. But they'd know there where she'd meant to go next. So, go and ask.

He paid for his meal. He felt better, with definite purpose directing him. He went back to his car, rummaged

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — By RUD

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Dec. 12

ARIES MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
★ A prosperous and fortunate week for love, luck, and finance. Buy a ticket on Monday. If a career girl, you could get a rise or a job which will give you added responsibility.

TAURUS APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ A romantic time, ideal for entertaining and holidays. A perfect period in which to invest money and acquire property. Buy a ticket Monday morning, for it's your lucky time.

GEMINI MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, pink. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.
★ Your ruling star keeps you busy and gives you the opportunity of success. Partnership and marriage are favored. This is a success period, so push ahead with your plans.

CANCER JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ The planet of glamor unites with the star of love to make this a truly romantic week. All things are benefited. Try a ticket on Monday. A lucky time for finance.

LEO JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, purple, blue. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ A splendid opportunity to prove your flair for planning and organising. A week of good fortune with expansion in all affairs. Romance should bloom, finances get a boost.

VIRGO AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, black, blue. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
★ All things are favored this week. It is particularly good for mental inspiration, for those who write and speak. If you have any original gimmick, try it out. Luck in making new friends.

LIBRA SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ Librans find it hard to make a decision. This is the time to act. Seek promotion, sign important contracts, especially on Monday, buy land or plan that dream home you've always wanted.

SCORPIO OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ A lot of hopes can be fulfilled by confident action. Monday is excellent for business, finance, and romance, but the entire week is fortunate. Buy a ticket Monday morning.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ An excellent week for expansion in all activities. If you have been holding fire lately, now is the hour to blaze away. The weekend could prove romantic, perhaps the start of a new life.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, pink, green. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ You may have been subject to disturbing and delaying influences, but this week obstacles disappear. A week of mental activity, with a romantic weekend. Use caution and patience.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, purple. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ A wonderful week for romance, courtship, finance, and entertaining. The stars favor business deals, marriage, and partnership. Monday is good to sign contracts. Buy a ticket Monday.

PISCES FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
★ This week favors inspiration and the things of the mind, and benefits all major material activities. An excellent time to advance the career. Luck with money on Thursday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

SHOULD YOU BATHE on problem days?

Many doctors advise it. Bathing at suitable water temperatures is perfectly all right; you'll feel cooler, cleaner, fresher, more comfortable.

And when you do bathe—swim or shower — it's *nicer* with Tampax. For Tampax is worn internally, and when properly inserted it cannot absorb water from the outside.

In *all* ways Tampax is nicer. The dainty applicator means you need never touch the Tampax itself. Tampax prevents odour. Nothing can show—no one can know. Girls who use Tampax say they're hardly aware of difference in the days of the month.

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Feel cool even on hottest days. Wouldn't *you* be more comfortable with Tampax?

Your choice of Regular and Super absorbencies available at all chemists and stores.

Invented by a doctor — now used by millions of women

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A. World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

terrified by RHEUMATISM

"For years I was terrified by rheumatism . . . steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended I try Mackenzie's Mentholds and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Mentholds were recommendation enough. I tried Mentholds as a last hope.

Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Mentholds and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.'"

(Original letter in Head Office.)

That women's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains.

Don't suffer needlessly!

Get a flask of Mentholds from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLDS

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Continuing . . . NIGHTMARE

from page 93

in the pocket for maps, found the right one. He was north-east of the Cardigan border here, it was barely a forty-mile run as the crow flies, but he'd have to go roundabout a bit to keep on even a secondary road. Call it fifty-five miles.

He got the tank filled and started off. . . . . .

"Righteous and virtuous acceptance of the laws of God," said the old woman in a rapid gabble. It seemed to Pat that she had repeated that, almost meaninglessly, several times.

Once yesterday she had done this, thought Pat with no particular feeling. Suddenly lost the meaning of what she was saying and gone on mouthing one phrase over and over. The pale eyes fixed and staring and a little tic distorting her words.

She moved her head again, trying to shut her ears to the voice, to see whether they had taken the clothes away.

"—Evil. Always so active and ever-present and cunning. I have fought it, I will never cease to—the eternal enemy to be fought—"

She is not talking to me any more, thought Pat; she is talking about me. It's only a pretence. In seven days she's gone right over the line; before that she was mad, but it was covered up; she could—hold the pose—of just eccentricity. I've driven her really mad. Just by being here.

She knew the other woman, Anna, was there but did not look at her. She was saving all her strength for when she should be alone.

And it came; they had gone. In a moment Pat got stiffly off the bed. She limped across to the desk, got out the newly opened second bottle of brandy. There was fresh, cool air coming in now from the shattered window. Since last night—last night: last night when she had almost done it, almost got away . . .

It was the clothes she had suddenly thought of, last night, in the middle of listening to the Book of Esther. All Julian Trefoile's clothes there in the chest: trousers and jackets. If they could be knotted securely together, sleeves to trouser-legs . . . Impatient to try, her heart beating with excited hope, she thought she'd never be left alone. And she knew better now than to leave the light on.

She had got them all out of the chest and separated trousers from jackets, ready, where she knew where they were by feel, and switched off the light and set to work. It felt like good stout material, strong: she worked patiently, difficult as it was to make such thick, awkward knots, pulling them as tight as her strength let her. She had no way of gauging what length she achieved; she just went on until she'd used every piece.

It alarmed her to find how much strength she'd lost even in a week; she had to rest before she could begin making fast one end of her clumsy makeshift escape rope to the leg of the desk. She tested it and it held firm. Whether it would hold under her full weight — well, that was something she'd find out.

She stood up, feeling her heart thud. She would get away this time; she would make it! But wait now, before she started, to get her breath back and all the strength she had—for once down she'd have to run, and run a long way, all down that long, curving drive to the gates, and please heaven they'd be open or pursuit wouldn't be so close that she couldn't open them in time — and on to the village.

She groped for the smallest chair in the dark room. The windows were two pale rectangles of lesser dimness; she thought the moon was rising. She drove the chair savagely through the right-hand one, again and again, knocking out as much of the pane as possible. Bent and picked up her awkward rope, tossed it out.

Now, after that hideous racket the breaking glass had made, she had to hurry—hurry! Just as her weight came on it she saw—too late—below the little rectangle of light shining out from an uncurtained window under this one.

Too late. Hurry. She hung, swaying, her stomach hollow like going up in an elevator, and slid bumpily downward. She never knew how far before the rope gave — the jagged edges of glass above cutting it or a knot pulling loose — and she fell. She fell hard, on one knee and shoulder, sidewise so that she slid along the crazy paving a little way of her own momentum. But she was out—away—now get up and run! She tried to get to her feet, feeling sharp pain in her knee—heard a door open and slam quite near — but she was up; and then the man had her.

She fought desperately.

SHE tried to scream . . . at night, everything quiet, could she be heard in the village or by someone coming home late along the road? . . . His big hand over her mouth, smelling of tobacco and grass—he was lifting her, carrying her back in —

Pat never remembered fainting in her life, but she must have then. When her mind came back to her, she was alone, back in the room again; the makeshift rope still hung out the window, but when—a long time later—she examined it, she saw that it had pulled apart only a foot or two below the outside sill.

Taking inventory in the bathroom, she found a deep, painful gash and pavement burn where she had slid on her right knee and down to the calf; the knee felt wrenched and sore. Another deep scrape along her right arm down from the shoulder. Various bruises; her whole body felt bruised; and a number of cuts, not felt at the time, from the edge of the window as she went through.

Today she had wakened stiff and sore all over. And the wound in her shoulder had got infected after all, as she'd feared; it looked larger and had an ominous dirty-yellow centre, with the skin an angry red all round it.

The sun was going down now. On Friday. I must remember and keep track of the days, she thought. Friday. Just a week ago today I came here—a week and a few hours ago.

She took the bottle of brandy into the bathroom. It was fire and agony on her shoulder, on her leg, on her arm, and the alcohol hadn't been enough to halt infection in the shoulder, but it was automatic reaction to use it now. The opened and reopened wound was ugly and painful. If only she had something to bandage it, keep it covered—even a clean handkerchief—

Sitting on the stool, she drank out of the bottle. And laughed weakly to herself. Hysterics —. She put her hands over her mouth, staggered up to reach the bowl and splash her face with cold water.

It was only a brief loss of control, but it frightened her. She went back to the desk to hide the bottle away. Then she sat near the window and let the chill dusk air clear her head further.

To be concluded

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HORSEY, HORSEY
DON'T YOU STOP . . .

Just keep on going along clippety-clop. The writer of this nursery rhyme, of course, lived before the invention of the wonderful HONDA TRAIL "50". This two-wheeled horse never stops for as long as you want its unique, 4-stroke, single cylinder engine to deliver those five lively horsepower. And there's not a single "clippety" or a "clop" while the purring motor gives you **225 miles to the gallon.** Camping? Hunting? Fishing? The amazing HONDA TRAIL "50" was created for the modern pioneer who likes his fun in the out-back. Where the roads end and lonely beaches begin, grassy uplands sweep to the horizon, or mountains climb to the sky—this is where your HONDA TRAIL "50" displays its rugged backwoods gearing. It never tires, never gets "hungry". This unique motorcycle was created with one idea: more fun for you at less cost.

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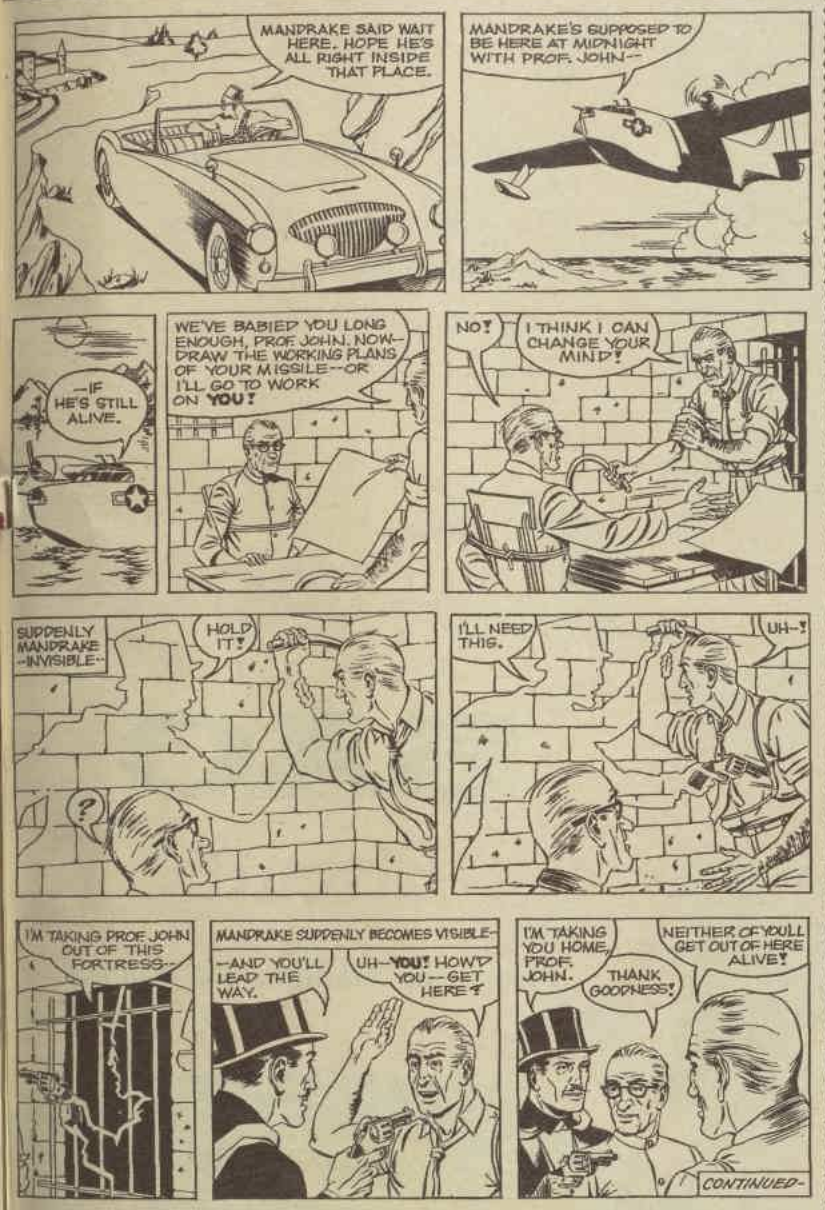
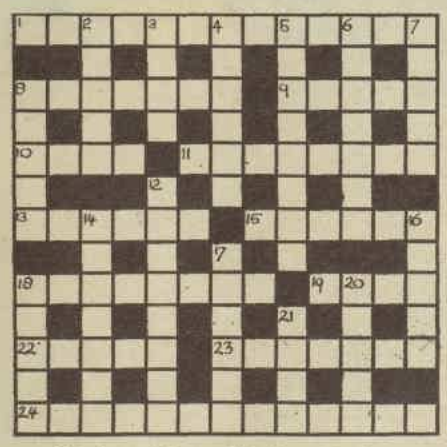
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE, invisible to the two kidnappers, trails them to a castle where the missing professor is hidden. Lothar waits anxiously — this attempt must succeed. —NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Very old-fashioned legal principle; oculists don't follow it (2, 3, 3, 2, 3).
8. Thanks to poets we have these outer garments (7).
9. Newspaper industry in depression (5).
10. There is an alternative in this standard (4).
11. The art or war (8).
13. Lover of Venus killed by a wild boar (6).
15. Roman boxing glove (6).
18. Movement of a ship backwards (8).
19. Angelic musical instrument (4).
22. Originate from a salary increase (5).
23. Pertaining to space, and you can get it at a lisp (7).
24. Loving compassion, often very rough (6, 7).

DOWN.

2. Medical graduate in live coal (5).
3. Take arsenic for listeners (4).
4. Assaults on cliques (6).
5. Help a bat from A to Z (8).
6. What water is for a fish (7).
7. Try an informal literary composition (5).
8. These islands are friendly. (5).
12. Comes from the city of waltzes (8).
14. Part of the skull finished by a lion (7).
16. A segment of a calyx which peals (5).
17. Lamb as preparation for soothing pain (6).
18. Sudden movement of surprise (5).
20. The "elsewhere" plea (5).
21. A set of two (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F7667.—Pretty party dress with four edged layers of ruffles in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material or 3¾yds. 36in. material with 15yds. braid or binding for edges. Both require 2yds. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F7680.—Sleeveless shift and matching swimsuit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. lining material. Price 3/-.

F7738.—Gay little girl's frock in lengths 24 to 36in. Requires 2¾ to 3yds. printed material and 1 1-3rd to 2½yds. plain material. Price 3/-.

F7773.—Pretty maternity sunsuit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F7701. — Practical shorts and shirt outfit for a young boy in sizes 4 to 10 years. Requires 2¾ to 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F5907.—Glamorous brunch-coat has threaded lace trim with ribbon bow in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material, 4½yds. 1½in. lace insertion, 4½yds. ⅜in. ribbon, 2½yds. 2in. ribbon. Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

No. 740. — GIRL'S FROCK
Pretty style for the small girl, available cut out in printed cotton material with easy-to-follow instructions. Colors are aqua or pink with white ground and green leaves. Sizes 4 to 6 years 23/6, 8 to 10 years 25/6. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 741.—EMBROIDERED PEG BAG
Peg bag is available cut out ready to sew in cotton in various colors. Embroidery design has been worked in contrasting shades; bias binding supplied. Price 12/6. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 742. — SUNFROCK
Cool frock available cut out ready to sew in teenage sizes. The material is seersucker lemon, green, tan, and blue, all with white. Sizes 30 and 32in. bust 27/6, 34 and 36in. bust 29/6. Easy-to-follow instructions are included with all cut-out garments. Postage 3/- extra.

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